ACPL ITEM
DISCARDED

266.366 Sco8d
Scott 1487370
Day dawn in Africa
ANNEX
DO NOT REMOVE
CARDS FROM POCKET
PUBLIC LIBRARY
FORT WAYNE AND ALLEN COUNTY, IND.

ACPL ITEM
DISCARDED

STO

WESTERN AFRICA,
CAPE PALMAS, AND PARTS ADJACENT.
SHEWING ALSO THE
UPPER CAVALLA REGION TO THE MOUNTAINS.
PANYONH
PEDIBO
TIBO
SAPO
ETIAPO
NOETIAPO
DIBOO
TOPOTUOH
MT GEDEYE SNOW CAPT
GÉDÉBO
BOACH GIDIBO
GIDIBO
TIOH
IDAHWOMBO
BA-WULDOBO
DA-WULDOBO
WEBO
SIKEPO
SOBO
FAMBO
NEYAOH
NEMONH
BOABO
WULOBO
BWIAOH
TADITEBWI
TUONH
WODI
DUNH
BÂTÂPOYONH
KRABO
SITONH
KABO
YEDABO
BWIDABO
BWEDEBO
NYAHNOH
TUFLAMA
HUREBO
NINENO
KPRIBO
SÉDEWE
GRANDE
WEDABO
TENEBOLOBO
IDAWURÉ
BOROBO
GITETABO
BAREWÉ
KRÉBOO
PÉRÉBO
DABO PLABO
WIABO
SCALE OF TEN MILES
CAPE PALMAS
Settlement
Mt Settlement
Cavalla R.
Sinoe R.
Bluboo
Bubu
Rocktown
Yenkon
Kanre

COME OVER AND HELP US.

"Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature."—St. Mark 15 : 16.

Day Dawn in Africa;

OR,

PROGRESS OF THE PROT. EPIS. MISSION

AT

CAPE PALMAS, WEST AFRICA.

BY MRS. ANNA M. SCOTT.

"The beams that shine from Zion's hill
Shall lighten every land;
The King who reigns in Salem's towers
Shall all the world command."

NEGRO UNIVERSITIES PRESS
NEW YORK

Originally Published in 1858
by the Protestant Episcopal Society
for the Promotion of Evangelical Knowledge

Reprinted 1969 by
Negro Universities Press
A Division of Greenwood Publishing Corp.
New York

Library of Congress Catalogue Card Number 69-18659

PRINTED IN UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

1487370

CONTENTS

CHAPTER I.

PAGE

Consecration of the first Bishop of the Cape Palmas Mission, in 1851—Summary of the work accomplished previous to that time—The Cavalla Home described,..... 11

CHAPTER II.

Return of the Bishop to Africa—Enlargement of the Mission planned—Brief account of the African Colonies, and their early connection with our Mission—Sierra Leone—Liberia—Present and future prospects of the Colonies,..... 19

CHAPTER III.

Establishment of the first paper and printing-press—Return of *Ku Sia* and *Bidi Wah*, (native pupils,) to the Mission—Departure of Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Hening for the United States, and sickness and death among the other Missionaries—First Confirmation in the Mission—Consecration of St. Mark's, the first Colonial Church — Enlargement of the Mission — Reöpening of the Taboo Station, under interesting circumstances—The Bishop's Report for the year 1853,..... 33

CHAPTER IV.

Habits of the *Grebo* People—Houses, furniture—Towns—Farms—Bathing and anointing — Kroomen — Polygamy — Treatment of wives and children—Hospitality—Appearance of the People—Their dress—Food and drink—Cheerfulness—Fondness for fables—Boat songs—Produce—Division of families—Property—Government—Short account of the *Grebo* People, by Bishop Payne—"*Kwi iru*,"..... 45

CHAPTER V.

Superstitions of the People — Description of "*Bidi Nyima*," or "Grand Devil"—Witchcraft and its origin—Their ideas of

PAGE

death—*Gidŭ*, or sassa wood ordeal—Triumph of those who escape death—Singular manner of pointing out a criminal—*Deydbo*, or fetish men—How trained—*Gree-grees*, or idols, described—Amusing superstitions—Secreting the sick—Description of the "*Kwi*," or devils—Transmigration of souls—Invocation of the dead—Messages sent to the spirit world—Description of the burial of a king—Their dread of death,..... 58

CHAPTER VI.

Awakening in the heathen towns—Conversion of *Hyano*, an aged *deyd*, or demon man—Baptism of *Hyano* and *Gidawudi*, young converts from heathenism—Account of the Christian supper preceding each communion—Description of the Christian village—History of *Yuwa*, an aged female convert—The Christian Church of five in the heathen town of *Nyaro*,..... 81

CHAPTER VII.

Petty annoyances of Missionary life—The African study—Looking a *kobo kai*—"Dashes"—Amusing visit to a native Governor—Massacre of the crew of the ship Heroine—Rescue of one of the number, now a member of the Mission,..... 95

CHAPTER VIII.

Ordination of native deacons—Ordination of Rev. G. W. Gibson, a colonist—Arrival of eight Missionaries—death of one of the number—Tours into the interior, by one of the native deacons—Scenery on the Cavalla river—Sinoe—Description of Bassa Cove—Clay-Ashland—Death of the Missionary Physician,..... 113

CHAPTER IX.

Ordination of Messrs Pinckney and Green, (Colonists)—Religious interest at Cape Palmas—Sickness among the Colonists—Blind old Rachel, her happy death—Letter from Monrovia—A Letter from Rev. R. Smith—Death of a Missionary at Rocktown, 129

CHAPTER X.

Removal of Rev. Mr. Rambo to the new Station at Bassa Cove—Opening of the Orphan Asylum at Cape Palmas, by Rev. Mr. Scott—Successful labors of the native deacons at the Cape—Extracts from the journal of Rev R. Smith,..... 140

CHAPTER XI.

PAGE

Description of Mt. Vaughan, the first home of the Missionaries—The High School—Beautiful road—Reöpening of the Mission Station at Rockbookah—Death of another Missionary, Rev. R. Smith—Return of Missionaries to the Mission—Native Female Boarding-School at Cavalla—Review of the work in the heathen towns,..... 155

CHAPTER XII.

Interesting Convocation of August, 1855—Reports from the *Grebo*, *Babo*, and *Plabo* teachers—Reports of the Foreign Missionaries,..... 177

CHAPTER XIII.

Description of the Orphan Asylum at Cape Palmas—Death of a Missionary at Bassa Cove, Mrs. Rambo—Reports of the native ministers,..... 190

CHAPTER XIV.

History of the little slave, *Sako*—*Mlede*—Conversion of a *deyâ* at Taboo—Opening of a new Station on the Cavalla river, in the *Babo* tribe—Rocktown and Fair Haven—Address of a native Governor—Review of the year 1855,..... 208

CHAPTER XV.

Incidents of Missionary life—Ordination—*Udé*—A new way to release prisoners—"Prisoner *palaver*"—Death of a Missionary, Mrs. V. H. Hoffman,..... 224

CHAPTER XVI.

Thanksgiving day in Africa—A faithful convert—Increasing efficiency of native laborers—Tours into the interior—Loss of a female teacher at the Orphan Asylum,..... 235

CHAPTER XVII.

Visitation of the Bishop to Monrovia, Sinoe, Bassa Cove, and other remote Stations of the Mission—Description of Bassa Cove, and the beautiful *Dja* mountain—Lower Buchanan—Rev. Mr. Russell's Station, Clay-Ashland—Arrival of Rev. Mr. Holcomb from the United States—Description of the *Bassa* tribe—Tour to the St. John, or *Dja* mountain—Proposition to open there a new central station,..... 249

CHAPTER XVIII.

Rumor of war between the colonists and natives—Conversion of many of the children at the Orphan Asylum—Interesting details—Candidates for confirmation—Outbreak at Cape Palmas—War between the colonists and natives—Burning of the native towns at Cape Palmas—Burning of Mt. Vaughan,..... 261

CHAPTER XIX.

Further details of the war—Progress of the work in the Mission—Peace declared—The Maryland Colony at Cape Palmas united to the Republic of Liberia—Mission work among the natives at the Cape resumed—Unusual prosperity of the Mission Schools and Churches—War overruled for good - A Letter from a native African, recently converted - Demolition of idols,..... 274

CHAPTER XX.

The field widening—A new Mission Station opened in the interior, (at Mt. *Netea*)—Interesting letter from the native catechist stationed there—Account of the Bishop's tour up the Cavalla, to Mt. *Netea*—Appeal for more Missionaries,..... 291

PREFACE.

The design of this little work is to make known to the reading public the present highly encouraging state of one of the most interesting and important Missions of our day.

It was undertaken with the conviction, that the way "to imbue Christian men with the missionary spirit, is to acquaint them with the missionary enterprise;" and that the interest felt in the missionary work must very much depend upon a knowledge of its details and progress.

The history of the first years of our Mission,* (beginning with its establishment in 1836,) has already been given to the world by one of its members, who has faithfully and ably described the night of patient toil and suffering. Ours is the pleasant task to tell of the day dawn which is now stealing over the borders of this large, dark, and mysterious continent.

From the interesting reports given by our fellow-laborers, and from scenes which we ourselves have witnessed, we have prepared this volume, with the hope that it will be blessed by God to the stirring up of the careless, to the encouragement of the desponding, and to the increased gratitude of the Church.

As our object is history, not biography, the obituaries of deceased missionaries have been necessarily brief. This history embraces the last six years, beginning with the consecration of Bishop Payne, in 1851. During these years the progress in the Mission has been unusually encouraging. Those who so long "sowed in tears," have now begun to "reap in joy."

Another object in presenting this record to the public at present, is to solicit assistance. The field is now white for the har-

* History of the P. E. Mission in Western Africa, by Mrs. E. F. Hening.

vest, but the laborers are very few; and those in the field are now bending beneath their heavy burdens. When compelled by sickness to leave, for a season, our beloved Mission, there remained but three ordained Foreign Missionaries to minister to thousands of heathen souls. We need, at once, more regular missionaries, a physician, male and female teachers, and catechists. We appeal for help from among the many thousands in our Church, who profess to be followers of Him whose last command was: "Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature." For His sake, we beg, let not the earnest cry of heathen Africa, "Come over and help us," go unheeded.

"It comes from a land where a beautiful light
Is slow creeping o'er hill-top and vale;
Where broad is the field, and the harvest is white,
But the reapers are wasted and pale.

"All wasted and pale with their wearisome toil—
Still they pause not, that brave little band,
Though soon their low pillows will be the strange soil
Of that distant and grave-dotted strand.

"There the strong man is bowed in his youth's golden prime,
But cheerly he sings at his toil,
For he thinks of the sheaves and garnering time
Of the glorious Lord of the soil.

* * * * *

"But ever they turn, that brave little band,
A long, wistful gaze towards the West;
'Do they come? Do they come?' from that dear, distant land—
That land of the lovely and blest!

"'Do they come? Do they come?' Oh! we are feeble and wan,
And we are passing like shadows away;
But the harvest is white—lo! yonder the *dawn*:
For laborers, for laborers we pray."

Washington, D. C., June, 1857. A. M. S.

For the cuts, which add much to the beauty and value of this volume, we are indebted to the Carrier Dove, a monthly paper for children and youth, published by the Foreign Committee of the Board of Missions, Protestant Episcopal Church, 19 Bible House, New-York.

CHURCH OF THE EPIPHANY, CAVALLA.

THE CAVALLA HOME.

DAY DAWN IN AFRICA.

Chapter First.

"SEPARATED unto the Gospel of God."—ROM. 1 : 1.
"Declare his glory among the heathen."—PS. 96 : 3.

ON the eleventh of July, 1851, in the old town of Alexandria, Virginia, a scene was enacted which was destined to influence, through time and eternity, thousands of heathen on a far distant continent. A large congregation was assembled in St. Paul's Church, to witness the setting apart to the office of Bishop, one of the pioneers in the missionary field of Western Africa, who had dedicated himself for life to that laborious work.

From the Theological Seminary of Virginia, whose hallowed walls crown a neighboring hill, he had gone forth fifteen years before, to encounter the toils and perils, the struggles and triumphs of the missionary life, in that most fatal climate. He had now returned at the call of the Church, to receive the highest office in her gift.

Many were present at his consecration, who had seen this devoted servant of Christ, with his faithful

fellow-laborers, depart to that distant and untried field. How different their feelings now! Then, thoughts of the unhealthiness of the climate, and the apparently hopeless degradation of the people, were uppermost in every mind. Now they could rejoice over the glad tidings brought by this faithful evangelist, who had returned, like the apostles of old, to tell what great things the Lord had done in heathen Africa.

No better summary of the work accomplished in that important and interesting field *previous* to this time, can be given than is contained in the following extracts from the discourses of Bishop Payne, delivered about the time of his consecration. After speaking, at some length, of the work accomplished at other missions on the coast, he thus sums up the achievements of our own Protestant Episcopal Mission at Cape Palmas:

"Four distinct stations, in sufficient proximity for mutual sympathy and relief, have, it is hoped, been firmly established, three of them being amongst natives, and one of them in the Maryland Colony at Cape Palmas.

"At these several stations the usual moral machinery of Christianity is, and has been for some years in continuous and efficient operation. One permanent stone church building is nearly completed; another has been commenced; regular congregations, varying from fifty to three hundred, have been gathered; pastoral and missionary efforts have brought the Gospel in contact with the minds of thirty thousand heathen; boarding and day-schools have been maintained, in which about one thousand native and colonist scholars have re-

ceived, to a greater or less extent, a Christian education.

"When it is considered that the hindrances to the success of Christian missions in general, and especially to African missions, have arisen from the interruption and inefficient character of the religious agency employed, the importance of having thus secured for Christianity, in one place, a permanent home and influence, can not be too highly estimated.

"Results of greater value still have been attained. Missionary experience is every where valuable, but in no country so much so as in Africa. It is not too much to say, that at least half of those who have fallen victims to the climate might have been saved, had they enjoyed the benefits of the experience now possessed.

"A native language has been reduced to writing; services are held in it. Spelling-books, reading-books, portions of the Liturgy, and of the Scriptures, have been translated, and many children and youths taught to read them.

"A standing influence, as Christian teachers, has been gained by the missionaries for scores of miles around them, and amongst fifty thousand natives. This was no easy task. For years the heathen naturally persisted in classing them with foreigners in general, whose object was only gain. The endless annoyances, exactions, vexations, and persecutions, which this view entailed upon the missionaries, they only can know who have experienced them.

"The direct spiritual effects of missionary labor upon the heathen are manifest. The popular faith in idolatry is shaken. I have myself burned up a wheel-

barrow load of idols, or *gree-grees*, at one time. Many use *gree-grees* only from custom and a fear of exciting observation and remark, not from faith in their efficacy. Beside some who have died in the faith, and others who have apostatized, we have now in regular standing above one hundred communicants, more than half of whom are natives.

"Fifteen Christian families, the members of which were nearly all educated in the schools, are living together in a Christian village, on our mission premises, at Cavalla. Nine young men and women, educated in the mission schools, are employed as catechists, teachers, and assistants. Two native youths are in this country pursuing their studies, preparatory to the ministry. One colonist is a candidate for orders.

"A wide and effectual door for the spread of the Gospel in the colonies, amongst neighboring and distant tribes, has been opened around the mission stations which have been established. To gain this point, though obviously of the first importance, has been the work of time. At first the natives on the coast would on no account allow foreigners to go into the interior; and viewing all foreigners as traders, they were apprehensive that, if permitted to go thither, the missionaries might interfere with their gains. With correct views of the missionaries, however, came the abandonment of such objections; and at the present moment, a hundred evangelists might find immediate and full employment among the numerous and populous tribes lying between the mission stations and the mountains of the interior.

"But whence shall come the host of laborers re-

quired to go forth and reap the wasting harvests of these extensive regions?

"Doubtless from the mission-schools already in operation, shall be raised up many native teachers and evangelists to go forth in this blessed work; and on this account these schools, and the missions which sustain them, challenge your prayers, your contributions and efforts.

"But these natives, with few exceptions, can only make assistants. They will require some superintending agency. And since, as I have observed, white men can not bear the interior of Africa, this circumstance, and the comparative advance in Christian civilization attained by the *colonists* from this country, point to them as the materials from which to raise up this superintending agency.

"Hence the preëminent importance to be attached to all schemes of education in Liberia, and especially to our own High School at Mt. Vaughan. Here, as before observed, we have in operation an institution for preparing teachers and ministers for the great work around them. In order to insure a complete education, it is necessary to support young men four or five years, at an expense of one hundred dollars per annum; and when the demand for such laborers, as it is sought here to raise up, is considered, an object more worthy of the patronage of American Christians, can not well be conceived. At present there are only ten scholarships, and only five permanently supported; I hope to raise seven more.

"Other missions also, of similar character to that at Cape Palmas, it is hoped, will be soon established at

Bassa Cove and Monrovia, as radiating points from those places to the populous regions around them, which, as has been said, Providence has committed to American Christians. May God give to all interested in Africa's welfare, grace to devise liberal things, and to carry those liberal things more and more into practice; and especially may we share largely in the distinguished honor and reward of those who shall be instrumental in causing 'Ethiopia to stretch forth her hand unto God.'

"To all human appearances, the Gospel has been planted there. In connection with our Mission, Christianity seems to have found one home, shall I say another Antioch? I would leave to my associates in the Mission the pleasing task of describing particularly their respective stations. But I shall be excused, I am sure, for making some reference to my own, endeared as it is by the hallowed associations of some ten years of missionary toil and enjoyment. And, brethren, of it I can not say less than this: Much as I love this our Antioch,* I have found more than another Antioch in my African Cavalla home.

"Nay, brethren, there is now, in this wide world, no place to me like that, my home. Thirty cocoa-nut trees spread forth their graceful branches to shelter it from the beams of a tropical sun; a garden with lovely flowers, such as God delights to scatter over his fair creation, and numerous fruit trees, with beauteous birds 'singing among the branches;' refreshing breezes coming almost the whole day over the deep broad sea,

* Theological Seminary of Virginia.

not three hundred yards distant; a climate as pleasant (temperature considered) as any on earth; a Christian congregation formed out of heathenism, and a substantial brick church commenced; schools, containing seventy pupils, in successful operation; and cheerful hearts and willing hands to work in the Lord's harvest.

"But, brethren, these are not the chief attractions for me or for you. What makes Cavalla a most interesting missionary station, is, that there the door of faith is most widely and effectually opened to numerous towns and tribes of African Gentiles. But I would fix your attention upon the fact, that it is *only* the door, and this door is only opened. The field—and oh! *what* a field—how extensive, how dark, how ruined, *is yet to be occupied!*

"Here, brethren, I stand before you, fourteen years after having first put my foot on African soil, and having spent nearly the whole of this time in that country. I have, by God's help, in short journeys, travelled on missionary duty, more than eight thousand miles, preached in Grebo and English at least four thousand times, in from thirty to forty different towns and places, to four distinct heathen tribes, and in the colonies. In doing all which I can not remember having been interrupted by ill-health on one Sabbath; certainly not in the last ten years. Now, here, to the praise of God's grace be it said, are great *facts*, to establish which my life had been well spent in Africa, and to report which to you, would well repay the trouble of my four voyages across the Atlantic.

"And, now, that after the lapse of fifteen years, I

have returned to this, our Antioch, whence I was recommended to the grace of God for the work in which I have been engaged, and am permitted to report to you how through many dangers and temptations which have come upon me, the door of faith has been so remarkably and widely opened to the Gentile Africans, I call upon you with me to return thanks for, and to magnify the providence and mercy and grace of God, which have so signally followed your brother and his associates in the mission which they have been the honored instruments of planting and sustaining. Yes, with one heart and voice, let us say, 'Now, thanks be unto God, who always causeth us to triumph in Christ, and maketh manifest the savor of his knowledge by us in every place.'"

Chapter Second.

"ENLARGED by you according to our rule abundantly, to preach the Gospel in the regions beyond you."—2 COR. 10 : 15.

IN May of the year 1852 we find our missionary Bishop—after having visited many of the churches in America, and greatly interesting them in his Mission—again turning his face toward his beloved African home, accompanied by five new missionaries, from various States in the Union, namely: Rev. George W. and Mrs. Horne, from Connecticut; Miss Alice E. Colquhoun, from Virginia; Mr. Augustus Rogers, from New-York; and Rev. Thomas A. Pinckney, (colored,) from South-Carolina.

The arrival of the Bishop is thus described by one of the missionaries at Cavalla:

"*Thursday, July 8th*, 1852.—The long-expected day has arrived in which we are to welcome the Bishop; we heard of his arrival in the Ralph Cross, while at breakfast—an occasion of joy and gratitude. He reached the station at six in the afternoon. His coming was announced by the noise of the children and natives following him. Our family met him in the avenue, as he rode up on his faithful donkey, which had been sent for him. We rejoiced that God had kept, blessed, and restored him to his work; that he had also brought out other laborers with him."

We can readily imagine his feelings as he once more beholds his beloved mission. Fifteen years have elapsed since he first landed on the wild shores of Africa. How encouraging the contrast between the trials and sorrows of those laborious years and the mercies and blessings of the present! Memory recalls that darkest hour,* when the heathen, who now herald his approach with joyous demonstrations, seriously proposed to exterminate the Mission by starvation, or fire and the sword. With heartfelt gratitude he remembers that merciful intervention of Providence, which, at the most critical moment, brought so opportunely to his aid a man-of-war; and an officer, at the head of a body of marines, marched suddenly into the mission grounds, from the United States ship, Decatur.

How wonderful the change wrought on these wild people, in a few years, by God's blessing upon the "prayers, pains, and faith" of a feeble band of missionaries. Many of the hardened heathen, who, in former years, when asked to visit the house of God, were wont to reply, "*Pay us*, and we will come," are now heard earnestly inquiring: "Payne, how can we do the will of God?"

After the Bishop's return, a fresh impetus was given to the Mission. Active measures were commenced by him for enlarging its operations; and he immediately began the various buildings for which contributions had been made during his visit to the United States. The foundation of the Orphan Asylum at Cape Pal-

* See Mrs. Hening's History of the African Mission, p. 223.

mas (hereafter to be described) was laid—the colonial authorities giving him a lot for that purpose on the extremity of the Cape.

He was especially desirous to do more for the spiritual progress of the young but rapidly growing Republic of Liberia, and for this purpose put forth vigorous efforts to open more stations within her limits. The points to which his attention was now directed, were, Monrovia, the capital of Liberia, two hundred and fifty miles north of Cape Palmas; Bassa Cove, eighty miles to the south-east of Monrovia; and Sinoe, half way between Bassa Cove and Cape Palmas, and about ninety miles from each.

It may be proper, before we proceed to describe the progress of the Bishop's operations, to give, for the benefit of the general reader, a brief account of the origin of the American colonies in Liberia, and of their early connection with our Mission.

The first scheme of African colonization sprang, we are told, from the gifted mind of Thomas Jefferson, "who was one of a committee appointed by the General Assembly of Virginia, in 1776, to revise the laws of that State, and at that time prepared an amendment, to be submitted to the committee, *proposing a comprehensive plan of colonization.*" Though the seed of colonization was doubtless sown at that time, and fostered by other great and good men, it was not, until many years later, that the first Colonization Society was organized at Washington City, in 1817; which shortly afterward, with the coöperation of the general government, sent out agents to select a tract of

land in Western Africa, to form a home for the free colored people of the United States.

For this purpose a portion of the coast of New-Guinea was purchased, of which the Sherbro river, in latitude 7° 20′, forms the northern, and the grand Sesters river on the south, in latitude 4° 30′, forms the southern boundary. The distance between these points on the coast is five hundred miles. Here has sprung up the Republic of Liberia, of which Monrovia* (so called in honor of James Monroe, President of the United States, who did so much to forward the colonization scheme in Liberia) is the capital. It is in Messurada county, and is situated on an elevated site behind Cape Messurado, in latitude 6° 16′ north. The summit of the Cape is two hundred and fifty feet high, and the town about eighty feet above the level of the sea. Cape Messurado is covered with the richest mass of deep green foliage and shrubbery we ever beheld. On this Cape, Bishop Payne has secured ground to build an educational establishment of high character, to take rank hereafter as a college. There is a large *native* population in and around the Liberia settlements, and it is hoped that as our missionary force shall be increased at Monrovia, effective efforts may be made in behalf of the *heathen* population in this region.

Monrovia contains a population of something over two thousand, and is increasing rapidly, all things considered. The best houses are built of stone and brick, and many of them are neatly furnished. The

* About two hundred and fifty miles south of the English colony at Sierra Leone.

President's house is a double two-story building of brick, with a portico, the roof of which is supported by lofty pillars. The people are in general neatly dressed, and the churches well attended. The gov ernment house on Broadway is a plain, substantial building with a balcony. The lower floor is used as a court-room, and the upper one as a legislative hall.

Many tropical fruit trees, such as the orange, lemon, the lime, the banana, tamarind, cocoa-nut, papaw, guava, and the beautiful coffee-tree are found growing at Monrovia; also pine-apples, cassavas, plantains, and sweet potatoes. Other vegetables and fruits of temperate climes have been introduced, and here—but more particularly on the St. John's and at Cape Palmas—have been successfully cultivated. Owing partly to the comparative poverty of the soil, but more especially to the absorbing love of trade, agriculture is not as flourishing at Monrovia as at other places on the coast. On the St. Paul's river, and in other parts of Liberia, the soil is much better and more productive than at Monrovia. In many places there are good coffee farms, and the sugar-cane grows finely; and recently one or two steam sugar-mills have been carried out, to be used on the St. Paul's.

Rice is the principal production, and is raised in great quantities by the natives. The chief article of export is palm-oil. Many of the trees in Western Africa are of a very hard and heavy growth; there are other varieties, however, which correspond in lightness to our pine, and some which answer to our hickory and oak. There are many large forests of cam-wood toward the interior, (some fifty miles from

the sea,) which is used by the natives for fuel, and is an important article of trade.

In many places on the rivers and in the forests may be seen the stately palm tree, waving its light and graceful head in striking contrast with the heavy mahogany* and other huge trees; while every where delicate flowers, buds, and blossoms attract the eye, by their rich and lovely bloom.

Lying so near to the equator, this territory has, of course, summer weather throughout the year, interrupted only by the rainy, or "wet season," as it is generally called, which usually begins in May, and continues until the last of October. During this time, and when the harmattan wind is blowing, (from the middle of December to the last of January,) the weather is delightfully cool and invigorating. In the wet season woolen clothing is very comfortable; the more so, as it is not customary to have fires in the houses. The rain is not continuous, as many persons in the United States have supposed, but varied by spells of dry weather. December and January are the warmest months. February and March are very warm also. The oppressiveness of the tropical sun is so chastened by the regular sea breezes, that one is seldom oppressed by the heat; some are scarcely conscious of it. We have never yet met one who had lived in Western Africa, who would not prefer it, so far as temperature† is concerned, to any part of America.

* This is not the genuine mahogany.

† The extremes of the thermometrical state may be set down at 65° and 90°. The average height of the mercury during the rainy season

Cape Palmas, which is about two hundred and fifty miles south-east of Monrovia, forms the southern part of Liberia. In 1834, colonists from the State of Maryland settled here, and formed an independent State, which they called "Maryland in Liberia." Very recently it has been annexed to the Republic of Liberia.

The highest part of Cape Palmas is about eighty feet above the sea. Its eastern end was covered by native towns until a few months since, when they were burned in the war between the natives and colonists. The colonist population is about one thousand. Two years after this colony was settled, (in 1836,) an additional tract of land was purchased, which extended along the Cavalla river to the distance of thirty miles from its mouth. Up this beautiful stream may often be seen travelling our missionaries and native evangelists, carrying the glad tidings of salvation to the heathen tribes dwelling on its banks.

The first colored Governor of Maryland was Mr. Russwurm, who was appointed in 1837, and honorably and ably discharged the duties of his office.

When our first missionaries (Dr. Savage, Rev. J. Payne, and Rev. L. B. Minor) arrived at Cape Palmas in 1836, they found two colonists, Mr. and Mrs. Thomson, members of the Episcopal Church, teaching with great faithfulness a mission school at Mount Vaughan, (three miles from the Cape,) under the patronage of the "Domestic and Foreign Missionary

may be set down at about 76°, and during the dry at 84°. The mean temperature for the year is about 80°.

Society of the Protestant Episcopal Church in America," which had been formed by the General Convention in 1820. So much pleased were our pioneer missionaries with the appearance of things at Cape Palmas, that they at once decided to make it their headquarters, and it has continued to be the central and chief seat of our Mission up to the present time.

In describing the spiritual prospects of the colonies in Africa, we shall quote the language of Bishop Payne, who has been for many years among them:

"No one," says he, "can contemplate what has been accomplished by providence and grace in Western Africa, within the memory of many now living, without exclaiming in grateful, adoring love: 'What hath God wrought?'

"It is little more than fifty years since the whole of that part of the coast, lying between the Gambia on one side, and the Bereby river on the other—a distance of eight hundred miles—was desolated by ceaseless wars and a foreign slave-trade; and, owing to the influence of slave-traders, the barbarous character of the natives, and the unhealthiness of the climate, it was supposed to be as effectually closed to missionary efforts as China itself.

"Behold what a change! At Sierra Leone and its offshoots, a Christian colony, whose population is not far below *one hundred thousand!* And composed of whom? Of *native* Africans, taken by British cruisers from slave-ships, and, under the nurturing care of British philanthropy, transformed from savage, war-loving hordes, into orderly Christian communities.

"Between Sierra Leone and Bereby have sprung up

as by magic, at five different points, as many civilized settlements. These are the offspring of the benevolence and far-sighted wisdom of those who have composed the American Colonization Societies. These, too, are composed of the descendants of Africa's own children. They are, and have for some time been self-governing, and will all ere long, no doubt, be united under one republic, already known as 'Liberia.' The population of the colonies proper is at this time seven thousand, while they hold under their jurisdiction, or their influence, to a greater or less extent, ten times that number of natives. With the rich country, and spirit of industry and patriotism now springing up amongst them, they have all the elements for becoming flourishing communities.

"But the influence of these colonies, present and prospective, upon Africa, is their most interesting feature. Already, *within forty years*, have they, in connection with the British and American squadrons, abolished the slave-trade along eight hundred miles of coast; so that where thousands and tens of thousands of slaves were captured and shipped annually, now *there is not one;* and the foreign demand being thus at an end, the internal wars, which were excited by and have lived upon that demand, have to a great extent ceased; while the lawful commerce which has sprung up with the colonies, has created a new channel for the enterprise of the natives, and led them to develop the resources of their rich and beautiful country.

"A more important aspect of these colonies remains to be noticed: it is that which connects them with the *missionary enterprise.*

"Sierra Leone, as has been stated, is settled chiefly by re-captured Africans. Though taken from the slave-ships savage heathen, yet being at once placed under a good government and a strong missionary influence, they are under the most favorable circumstances possible for rapid temporal and spiritual improvement. They do improve rapidly, astonishingly. Many of them become wealthy. They are extensive merchants — some of them owners of ships. In their own vessels, many of them have actually returned to the land from which they were forcibly taken — the distance of nearly a thousand miles—and formed Christian colonies.

"But their religious improvements and prospects are more striking than even their temporal. Here, in Sierra Leone, and a similar settlement on the Gambia river, on the north-west, and the colony from Sierra Leone, at Badagry, eight hundred to one thousand miles to the south-east, there are about fourteen thousand children and youth now under instruction, besides numbers who have been educated and settled in life. There are engaged in instructing these children one hundred and twelve native catechists, school-masters, and school-mistresses. Three natives have received orders in the Church of England; and in the Grammar School and Fourah Bay Institute at Sierra Leone are sixty-six students, some of whom are studying Latin, Greek, and Hebrew, and a number of them looking forward to the ministry. In other than the Church Mission, many, with lower literary qualifications than are there required, are usefully employed as

ministers of the Gospel among their less-favored brethren. * * * * *

"I will now speak particularly of that portion of the great continent of Africa, which God has assigned *peculiarly to American Christians.* This is *Liberia*, and parts adjacent. At present this government has titles, more or less perfect, to most of the territory lying coast-wise from Grand Cape Mount and (taking in Maryland in Liberia) to Grand Bereby, a distance of four hundred miles. Its jurisdiction will evidently be extended one hundred miles further on either side, making its entire length on the coast six hundred miles. Thus much the powers of Europe will undoubtedly most cheerfully concede to the infant republic, which, indeed, they show every disposition to strengthen. Towards the interior the peculiar character of the native tribes will invite an extension of territory to the distance of two hundred miles; or to the chain of the *Kong* mountains, stretching along near the latitude of 8° north, from the vicinity of Sierra Leone on the west, and beyond the Niger on the east.

"Here, then, a territory containing one hundred and twenty thousand square miles, and nearly *five millions of aborigines*, besides American colonists—this is the sphere to which Providence directs American philanthropy and Christianity.

"There are at the present time,* as has been stated, about seven thousand emigrants from the United States in the various settlements constituting Liberia. The moral and intellectual energies of the colonists

* 1851.

have thus far been almost exclusively required and employed in forming and strengthening their own infant civil and religious institutions. And, when it is considered that the great mass of those who have been sent out to Liberia are wholly uneducated, it is wonderful how much has been accomplished in this respect. Obviously, however, they still need the helping hand of their more favored American brethren, to develop and perfect their social, intellectual, and political constitution. And it is most gratifying to see that while *they* are sensible of their need, Christians of all denominations are, though late, moving to their relief.

"The Methodists have completed a very good building at Monrovia, designed for a seminary. The Presbyterians have sent out a small iron house to the same place, for an institution called the 'Alexander High School.' There is a movement in New-England to get up a kind of Union institution, to be located in some central part of Liberia, perhaps at Bassa Cove.* When these institutions shall be provided with permanent and competent officers, they will indeed prove blessings. I am thankful to be able to say that our Church has rendered the most substantial service to the colonies and to Africa by its High School at Mount Vaughan, near Cape Palmas, which has raised and is raising up teachers, so much needed in the colonies, as well as missionaries for the surrounding heathen.

"It has been stated that the moral energies of the colonists have been chiefly directed to their own internal affairs. It must not, however, be understood that

* This institution is now being established near Monrovia, with ex-President Roberts at its head.

they have done nothing for the heathen. Under the direction of the Presbyterian, Methodist, and Baptist Missionary Societies, the agency of colonists has been employed at sundry times and in various places among the heathen. But owing to the change of superintendents, or their incompetency, little permanent fruit of their efforts remains.

"Indeed, it must be evident to every one who duly considers the missionary work, that its efficiency, under God, depends upon a *steady, persevering, Christian influence, by a competent agency.* That the agency must be competent, needs no proof nor illustration. That the influence, to be effective, must be continued, will appear from the fact, that the work of making Christian disciples of the heathen implies far more than that of transforming the most ignorant, degraded, and wicked child, ever found in a civilized land, into an educated, civilized, and Christian man. What, in fact, is the object of Christian missions, but to carry on this very process, not for individuals, but for communities, and this under the most unfavorable circumstances?

"What our Protestant Episcopal Mission in Western Africa has accomplished, has been owing, under God, to its complying to a good extent with these necessary conditions. From what has been said of the moral and intellectual state of the colonists, it must be perceived that our reliance thus far, for a competent agency must have been chiefly upon the white laborers, however few in number, who have been led from America to this country. And as it has been seen that white men can not bear interior missionary excur-

sions, or indeed the African climate at all, without a home to which they may repair, after short intervals of exposure—necessity, no less than a sense of duty, in the preservation of life and health, has heretofore prevented our extending our work, but we can rejoice in substantial, we would hope permanent results actually attained, and in the opening up, through these results, of prospects of wider and ever-widening use fulness hereafter."

Chapter Third.

"MANY shall run to and fro, and knowledge shall be increased."—DANIEL 12 : 4.

IN March, 1852, a small newspaper called the *Cavalla Messenger*, was commenced in the Mission. It was printed in Grebo and English, by two young native Christians, who had been trained in the mission-school at Cavalla; and it was hoped that it would be a benefit to the young connected with the Mission, besides giving employment to those engaged in it. It is sustained by articles from the various missionaries, designed to give a picture of the inner life of the Mission, and to interest foreign readers in behalf of the work among the heathen. The first page is always devoted to a history of the Grebo tribe, in their own language, by the Bishop.

We may look upon the establishment of this paper as an important era in the history of this tribe. Since the press was established at Cavalla, it has issued several hundred copies of school-books in the *Grebo* tongue, and more will be done in the future. How encouraging the thought that on the spot, where once was heard only the groans of the dying *gidu* victim, or the shrill unearthly cries of the "*Kwi-iru*," keeping their nightly orgies, is now heard the cheerful hum of the printing-press, and that within the office may be seen animated

Grebo faces busily bending over the type which is to be the means of disseminating knowledge among their heathen friends. No stranger could meet the bright, intelligent faces of many of the youths and children in that vicinity, without being at once convinced that Christianity and civilization had visited that heathen wild.

Two native youths, *Ku Sia*, (alias Clement F. Jones,) and *Bĭdĭ Wah*, (alias G. T. Bedell,) returned to the Mission in January of this year. For more than a year they had been under the tuition of Rev. Dr. May, and some of the students at the Theological Seminary of Virginia. Jones went to Cavalla to finish his studies, preparatory to the ministry, under the Bishop; and Bedell to Rocktown to teach in the boarding-school for native boys.

"We were glad to welcome back our former scholars, Jones and Bedell," writes a missionary. "Their sojourn in America has been an advantage to both. Jones accompanied me to-day to *Kwia's* town, where I preached. When I had finished, he asked to be permitted to speak. With much attention the people listened, while with earnestness he spoke. He having finished with prayer, they thanked him, and on our leaving, shook hands with us, one man remarking to him: 'Go on, *that Word is good.*'"

"*March 7th.*—During this week a debating society and singing-school have been commenced by our older native pupils and the youth of the village, *Ku Sia* and Bedell being the leaders of both." This is certainly progressive.

Bishop Payne, finding on his arrival at Cavalla, that

1487370

his faithful fellow-laborers, Rev. Edmund W. and Mrs. Hening, had been compelled, by the blindness and failure of health of the former, to withdraw from the Mission, thus wrote to the Foreign Committee:

"However we may mourn over the cause and the loss of a brother and sister so dearly beloved, it could not be reasonably expected that one afflicted like Mr. Hening could long endure as a missionary in Africa. I have suggested to Mr. H. a mode by which I think he may be most usefully employed in America, if it shall please God to restore his health. It is, either under the direction of the Foreign Committee or the Diocesan Missionary Societies, to plead the cause of missions before every congregation to which he can get access. 'To imbue Christian men with the spirit of missions is to acquaint them with the missionary enterprise,' and to acquaint them with the missionary enterprise, requires a special agency; and Mr. Hening's affliction for Christ's sake, and his eloquence—for God has given him eloquence—will give much effect to missionary arguments presented by him."

In accordance with this advice Mr. Hening soon after became agent for the Mission in America, and has continued to act as such up to the present date.

One year later the Mission was pained to hear of the unexpected death of his estimable wife. She died, in much peace, at Norfolk, Va., June 1st, 1853. In announcing to the public the death of this gifted lady, the Secretary of the Foreign Committee thus writes:

"She died after a very short illness, leaving her husband totally blind, and with the charge of an infant but a few months old. Long a most faithful and effi-

cient laborer, Mrs. Hening's usefulness was continued after her husband's loss of sight compelled him to return to the United States; and, at the time of her death, she was accompanying him on a journey, in which he was engaged in behalf of the African Mission."

"While Mr. Hening was advocating the cause in the pulpit, she, in a more retired, but scarcely less important sphere, was enlisting the sympathies of Christian women in the various objects recommended by Bishop Payne. Her loss is very great to the Mission, and, to her husband, humanly speaking, irreparable."

"Mrs. Hening, in addition to other most excellent and valuable service, prepared and published an account of the Mission which had engrossed her mind and heart. This interesting volume, which gives a brief history of the early efforts of our Church to spread the Gospel among the natives of Africa, and develops the Christian character of the author, ought to be in the hands of every friend of the cause of civilization and Christianity in the land."

Rev. G. W. Horne (who had accompanied the Bishop on his return) took charge of the Rocktown station, left vacant by Mr. Hening's departure; and Mr. Augustus Rogers became a most efficient teacher in the boarding-school for native boys at Cavalla.

On Christmas-day, 1852, in the presence of a large congregation, the Bishop held the first confirmation in the new colonial church, St. Mark's, at Cape Palmas. Twenty-five persons were confirmed. As this was the

ST. MARK'S CHURCH, CAPE PALMAS. Page 36.

first service of the kind ever performed in the colony, it was a season of unusual interest.

This beautiful little stone church had been built for the colony by contributions collected principally in the Diocese of Maryland. The first two years it was under the pastoral care of Rev. C. Colden Hoffman, assisted by Rev. T. A. Pinckney. It was consecrated to the service of Almighty God, December 21st, 1853; and placed in charge of Rev. Hugh Roy Scott, from Virginia, who, with Mrs. Scott, and Miss Freeman, had arrived at Cavalla at the beginning of this year.

In this year the Bishop thus writes further in regard to the enlargement of the Mission:

"The Mission at Cape Palmas may be considered as established, and possessing all the elements necessary to expansion in this vicinity. And here there is doubtless ample scope for the employment of scores of teachers, evangelists, and pastors.

"But, as has been already intimated, the providence of God calls to a more extensive sphere of action. The young but rapidly growing settlements of Liberia proper, demand our care in building up their social and political institutions. And no doubt those members of our communion who have assisted in planting and sustaining these colonies, expect that we will extend to them such care. Certainly they will not think they have discharged their duty towards them by merely transporting the objects of their interest to these heathen shores; they will desire to provide for them religious advantages in their new home."

"It is now very generally admitted that Africa must be evangelized chiefly by her own children. It

should be our object to prepare them, so far as we may, for their great work; and since colonists afford the most advanced materials for raising up the needed instruments, it becomes us, in wise coöperation with Providence, to direct our efforts in the most judicious manner to them. To do this, the most important points should be occupied, to become in due time radiating centres of Christian influence to colonists and natives.

"Convinced of the indications of Providence in this direction, and of the ability and disposition of the Church to sustain any proper measures which may be adopted, I have ventured to suggest the opening of three new stations in connection with the Mission. The points proposed to be occupied are, Monrovia, the capital of Liberia; Bassa Cove; and Sinoe, about half way between Bassa Cove and Cape Palmas, and some ninety miles from each.

"At Monrovia, incipient steps have been taken to open a station. A candidate for orders has charge of a school, and, in the course of the year, he will be prepared, it is hoped, to enter regularly upon his duties as a missionary to both colonists and natives. The mission at Monrovia, it is expected, will be sustained chiefly by the Church in Virginia.

"At Bassa Cove, active measures have been delayed in consequence of the unsatisfactory relations between colonists and natives. It is understood now, however, that these have assumed a more pacific aspect, and I hope, in the course of the present year to have a building erected in the township of Buchanan, suitable for a teacher and a school-house.

"Sinoe, the settlement intermediate between Bassa Cove and Cape Palmas, is one of the most populous and flourishing in Liberia. Some of our members are already settled there, and the place offers every facility for the establishment of a station. One of our colonist candidates for orders will be prepared (God willing) within a year to take charge of it; and in anticipation of this, I have made an appeal to some of our churches in the West and South-west to sustain him."

While the Bishop was thus cheerfully contemplating an extension of the operations of the Mission, his heart was burdened with anxiety for the health of his wife and other missionaries, as the following brief extracts from one of his letters will show:

"Captain Lowlin, by whom it is hoped this will reach you, takes to the United States our highly esteemed friend and fellow-laborer, Miss Williford. During my absence from the Mission, she had a very severe attack of fever. This was followed by a complication of diseases, which, with more favored intervals, has continued to the present time. No medical aid obtained here has effected relief, and several weeks since she became so weakened as to be compelled to resign the girls' school to Miss Colquhoun, and to confine herself to her chamber. A visit to the United States presents the only hope of her restoration."

Three months later he writes:

"You may be surprised to hear that before the arrival of Captain Lowlin, it has been determined that Mrs. Payne should accompany Miss W. to America. For some months previous she had been confined to her chamber, and this continues to be her state at pre-

sent. Being unable to do any thing here, she has consented to try a voyage, as the only hope of obtaining any relief. Dr. McGill is of the opinion that she has been for some years suffering under a pulmonary affection. Lately she has had several hæmorrhages.

"I have already briefly informed you, *via* England, that God, in His wise providence, has seen fit to take from us our late amiable and highly esteemed sister, Mrs. Jane C. Scott. She died of fever, after an illness of eleven days, on the 6th of June, 1853, (four months and twelve days after her arrival at Cavalla.) She was not supposed to be in danger thirty-six hours before her death. This event, so unexpected to herself and to us all, has excited in no breast other sentiment than, 'Thy will, O Lord, be done!'"

"We have abundant reason," writes another, "to believe that 'our loss is her eternal gain.' Being unaware of the near approach of death, she left no testimony of the preciousness of the Saviour in that trying hour, but none was needed. She expressed her thankfulness, a few days before she was taken ill, that she had been led to live among the heathen; and signified her entire resignation to the Lord's will, should it please Him to call her away by the acclimating fever, which she was then expecting."

A few months later, the Taboo station was reöpened under interesting circumstances. *Musu,* a native of Taboo, (who had some years previously been baptized by the name of John Musu Minor,) had long expressed a strong desire to return to his people, with the hope of doing something for their spiritual benefit.

The Bishop thought it proper to gratify his wish,

and, accordingly, he took possession of the mission-house, which had been erected and inhabited by the lamented Rev. Lancelot B. Minor.* After repairing the buildings, he opened a small school, and endeavored to do good, as he had opportunity, to his people.

Of him Mr. Minor wrote, in 1842: "God has certainly blessed me in giving me such an interpreter as *Musu*. From the first, he attached himself to me, and served me with such zeal that I feared he would soon wear himself out; but, so far from this being the case, his zeal has increased."

And now, ten years after the beloved pastor has been called away to his heavenly home, we see Musu still faithful, and returning, with joy, to labor alone in the field left vacant by that pastor's death.

In the month of June, 1853, another pupil of the Mission, Mr. Garrettson W. Gibson, (a young colonist,) who had been, for more than a year, studying divinity with the Rev. H. V. D. Johns, in Baltimore, returned to Cape Palmas. He continued to prosecute his theological studies with one of the missionaries until he was prepared for ordination.

About the close of this year, the congregation was formed at Monrovia, and placed under the pastoral care of Rev. Alexander Crummell, a colonist from New-York, who had graduated from Cambridge University, England.

In his report to the Board of Missions, for the year 1853, the Bishop thus speaks again of the African colonies:

* See Mrs. Hening's "History of the Mission in Western Africa," p. 183.

"It is a most gratifying consideration, that, from the time when the political and religious condition of the United States allowed opportunity for attention to foreign objects of benevolence, the Episcopal Church manifested a lively interest in the spiritual welfare of Africa and her children. At first, this was largely discovered in originating and prosecuting the scheme of African colonization. For it is a great mistake that this was prompted, or is sustained, by selfish considerations. Doubtless, these enter into it, as into all human enterprises. But that benevolence conceived, as benevolence now sustains this cause, must be manifest to all who will examine the subject carefully. The same principle which, within the last half century, has planted at Sierra Leone a settlement of forty-five thousand native Africans, of whom thirty-five thousand are said to be Christians—extending their missionary influence and operations far along the coast, and in the interior—originated and sustains the Christian colonies constituting Liberia."

"Nor has this benevolent feeling found expression only in the United States. From the very beginning of the effort to benefit Africa, in connection with colonies, members of the Episcopal Church have ever been found to encounter all the privations inseparable from this enterprise, and the perils of the most unhealthy of climes. Let us glorify God, in the reflection that nothing less than a manly spirit brought to these shores our Wiltberger, Bankson, Andrus, and Ashmun, ready to lay down their lives for Africa's redemption.

"And when, in the light of the knowledge and

experience, gained chiefly in connection with the colonies, the Church became convinced that the time had come for her to enter upon her appropriate work of evangelizing Africa, through direct missionary efforts, instruments were at once found to engage in this work.

"From the year 1836, when the Mission on this coast was regularly commenced, to the present time, there have been connected with it no less than thirty-one white missionaries, (besides respected and beloved colored brethren and sisters, who have labored with them in the Lord,) and more, many more, thank God, are ready to offer themselves for its service.

"Is it asked, Where are now all these laborers? A more profitable question is, *What have they accomplished for themselves, and for Christ's cause in Africa?* Every one who entered upon the work in a proper spirit, has obtained blessings for himself and the Church with which he is connected.

"Some, whose constitutions on trial, proved unfitted for the clime, have returned to their native land, seldom without carrying with them earnest resolves to labor there for Africa. Others, who 'counted not their lives dear unto them, so that they might finish their course with joy,' have been honored by receiving the Master's summons to wear the martyr's crown. While a remnant, rejoicing in what God hath already accomplished, through the labors and sufferings of all, are looking forward to a glorious harvest."

Doubtless, all who have entered upon the missionary work in Africa, in the right spirit, have done so in the belief that the last command of our Lord and Sav-

iour, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature," is *imperative*, and to be literally fulfilled. They could not, therefore, hesitate, and say, (as so many do:) "There is little hope of ultimate success in Africa; the work progresses too slowly, and requires too much sacrifice." This, in their opinion, would be criminal, as calling in question the wisdom, power, nay, the very truth of the Almighty, who has so emphatically declared that, "Ethiopia shall soon stretch forth her hands unto God."

Those who have labored, and suffered, and died, in the African Mission, have felt it to be a precious privilege to do all in their power to obey the last command of their ascended Lord, calmly leaving consequences in the hands of God. Their feelings have been well described by one who has recently died in her native land, far away from the missionary home she loved so well. Before duty to her afflicted husband required her to leave that home—when on a bed of sickness herself, hovering between life and death—she thus wrote:

"*I* may not reap, but others will;
For never shall that voice be still,
Whose loud command is echoed yet,
From Judea's favored Olivet.

"Go teach all lands: the Church has heard,
And will obey her Saviour's word:
Others will come when I am gone,
And Ethiope yet her God shall own."

Chapter Fourth.

"None saith, Where is God my Maker, who giveth songs in the night? who teacheth us more than the beasts of the earth, and maketh us wiser than the fowls of heaven."—Job 35 : 10.

Before we proceed to describe the remarkable work of grace which began in the heathen towns about this time, it may not be amiss to give a brief account of the *Grebo* people, among whom the Mission is more especially established.

Deriving their name from *gre*, a species of monkey noted for its activity, this tribe boasts of being more active, wiser, and more civilized than their brethren of the interior, or the "bush people," as they somewhat contemptuously term them. Though rather superior physically and mentally to many of the neighboring tribes, and from contact with the colonists, missionaries, and foreigners generally, more enlightened than they, the mass of the *Greboes* still live as all their people have lived from time immemorial.

With the exception of those who have embraced Christianity, and removed to the Christian villages at the mission stations, the *Greboes*—like all native Africans—still dwell in small circular huts. These huts are built with conical roofs, varying from fifty to a hundred feet in circumference, and from twelve to twenty feet high. The lower part is made of upright

boards, about five feet high. Over these extend, several feet, the peaked roof, made of bamboo, and covered with thatch. The floor is of earth, beaten hard and smooth, in the centre of which a fire is commonly kept burning. The low, narrow doorway answers the triple purpose of door, chimney, and window. These houses are furnished in the simplest style—with a few chests, several low chairs or stools, mats, and a number of wash-basins, bowls, and earthenware hung around the walls, as much for ornament as for use. The mats are spread out on the floor at night for beds, with pieces of wood for pillows. In the morning they are packed away in frames over their heads. The wood, which the women bring from the forests on their heads, is also nicely arranged in the same manner. In this particular, by the way, the women vie with each other, the neat arrangement of the wood being considered an indication of a good *kai dé*, or housekeeper.

They are, for the most part, an orderly people; and the women are cleanly in their persons and houses. When they have finished cooking, they carefully wash their cooking utensils, and put them in their proper places. All classes bathe daily; and they frequently anoint themselves with oil, to impart a fresh appearance to their skins, and perhaps with the view of promoting their health.

They all live in towns, and their houses are huddled closely together, with so little regard to order, that it is very difficult for a stranger to find his way through them without a guide. They vary in size, some containing not more than fifty or a hundred, and

others several hundred or a thousand houses. In the centre of the town stands a large square, or oblong house, in which the town *gree-grees* are kept, and public measures and *palavers* are discussed.

The farms of the people are generally two or three miles distant from the towns. The chief articles of cultivation are rice and cassava root. Some of them, in addition to their farms, have little patches of ground inclosed nearer home, in which they cultivate plantains, bananas, beans, and a few other vegetables.

Their food consists principally of rice and palm oil. This is served up in large wooden bowls, and placed on the ground or floor of the hut, where it is eaten without the aid of knives, forks, or spoons.

From intercourse with the colony at Cape Palmas, the principal natives have been led to adopt some articles of European and American manufacture. Thus, in the houses of the head men, we sometimes see a rough bedstead and a table, chairs, knives, forks, and spoons, which are used on extraordinary occasions. They make also a greater display of crockery ware than the poorer classes. Many have acquired a smattering of the English language: this is particularly the case with *Kroomen*, or sailors, who return home laden with trade goods, which they have taken in place of money for their wages, and bringing with them ideas of civilization very much in advance of their countrymen.

On reaching home, the *Kroomen* are received with much *éclat* by their people. But the poor fellows do not long retain their hard earnings; for shortly after reaching home, according to African custom, they

must give a large portion to the head men of their families, and divide the balance among their friends generally. This practice of dividing, or, as they say, "eating one another's money," is one of the greatest checks to industry and enterprise among these people.

The young *kroomen*, however, enjoy a short triumph when they first return from sea. We have seen six or eight of them parading the towns, some dressed in English costume, with black fur hats and feathers; others in cloths of brilliant colors, with straw hats, from which streamed five or six yards of fancy ribbons. They carried in their hands Jew's-harps, and other small and cheap musical instruments, with which they charmed the admiring crowds, of all sizes and ages, by whom they were followed.

The *Greboes* possess fine physical frames, and considerable energy of character. Tall, erect, with finely formed limbs, they are generally easy and graceful in their carriage; and their countenances are open and smiling. Their features, though of the genuine negro type, are comparatively regular; and every shade of complexion may be found, from the darkest to the lightest shade of brown.

They are hospitable, affable, and easily approached by foreigners. It would be regarded a great disgrace to refuse to entertain any of their own people, who may choose to visit them. It is a common practice in the dancing season for the women to go to distant towns, and spend weeks in this amusement. On these occasions, great preparations are made for their reception. They go arrayed in their holiday dress, sometimes bearing green branches in their hands, and sing-

ing and dancing as they advance. They are treated with the greatest hospitality while they remain, and return home laden with presents.

Polygamy prevails among them, as in every other part of Africa. No man, in their estimation, can be "a proper gentleman," who has but one wife. And, strange to say, the women participate in this feeling: they think it a degradation to belong to a man too poor to purchase but one wife. The women are considered very valuable property, inasmuch as they do a great part of the work on the rice-farms, in addition to bringing all the wood and water, attending to household matters generally, and nursing their children.

As may be expected in such a peculiar state of society, where the affection of the father is necessarily divided among several families, the children cling more closely to their mothers; and there is nothing a mother will not attempt in defense of her children. Within our own knowledge, a *Grebo* woman successfully contended with a leopard which had attacked her infant child. Very little systematic control, however, is exercised by either parent; and they are, for the most part, utterly disobedient and reckless of parental authority. As they are taught in their earliest infancy to steal and lie, and to indulge in other gross vices, nothing better could be expected. One most cruel punishment inflicted upon their children, when they can no longer bear with them, is to rub red pepper in their eyes.

The wives are bought from their parents while they are still children, and commonly carried home to be trained up in the houses of their future husbands.

They always place a string of beads on the necks of the girls, as signs of their betrothment. We remember on one occasion, being somewhat puzzled when we asked an interesting little heathen girl, not over six years old, if she would not like to come to our mission school, to hear her little companions cry out, pointing to her neck: "She can't come; see, she has got a husband."

The price of a wife is generally two or three bullocks, a little cloth, etc., not exceeding in all twenty dollars. The husband is always expected to provide a separate house for each of his wives; but even this precaution can not prevent the quarrels and strife which are continually occurring among the different wives and children. The wives are never treated as equals. They are not allowed to sit down to a meal with their husbands; but after they have prepared their food, they are required in their presence to taste it, to show that it has not been poisoned. This process is called, "taking off the witch."

Though not much given to dress, they are exceedingly fond of ornaments. Two or three yards of cloth suffice for the body, but they must have a great number of brass or ivory rings for the arms and ankles—often with small bells attached—and as many beads as they can crowd on their necks. With the men, the greatest ambition in the way of dress is a European hat. We have often seen individuals, the rest of whose clothes have not cost over fifty cents, parading in a beaver worth three or four dollars. They, too, wear on their wrists and ankles ivory rings, on which, if they are *kroomen*, their names are carved,

or rather the titles given to them in jest by the captains with whom they have sailed: "Jack Africa," "Trust Money," and "Bottle of Beer," are favorite cognomens.

They are generally fond of intoxicating drinks, and almost the first article they demand from vessels is rum. They have no intoxicating drink of their own, except the sap of the palm tree, which is obtained by tapping the tree. When a few days old, palm wine tastes very much like hard cider; but when perfectly fresh, it has a faint sweet taste. It will not intoxicate, unless taken in large quantities. The palm tree is one of God's greatest blessings to the poor African; as from it they get food and drink, while the oil obtained from its nuts is the chief medium of exchange between them and foreign nations. They carry their palm oil to the trading vessels, and obtain in exchange European cloth and other commodities. They also carry on a trade in cam-wood, which produces a very fine red dye; but as this tree does not grow on the sea-coast, the Greboes have to obtain it from the tribes in the interior; and hence the importance of christianizing this and other sea-coast tribes, that they may influence for good those with whom they are thus brought in contact.

The *Grebocs* are divided into twelve separate families, and these have been kept distinct for generations. Each family has a head man, or patriarch, who is generally the oldest male of his family. The principal property of all the members of the family is held as a common stock, and can not be disposed of without the consent of the head man. He is the repre-

sentative of his family in all public discussions, and is held responsible for the good behavior of its members.

When one is wronged by an individual, he considers himself fully revenged if he can retaliate on *any* member of the offender's family. A man belonging to a family down the coast, was killed some time since by a *Nyambo* man, and one of his family came up, and offered to enlist with the Cavalla people, who happened to be at war with the *Nyamboes;* as soon as he had killed one man of the *Nyambo* family, he deserted and returned home, exulting in the thought that he had freed his family from disgrace, and appeased the *ku* or spirit of his murdered kinsman.

The *Greboes*, though most implacable enemies, are characterized by cheerfulness, humor, and fondness for fables. While working on their farms, it is not uncommon for one to cheer the rest by the enlivening sounds of the horn, and by telling amusing fables. They have also boat-songs similar to those sung by the slaves in our Southern States. The helmsman cries, *Batio*, (attend ye,) and the crew responding, *Batĕ*, (we do attend,) he begins an impromptu song, in praise of some one they are rowing, and the others join in a chorus.

They are very close observers of persons and things, and often give names indicative of character or manner. We remember one poor fellow, whom they called "*kobotoah*," or ship, because he staggered along in a peculiarly awkward manner. To a missionary, who had a very erect person, and walked with a measured tread, they gave the name of "war man;" and this

very individual, though they knew nothing of it, had in his youth belonged to the army.

Almost every settlement of any importance has a king; but his power is very limited, and the government is much more of a *democracy* than a monarchy. The *Nyekbade*, or old men, wield more power apparently than the king. No enactment of his is enforced until sanctioned by the voice of the people. The *Bodiâ*, or high priest who is anointed and set apart by the people, generally presides in all their public assemblies. He is a prince as well as priest, and lives in an anointed house—differing in appearance from the other houses—provided by his people. To his care are intrusted the town *gree-grees*, or idols; by him are offered up the sacrifices; and to his house, which in some respects seems to correspond to the Jewish city of refuge, criminals flee for protection, and from it no one can be taken without his sanction. His people are bound to provide him with the best of food: but, on the other hand, he is subjected to many painful restrictions; one of the most foolish and inconvenient is, that which prohibits the *Bodiâ* from tasting food in the town while a dead body is lying there. He is not allowed to become intoxicated on any occasion, or to mourn the death of any of his family.

The office is hereditary, and the badge, an iron ring worn on the ankle, is regarded with much veneration by the people. It is a post of great danger, from the fact that his people expect him to insure them success in all their undertakings; and when misfortunes overtake them, he is regarded as the author, and frequently loses his life by the dreaded *gĭdu* ordeal.

Another important class of the people is the *Sedibo*, or soldiery, composed of the middle-aged men. They are the strongest body in the town, and, though exceedingly rapacious themselves, often aid in securing justice for foreigners.

The *Deyâbo*, or demon-men, whom we shall describe hereafter, exert, through their superstitious practices, a much more powerful influence over their people, than any other class.

Since the above was written, we have met with the following account of the *Greboes*, from the pen of Bishop Payne; and as it is fuller in some points than the preceding one, we will add it in this connection:

"The *Grebo* tribe extends thirty miles along the coast, from Cavalla to Fishtown river.

"The Greboes emigrated probably about one hundred and fifty years ago, to the territory now occupied by them, from the leeward coast. The point of their debarkation was just below Grand Bereby. They lived a short distance from the coast, and constituted part of a tribe still living in that region, and known as the 'Worebo.' A crowded population appears to have led to the emigration.

"The name *Grebo* is composed of *Gre* and *bo*. The latter designates a class, (for example, degu, a doctor; degu-bo, doctors.) The former, 'Gre,' is the name of a species of monkey which leap with remarkable agility. In getting off from the shore at the time of emigration, it appears that many canoes were capsized. The Grebo word for capsize is *wore*, and hence those who capsized and remained were called *Worebo*. Those

who were successful in embarking, leaping over the waves like the '*Gre*,' were styled *Grebo*.

"The Greboes, proceeding up the coast in their canoes, landed at different points as they became tired, and where they found water, formed small settlements. The coast at that time appears to have been uninhabited; only at Cape Palmas, tradition relates that a small settlement of whites was found. These were probably Portuguese and slave-traders. The first settlements of the Greboes in this region were not permanent. They proceeded at different times up the coast, until they reached Grand Sestres, where contact with other tribes, and a partial accession from them, produced a modification of the language and of the tribe. At length, directed by an oracle, the scattered settlements of the Greboes retraced their steps to the leeward. The great body proceeded at once, and settled at Cape Palmas, although subsequently considerable numbers followed, and became engrafted into the tribe. From Cape Palmas, (*Buĭmlĕ Lu*,) Rocktown (*Taakĕ*) was colonized; and subsequently, after considerable intervals, Grahwah, (*Blege*,) and the river Cavalla towns, (*Wattah* and *Koblah*.) Again, from Rocktown were colonized Middleton, (*Lede*,) Fishtown, (*Wah*,) and Half Cavalla, (*Bwede*.) The names here given are those of the seven principal Grebo towns, having an aggregate population of about twenty-five thousand.

"The *constitution* of the Grebo tribe is patriarchal, although the government is almost purely democratic. There are in it twelve families, as in the case of the ancient people of God, deriving their names, probably, from the emigrant patriarch or father. Their appella-

tives are Nyambo, Grebo, etc. In nearly every one of the *Grebo* settlements above enumerated, there are parts of these families, having in each case their distinct head man or patriarch. This patriarch usually occupies a particular portion of the town, with his sons, grandsons, and relatives around him. The male members of these deposit with the patriarch a portion of the money which they accumulate, and the latter in return pays the betrothment money (about twenty dollars) for wives, as well as the fines and expenses, from any source, to which they may be liable.

"Besides these duties to their relatives with whom they are connected, the patriarchs collectively constitute an upper court or senate in the body politic. To this body belongs the right of originating plans for promoting the public weal; to them are referred questions involving international rights and relations in the premises, and by them claims growing out of such relations are met. Indeed, in all matters of grave interest, whether domestic or foreign, the voice of the patriarchs must be heard.

"But the most influential class in every Grebo community is the *Sedibo*. This is most emphatically the 'house of representatives,' the *popular* house, for it is composed of all males beyond the age of eighteen or twenty, except the patriarchs. Usually, as soon as a young man is married and has a house, he pays into the treasury of the *Sedibo* a bullock, goat, half-bushel of rice, and thenceforth, unless convicted of witchcraft, is entitled to all the rights and privileges of the *Sedibo*. These are by no means inconsiderable. They combine the legislative and executive powers;

for although the patriarchs may originate and advise, the *Sedibo*, the people in lawful assembly, must discuss and resolve, before any action can be had or law passed; and they meet and make laws at any time, and in relation to almost any thing. They meet, and decide that a man has stolen something, and for the offense make him pay a fowl or all that he possesses, according to their temper towards him. They determine that a certain man has been guilty of witchcraft, and give him *gĭdu*, and kill him. The fines imposed by this body are *divided according to hereditary right.* Thus, for example, if a bullock is slain, one man, by hereditary right, takes the *shoulder*, another the *neck*, etc. These rights owe their origin to the same causes as the titles in Europe. They were given to ancestors for some services rendered, or by some powerful prince, and have thence come down in lineal descent to posterity. The same principle prevails in respect to offices, of which there are four principal ones in every *Grebo* community. These are the *Woraba*, *Bodia*, *Ibadia*, and *Tĭbawa*. The former two are taken from the class of *Nyekbade*, (old men,) and the latter from the *Sedibo*.

"The *Woraba* (literally, town's father) is the oldest or most influential patriarch, lineally descended from the founder of the town. In the assembly of the patriarchs, he takes precedence of all others, and has the largest share of the perquisites of this body.

"The *Bodia* appertains to one family, but this is by appointment of an ancient oracle. The *Bodia*, and in fact the other two offices, of which I am to speak, though belonging to particular families, are only con-

ferred upon those designated by some oracle, consulted in reference to the appointment. The *Bodia's*, more than any thing else, resembles the office of high priest among the Jews. The individual having been designated who is to fill the office, on the appointed day he is installed, by a long ceremony, too tedious to describe. The leading features are the sacrifice of a goat to *Kwi*, (demons and departed spirits,) the blood of which is *sprinkled* around and inside the door-posts of the *Bodia's* house. The *Bodia* is shaven, clad in a new garment, has a tiger's tooth around his head, (this is a common ornament of gentlemen,) has a monkey's skin prepared, to be placed always beneath him when he sits, *and he is anointed.* The house in which he lives is called, from this circumstance, *Ta-kai*, the anointed house. During the ceremony, the patriarchs of the several families in order give the *Bodia* elect their respective charges: 'Let trade be active; cause the earth to bring forth abundantly; let health prevail; drive war far away; let witchcraft be kept in abeyance,' etc.

"Poor man! he has a load put upon him, which it is not wonderful can be borne only a short time. During his continuance in office, he resides in the *Ta-kai*, or house built by all the people. He keeps the public *gree-grees* and idols, and *feeds* them with rice and oil *every new moon.* In making sacrifices for the town to departed friends and demons, he officiates as high priest. He can not sleep in any other house in the town but his own; he may not drink water on the highway; he may not eat while a corpse is in town; he must *not mourn for the dead;* if he dies while in

office, (the ring put on his ankle at his inauguration having been previously taken off, and placed on that of some member of his family,) he must be buried in the stillness of the night, none but the most important public functionaries hearing of it, and none mourning for him when his death is made public. All Grebo *Bodias*, too, must be buried on the island off Cape Palmas, if they have died a natural death. If they have been killed by gĭdu, (sassa-wood,) they must be buried beneath a running stream of water.

"The *nominal power* of the *Bodia* is very great, as he has a veto on all questions brought before the people; but in practice is very limited, for he dares not act contrary to the popular will, which he is, therefore, very careful to ascertain. In truth, of all offices, that of the *Bodia* is most comfortless. This arises from the superstitious notions and expectations connected with the office. It has been before stated, that at his inauguration he is charged with matters which God alone controls—*with providence.* It follows, that whenever adversity of any kind befalls the country, the *Bodia* is held responsible for it: 'He has made witch'—this is the solution, and many a poor incumbent has paid the penalty with his life. It is no wonder that this highest office in the people's gift is far from being desired, and that in the most instances, when the oracle has designated the individual, they have almost to 'take him by force and make him king.' The two remaining offices, *Tibawa* and *Ibadia*, appertain to the *Sedibo*, and on a vacancy occurring, are filled in the same manner as that of *Bodia*. These, too, are hereditary in families. In the assembly of the *Sedibo*, their as-

sent must be obtained to any measure before it can be carried into effect; though, as in the case of the *Bodia*, this assent is rather the expression of the popular will than the guide of it. The most important duties of these offices devolve upon them in time of war. Then the *Ibadia* must always *lead;* and in case of retreat or defeat, the latter must always bring up the rear, or cover the retreat. They are consequently posts of the greatest danger. In reward for their services, they have, by hereditary right, a large share of all perquisites of the *Sedibo*.

"The third class into which every Grebo community is divided, is the *Kedibo*. This is composed of youths and boys between the ages of eighteen and eleven to twelve. A small initiation fee admits any one of initiable age to this class. They have a treasurer, a kind of head, usually selected from among the elder *Sedibo*, to take care of their property. They have meetings, at which they discuss subjects of which they have the control, but are subject to the direction of the *Sedibo* in all important matters.

"The *Kimbo* includes children from six to eleven years of age. Theirs is a separate organization, although their rights and privileges are of more limited character. Their chief perquisites are those obtained for their collective services in busy seasons. But it is wonderful to witness the stormy debates of this little society, as well as amusing to see them punishing each other for real or alleged offenses, by *putting pepper in their eyes*, beating them, etc.

"There is a curious secret association or society to be found in every Grebo community, styled *Kwi-iru*,

or 'children of departed spirits.' Although it is attempted to keep every thing connected with this association concealed, it is known to be composed of persons of almost all ages in the community, except children. They have a 'father,' as he is called, but he is never visible or known, except to members of the society. When, as is rarely the case, the '*Kwiiru*' appear in the day, the 'father' is always so masked as to be perfectly disguised. The night, however, is the usual time for this strange association to go abroad; often at midnight, on the outskirts of the town, or in the adjoining bush, a sudden, discordant shrieking, whistling, yelling, hideous noise bursts forth, as if scores of spirits had been let loose from the lower world, and as if their object was to frighten man from the earth. In a tumultuous body they run around and through the town. Women and children fly affrighted into their houses, and close them up, for a heavy fine would be the penalty of their seeing and being seen by the mysterious visitors. If in their wild revellings they fancy to want any thing from any one, they surround his house, and there remain, yelling, dancing, screaming, and threatening, until their demand is granted.

"The avowed object of the association is to seek and to punish *witches* and *wizards*. These are said to be particularly active in practising their arts at night. They strip themselves naked, and go to the houses of those whose lives they seek; and especially is it their delight to visit and dance on the graves of those whom they have succeeded in killing by their enchantments. Wo, then, be to the man or woman who

is seen walking around or through the town in the night! The *Kwi-iru* pounce upon them, carry them to a house prepared for the purpose, put them in the top of it, where they are smoked until next day about ten o'clock, or the usual time for subjecting them to the universal African test, *gĭdu*, or sassa wood. Early in the morning, an official of the *Kwi-iru* is dispatched to the forest, to get the bark of the *gĭdu* tree. This arrived, the accused person is taken by the *Kwi-iru* to the field, there, in the presence of the assembled town's people, to be subjected to the test. The officer of the body beats the bark in a mortar, pours water into it, then turns it out in a wooden bowl, and calls for the accused to come forward and drink. Holding the bowl in his hand, he looks toward the east, and says in substance: 'O God! O God! O God! I invoke thee four times. If this person be innocent, cause him to vomit this *gĭdu*, and escape; if he be guilty, may it kill him!' The accused takes the bowl, and repeats the same words. Immediately after doing thus, he drinks, and starts to town, escorted by one or more members of the *Kwi-iru*, and followed by the multitude.* The former, after reaching town, keep near the accused, and force him to walk incessantly, until it is ascertained that the *gĭdu* does not affect him, or he falls down suddenly dead, a victim to the poison. As soon as this takes place, a fiendish shout rends the

* On one occasion, when one of our missionaries went to intercede for a man who was condemned to drink *gĭdu*, he was taken aside by a friendly native, and warned that it would be dangerous to interfere. "In *your* country," said he, "they hang man up by the neck, s'pose he do bad; *gĭdu* be *our* country fash for witch, and all bad men."

air: 'The witch is found—he is killed.' Tied by the feet, the dead body is dragged out to the beach, where it lies for some hours, exposed to the insults of the populace. Before the relatives are permitted to bury it, they must purchase it from the *Kwi-iru*, for a bullock, or something equivalent. The *Kwi-iru*, as a kind of police, are often employed by the *Sedibo* to administer *gĭdu* in cases where persons are accused of witchcraft, either by them or by the *Deyabo*.

"The last word, *Deyabo*, designates the most remarkable class among the *Greboes*. They are the life and soul of their superstitions. They are commonly called in English, *demon*-men or devil-*doctors*. Neither term, however, conveys a correct impression. They suppose themselves possessed by a '*ku*,' demon or spirit, under whose inspiration they act, and give their responses. They, in fact, do exhibit the peculiarities mentioned in Scripture, as '*possessed*.' They are 'thrown down on the ground,' they 'gnash with their teeth,' they appear dead, while they utter strange, unearthly sounds, they 'pine away.' Whenever any of the above marks appear in an individual, he is said to be 'possessed,' and is at once placed with an old '*Deya*,' to be instructed in the arts and mysteries of the profession. The novitiate lasts from one to three years, according to circumstances. He is not allowed to wear other covering than some grass tied with a cord around the loins. He does not wash; has no connection with his wife or family; sleeps apart, sits apart, etc. When the instructing *deya* is satisfied with his proficiency, and the candidate's family get a bullock ready to pay for his education, a day is appointed for

inducting him into office. This is quite a long ceremony. The principal features only will be here given. The test of the reality of his 'possession' is a very singular one. A fowl or duck is killed, and the head cut off; some of the blood of this is put upon the candidate's eyes, and the head is then taken away, and thrown into the bushes. The candidate is now sent to find it. If he succeeds, his 'possession' is real; if not, he is deceived. The latter case, however, seldom occurs, as good care is taken that the head shall be found, and the candidate is escorted by his relatives (usually on the back of one of them) to the place of ceremony. There he is divested of his filthy hair and habiliments; is clothed in the usual dress of his class, furnished with a stock of gree-grees and charms, and taken home by his relatives.

"Established at home, he is a most wonderful character. Under the inspiration of his demon, there is nothing he will not accomplish, nothing he can not find out. Distance is annihilated, hundreds of hearts are known and revealed. Hidden acts of witchcraft are brought to light. The potent spells of the *deya* control winds, rain, pestilence, health, wealth, life, and death. But it is especially in reference to witchcraft that the powers of the *deyabo* are invoked and exercised. This is the great evil of the country—the one most practised, the most feared. To guard against this, the *deyabo* make charms for the persons of individuals, for their houses, for the town, for the country. By consulting their demons, they are supposed to be able at once to designate the witch or wizard in any particular case; and the word of a *deya* is taken ordi-

FETISH DANCERS IN WEST AFRICA.

narily as sufficient proof that the party accused is guilty, or, rather, sufficient ground for subjecting him to trial by *gĭdu*. This fact, in connection with the popular belief that death in all cases—except those of infants and very aged persons—is caused by witchcraft, causes a general fear throughout the town when any one dies; for *any one in town* is liable to be arrested at any moment, and subjected to the dread ordeal of *gĭdu*, upon the mere *ipse dixit* of a *Deya*.

"When the *Deya* has consulted his demon and prepared his charms, it is common with him to say: 'Now, nyena ba wenh, (if God wills,) this will accomplish the good you seek, but not otherwise.' Indeed, the intelligent Greboes contend that the whole system of the Deyabo is by *appointment of God*. The *Deya* is their means of access to God; the *Deya*, speaking by his demon, *conveys the voice of God*.

"Such is the most intelligent view of the system of the Greboes' superstition. But it contains within itself the elements of its own destruction: for the Greboes believe that God is *holy* and *true;* but the Deyabo, they know by experience, *are all vicious, and all speak lies*. It is not wonderful, therefore, that in the light of the Gospel, the system is losing its hold, and the Deyabo their influence upon the people.

"The *moral character* of the Greboes is substantially that given in the first chapter of Romans—that of man every where, left to himself. But it is surprising, in their case, to see how much that is outwardly good and pleasant can coëxist with the inwardly corrupt, and, indeed, how the latter contributes to the manifestation of the former. It has been stated that witch-

craft (by which is meant the accomplishing of any object by magical preparations) is generally practised. The people are also, of course, all *revengeful*, and witchcraft affords the means of revenging themselves; and as all are conscious of *evil, all fear evil;* and this fear is the chief cause of the great courtesy which really characterizes the Greboes in their intercourse with each other.

"The *physical character* of the Greboes is not inferior to that of any tribe on the west coast of Africa. This may be readily inferred from the fact that they are eagerly sought by vessels of war, as well as by traders. The class known on the coast as Kroomen, (Croomen, or Crewmen,) are, in fact, a large portion of them, Cape Palmas or Grebo people. A great many of them are to be found in Sierra Leone, and, indeed, in many of the foreign settlements from Sierra Leone to the Gaboon river.

"Their *intellectual character* corresponds with the physical. In our schools, the children learn rapidly. In the meetings and councils of the Sedibo and people, which I have attended, I have been struck with the order, decorum, and mental acumen displayed. In grave assemblies, each man has his place and his time to speak; when this arrives, he stands up, usually holds a long staff in his hand, and asks attention by saying, 'Bateo,' (attend all;) the assembly responds, 'Bate,' (we attend;) after he has finished, the next in order takes the staff, and proceeds in like manner. And in examining evidence, they are most thorough; and keen, indeed, must be the foreign casuist who can

get the advantage of them on matters coming within the range of their knowledge and experience

"The geographical position of the Greboes, in connection with their physical and intellectual character, affords ground to hope that they are destined to be instruments of extreme good amongst the numerous tribes in their vicinity. They are situated at the mouth of the Cavalla river, navigable for canoes and boats about seventy miles, and having on its banks some twelve tribes. With these tribes the Greboes have daily intercourse, and they speak dialects so nearly alike, that they are readily understood by each other. It is probable, too, that books published in Grebo will be understood by all these tribes. Hence it follows, that to christianize the Greboes will be at once to diffuse its blessings throughout these tribes."

The *Grebo* tongue has been reduced to writing by Bishop Payne, and part of the Old and much of the New Testament translated into it, beside liturgies, catechisms, and other small books.

Chapter Fifth.

"A LAND of darkness, as darkness itself."—JOB 10 : 22.

THOSE who have always lived in the cheering light of the Gospel, can have but a faint idea of the gross spiritual darkness which envelopes the heathen.

The *Greboes* have, it is true, a vague idea of a one Supreme Being, whom they call *Nyesoa*, and who, as they believe, is the creator of all things, but they offer him no sacrifices, and pay him no homage; on the contrary, they are continually making propitiatory offerings to inferior spirits. They have no idea whatever of future punishments, or their need of a Saviour, and yet their minds are held in life-long bondage, through fear of evil spirits, who, they imagine, are ever surrounding them with hurtful designs.

Almost every heathen family believes they have a presiding genius, or *ku*, to whom they are bound to pay especial honor, and this spirit they dread exceedingly to offend. This *ku* is not unfrequently one of their deceased ancestors. In addition to these family spirits, which seem in some degree to accord with the household gods of the ancients; the Greboes worship public spirits, who are not supposed ever to have inhabited human bodies. These they locate in retired groves, caves, or picturesque rocks on the borders of the ocean. *Bidĭ Nyima*, who is said to dwell in the

cavity of a large rock, called Grand Devil place, is one of the most celebrated. One of the missionaries, who has recently visited the place, thus describes it:

"We reached *Hidie*, the place of our destination, about eleven o'clock. This is about eleven miles distant from our Cavalla station. There are three villages in the settlement, one being very small. It is nearest the smallest one, up a stream, that the 'Grand Devil' has his seat. Like the temple of Mecca, it has its devotees, going on long pilgrimages, to see for once in their lives this wonderful place. The Grand Devil, who, as the natives say, '*passes all other devils*,' is wont to perform his '*ly*ing wonders' behind, or in the hollow of a rock; of course no white man would be allowed to go too near it, as the poor dupes are not. I did not even ask for the privilege. This wonderful 'invisible one' is said to work all kinds of cures, tell fortunes, solve hard and knotty questions, and so may be said to have, in the native sense, all knowledge and all power.

"The truth is, a demon doctor, (*deyâ*,) who has skill and tact for his business, secretes himself behind the rock, he perhaps first learning through some accomplice, all about the pilgrim—his name, his family, his character, and the object of his visit. This has been learned privately from the stranger without his hardly being aware of it. He, on the day appointed, takes his stand as directed, near enough the mysterious rock to communicate with its still more mysterious inhabitant. With amazement he listens to a voice that seems to come, as it were, from a sepulchre, and tells him almost all that he ever did. The spirit has told him

what he wished to know, and he receives an answer of peace, at least such an one as he hoped to receive. The dupe pays an enormous fee to some assistant, and goes away and 'speaks the wonders all abroad.' Hundreds, no doubt, annually come far and near, thus to be deceived and fleeced."

The Greboes, like other Africans, live in perpetual fear of witchcraft. The *origin* of witchcraft is described by the old men as follows: "There was once a time when *God* walked with man, and man talked with him as with a friend, and then there was no sickness, or sorrow, or death. But one day, a woman went into the bush to get some herbs to season her husband's food with; and while there, a snake showed her leaves, which contained a deadly fruit, called *we*,* or witchcraft. The woman took of the leaves, brought them to her husband, and he ate of them, and died. The woman, before she died, imparted the secret to others, and many began to die, till at length death prevailed over the land, and now all must die."

They believe that almost every death is caused by *witchcraft*, and that none die a natural death, except, perhaps, some very old persons and a few young children. When a friend dies, therefore, anger and revenge absorb their minds even more than grief. Their first business is to find the murderer, and for this purpose a *deyâ*, or demon-man is consulted; he generally points out as the criminal some one who has borne ill-will to the deceased; and not unfrequently takes this opportunity to revenge himself against some enemy of his own.

* See Appendix.

The person pointed out by the *deyâ* as a witch, unless he flees for his life, is compelled to go through the deadly ordeal of *gĭdu*, or sassa wood. This consists in drinking a decoction of the *gĭdu* tree, a very poisonous narcotic. Before drinking the poison, *the victim calls upon God three times* to attest his innocence. If death is the consequence, the guilt of the individual is established; and the most shocking and cruel indignities are heaped upon him in his dying hours. Even the little children are encouraged to drag and stone the wretched victim until life is extinct. The dead body lies exposed on the ground until the sun goes down, and then it is hurried away to the burying-ground for criminals, and hastily interred; and for him alone the voice of weeping and lamentation is not heard. Even his immediate family are not allowed to show signs of grief. In a painful case, which came under our own observation, where the victim was a person of superior rank—being a *Bodiâ*, or high priest—the body lay, during the whole day, exposed on the beach, and was dragged away about sunset, and buried alone in a marsh. This is said to be the common fate of all the *Bodiâs*, who perish by the ordeal of *gĭdu*.

All persons who escape death by this ordeal have a public triumph. If they be women, they dress themselves in their finest holiday attire, paint their faces, hang bells around their persons, and promenade through the town, accompanied by a troop of their own people. Sometimes a man walks by the side of the woman, and holds over her an umbrella—the only time in her life she is thus honored; for on all other occasions she is required by custom to walk behind

her husband. As she dances triumphantly along, tinkling her bells, she joins the company in an impromptu song, setting forth her praises. The men, who escape, make a similar demonstration.

The sassa-wood victim is sometimes pointed out in a singular manner. An instance of this kind occurred near one of our mission stations. A man died suddenly on the road, and as the bearers were bringing the corpse to town, it struck against the house of his brother. This was *an indication that this brother had caused the death by witchcraft.* The terrified inmate, knowing well that he would soon be compelled to drink the deadly sassa-wood for a crime of which he was entirely innocent, fled to the mission-house for protection. In a very little time the *sedibo*, or soldiery, were in eager pursuit, and fiercely demanded that he should be given up to them. The missionary refusing to do so, they left the house, after making a great noise. In a short time they returned, *bringing the corpse along with them*, and firing guns as they approached. When they got opposite the gateway, they pretended that the corpse would not pass the mission-house—so it was carried into the yard, and shaken violently about, to convey the impression that it was in pursuit of its supposed murderer. Running rapidly around the house, it struck against one of the pillars of the porch, and it was now settled to a certainty that the unfortunate refugee within was the criminal.

On this occasion, however, the victim was spared, at least for the time, the deadly ordeal, through the intercession of the missionaries. We say *for the time*, because it not unfrequently happens that persons thus

rescued, have afterwards voluntarily subjected themselves to the ordeal, because they could not endure the public odium which always attends a suspected witch.

The *deyâbo*, demon-doctors, or fetish men, as they are variously called, have unbounded influence over their people; and it will be in vain to expect any great advance in civilization among the Greboes, while these men retain their power; but it has been very much shaken lately.

The *deyâbo* make their living by the manufacture of idols, or *gree-grees*, giving remedies for the sick, and *pointing out witches* and other criminals. These *gree-grees*, or charms, as they may more properly be called, are of various descriptions. Some of them are simply deer or sheep horns strung together; others consist of small bags filled with earth and vegetable matter, or bits of wood strung together, and worn round the neck as charms to protect against sickness, witches, and death. Many, of a larger size, are hung up in their houses, in their rice-fields, and on the beach, to insure them success in all their worldly undertakings.

Many of their superstitions are extremely ludicrous —none more so, perhaps, than their attempt to frighten away thunder-storms, by firing guns and beating drums.

An amusing incident, illustrating their superstitious dread of sickness, is described in the journal of Rev. George W. Horne:

"*Sept.* 15*th*.—This morning several natives came into the apartment in which we were sitting at breakfast, and noisily demanded permission to cut down a palm-tree upon the mission-ground. I understood them to say that their god had directed them to cut it down.

At the time, however, I refused to receive them or talk with them, and told them I was at breakfast, and they must go down and wait. After some minutes I went to them, and found that they had fallen on poor *Musu*, reproaching him with disregarding his country, because he had remonstrated against their proceedings. One man had proposed to take an axe and fell the tree at once, and Musu told him to do it, but warned him that all the trouble that might grow out of such an act would fall upon him. They replied, when I demanded of them what was wanted, that they intended to cut down the palm tree and jungles generally, to prepare the rice-farms and make palm-wine; and that, on consulting a demon-man, he had told them to do so, but *to cut down the palm tree on the mission-ground first of all, or there would be sickness among them.* God, therefore, they said, had sent them to take that tree.

"'Very well,' I replied, 'as soon as you satisfy me that God has said, "Cut down that tree," I will consent to it.'

"This was an unexpected answer, evidently, and perplexed them; at length one of them said that a man in the town had told them that God said so. 'What man?' I asked. They seemed unwilling to give any answer. 'Who is he?' I again asked. 'The king,' they at length replied. 'What is his name?' 'Bodiâ, and Tom Cavalla,' they finally stated. These are the two principal men in the town, and appear really friendly to the missionaries. I do not believe they sent to make any such demand, unless, perhaps, urged by their people, they might have said, 'Go, ask Mr. Horne.' I took the party, however, at their word,

and said, 'Tell the Bodiâ and Tom Cavalla to come; I will talk to *them* about this matter;' but they came not, and the tree yet stands."

They always *secrete* their sick, to keep them out of the way of the witch who has caused the sickness. In his last hours, the poor, harassed invalid is moved from house to house, not unfrequently from town to town, to avoid this imaginary foe. Sometimes instead of concealing them, a class of men, called "*Kwi*," or devils, go around the town warning people *not to witch their sick.* A curious illustration of this practice is described in the journal of Rev. C. Colden Hoffman:

"*Oct.* 10*th*, 1852.—Went this afternoon to *Nyaro* to preach. While waiting for the people to assemble, a man came running into town, uttering some wild exclamations. At once every door was closed, and not a woman was to be seen. Soon a noise of voices and tramping of feet were heard in the direction of the town-gate, and a party of about fifty men approached, making, as they quickly walked, yells and fiend-like sounds, brandishing at the same time their cutlasses in the air; and after going around the town, they came to the house of the head man, and seated themselves in front of his door: after they had arranged themselves, the herald who first announced their approach, ran about the town giving notice that the doors of the houses could be opened, and then appeared, one after another, the women of the head man's family, and of another family, his neighbors, and seated themselves near the house, in all about twelve. The herald then approached, and flourishing his cutlass, *warned the women against witching the sick child of the head man.*

After this they were allowed to go to their houses—all doors were again closed, and the men rising left the town in the same way as they entered it, with fierce cries and yells.

"These men are called the '*Kwi*,' or '*Devils*'—a class among the people composed of youths from twenty to men of fifty years. They had been called by the head man to prevent witchcraft being exercised against his child who was ill. No woman is allowed to see them under penalty of a heavy fine; when they come, therefore, every door is shut. After they left, I went to our little chapel and preached on the death of Lazarus."

They believe in the transmigration of souls; and think the spirits of their deceased ancestors often reäppear in the bodies of new-born infants, and sometimes in monkeys. Hence the numerous monkeys which frequent the burial-groves, can play with impunity; for there alone they are perfectly safe, as it is regarded a great crime to shoot one among the graves. The dead are supposed to have great power over their surviving friends, and they are continually trying to propitiate them, by offering them food, and also by kindling fires near the graves of their most illustrious ancestors.

In solemn assemblies, the dead are sometimes invoked as witnesses to some important public transaction, the speaker, on such occasions, turning his face toward the burial-grove. Before the body is interred, surviving friends often give messages to it, to be conveyed to friends in the spirit world, which are, for the most part, requests for success in their worldly undertakings. On one occasion, while a missionary was

preaching "Jesus and the resurrection" to a crowd of people assembled around a dead body, (laid out in state for the public view,) we observed a woman stoop down and whisper, with apparent pleasure, into the ear of the deceased. Upon asking a bystander what she said, we were told that she was telling the corpse that "a *white* man had come there to speak his praises."

The kings, warriors, and head men are generally buried apart from the mass of the people, and have houses erected over them, and tables set out, covered with crockery ware, etc; . . . no one daring to touch a morsel of the food thus exposed. From the roofs of the houses numerous flags float in the air, and seats are placed in front for the accommodation of the spirit. The sacred groves where the people bury their dead are sometimes very beautiful; but it must ever sadden a Christian heart to see around the canoe-covered graves propitiatory offerings of furniture and food to spirits, whose eternal destinies have long since been fixed by an immutable God.

The following description, from the journal of Rev. H. R. Scott, will give a clear idea of the horrors of a heathen funeral:

"*Dec.* 13*th.*—*Wia*, the king of the Cavalla towns, died to-day. He was a man of great weight of character, a friend to our Mission, and an advocate for peace. He believed the Gospel to be true, but said it was too late for him to attend to it. Great preparation is being made for his funeral, which will take place day after to-morrow. Went to his house this afternoon, where I witnessed a scene which can better be imagined than described. As is the custom on such

occasions, the women related to the deceased were collected around his body, in front of his house, where he lay under a canopy—to the number of forty or fifty—rolling in the sand, and making the air resound with such lamentations as I have read of, but never before heard. Some doubtless felt what they expressed, but with the majority it was the expression, with very little, if any, feeling of grief.

"*Dec.* 15*th.* — A great number have come to-day from various directions to attend the funeral. Guns are being continually fired, and a drum beat.

"*Dec.* 16*th.*—The body of the deceased king was taken this morning to an open plain in the vicinity of the town, where an arbor was erected over it, and a table placed near it, on which was his hat, two umbrellas, a stool, a bottle, and a few other articles from his possession. Then the regular exercises commenced, by some one or two hundred of the men, in full war-dress, performing around the body military evolutions peculiar to the heathen, and keeping up a constant firing over and upon the body, dancing and hallooing, and making addresses to the deceased—all seeming to be striving to drive away every thing like serious reflection. These warriors were smeared all over with a species of black paint, and had a great number of skins of wild animals hanging around their waists, and a frightful head-dress, made of feathers, skins, deer-horns, etc. Altogether, they presented such an appearance as we might imagine to belong to fiends, rather than to human beings.

"Besides these there were collected perhaps a thousand people, of all ages and sexes — all, with few

PREPARING FOR AN AFRICAN FUNERAL. Page 78.

THE SPIRIT'S HOME, OR KING WIA'S GRAVE. See Page 79.

exceptions, manifesting the greatest delight at the exhibition. About twelve o'clock, the native schools from Rocktown, Mount Vaughan, and Cavalla—being all at this place to attend a school celebration—marched down in procession, with their banners, when Bishop Payne delivered an appropriate address to the large audience assembled. After this, they continued firing and playing around the body, having mock battles, for about two hours. They then sent word to the Bishop that they were about to inter the body, and requested that he would come and address them again. Being engaged in the examination of the schools, he sent the messenger to me, and I went down and gave them a short address. After which, a brother of the deceased made him an address, in which he alluded to the difficulties which had occurred between them, and said they were all settled now; then concluded by pouring water on two or three sticks of wood, which were burning at the end, and throwing them away. The body was then conveyed to the grave,* and hastily interred, with a quantity of rice, palm-oil, beef,† and rum for the use of the spirit on his visits to the grave. From this dark scene I returned to my home, feeling that there is nothing better calculated, than a heathen funeral, to lead the Christian to realize and cherish the blessings of the Gospel."

This people are very averse to hearing about death;

* They do not always dig graves. Some of the native Africans merely lay the bodies of their dead on the ground, and cover them with canoes. If they do dig graves, they are but a few inches in depth.

† While the funeral ceremonies are progressing, a bullock is killed, and every man may cut off a slice for himself.

and much of the horrible conduct at funerals doubtless arises from a feeling of utter recklessness. Death, their great enemy, has conquered them, and the survivors are determined to brave it out. We have been told that they sometimes beat on the drum the Grebo words, signifying, "*We don't care, we don't care;*" and generally many of the attendants are greatly intoxicated; while it is the evident aim of all to drive away serious thought, and to set death at defiance.

Truly it may be said of this people, that they "walk in a vain shadow, and disquiet themselves in vain." "They die and lie in the grave like sheep."

"May we, O Lord! with patient hand
Thy blessed precepts spread,
And strew o'er Afric's torrid strand
The Gospel's living bread;

"Till from the watch-tower on her shore
Shall heavenly radiance stream,
And e'en her utmost deserts pour
Fresh incense at its beam;

"Until her long-benighted lands
The Christian's anthems raise,
And Nile and Niger's wandering bands
Unite in hallowed praise.

"And may we 'mid these mission-toils
Still hear thy teaching voice,
And like Judea's villagers
Behold thee, and rejoice."*

* Mrs. Sigourney.

Chapter Sixth.

"The people that walk in darkness have seen a great light: they that dwell in the land of the shadow of death, upon them hath the light shined."—Isa. 9 : 2.

About the close of the year 1853, the hearts of the missionaries were cheered by the beginning of a work of grace in the heathen towns.

One of the first individuals, who gave evidence of being under the influence of the Spirit of God, was an old man named *Hyano*, who had been for many years a *deyâ*, or demon-doctor, but had been led, through the influence of the Bishop, to renounce his profession several years prior. Though, at that time, intellectually convinced of the truth of the Gospel, he showed no desire to embrace it until this period. He possessed a mind of more than ordinary sprightliness, and his convictions of sin were unusually vivid, as will be seen by his conversations, described in the journal of Mr. Scott:

"*Oct. 9th.*—Had an interesting conversation with *Hyano* (*alias* Freeman) to-day. He has been under conviction of sin for two or three years, and during the last two months, has seemed to have a deeper sense of his sins, and now expresses a desire to be baptized into Christ's Church. He says he spends a great deal of time in prayer, and is often so troubled in his mind at

night, that he gets up and remains awake the greater part of the night. He gives evidence of his sincerity, by being unwilling to remain in his town, from fear that he may be led astray by his people, and expresses a desire to become acquainted with Scripture truths, and often exhorts his people to abandon their heathen customs, and put their trust in the Saviour. Besides, he gives frequent instruction to two young men in his town, who have been for several months under conviction of sin."

"*Oct.* 17*th.*—Went to *Nyaro* this afternoon, and had a very interesting, and, I hope, profitable conversation with *Hyano*, who seems to be growing in grace. I have rarely seen in an inquirer the same eagerness to know the truth. He visits me almost daily, and asks a great many questions, and often requests me to repeat something related to him some time previously. Upon my asking him, some days after I related to him the history of Abraham, two or three times, at his request, if he did not know it, he replied: 'Me know nearly all of it, but *me don't want to lose a word.*'

"It is his practice to relate every thing he learns to his people. A few mornings since, he came to my room with another native, (who is also apparently under conviction,) and told me that the people in town wouldn't believe his statements, and that he had brought this man to witness what he heard, so that he might prove every thing related to him."

"*Nov.* 8*th.*—This morning I had a very satisfactory conversation with Hyano. For nearly a week past his wife has been gone, without his seeing any thing of her, and his trouble seems to have been greatly blessed

to him. He assured me that he had not murmured, but had felt persuaded that the trial came from God, and was sent for his good, and that he was, to use his own words, 'happy all the time.' He also gave me a clear account of his religious experience; he says: 'The word of God first lived in my head, but now *it live in my heart.*' He also says that he looks to Christ for salvation, and if it is God's will, he is ready to die to-day. Upon my asking him what he thought of the views of two native men, who are in the habit of coming to my room for religious instruction, he replied, that he thought the word only lived in the *head* of one of them, that it had not yet reached his *heart;* and said: 'This man tell me God's word come into his head, but he no hold it there long.'

"He says he encouraged the man to go forward by telling him that it would after a while get into his heart, illustrating it by a seed, which does not spring up as soon as it is planted, and become a tree, but comes by degrees: at first there is a little sprout, and after a while it becomes a plant, and so on. In regard to the other individual, he says he thinks the word is now beginning to live in his heart, and that 'he, *Tiba*, passes all other men in town for hear God palaver, he come look my house all times for me teach him.'"

"*Nov.* 23*d.*—Had a visit from *Hyano* this afternoon. He continues to give good evidence of having passed from death unto life. The great desire of his heart now seems to be to bring his wife to the same blessed hope with himself. He is continually striving to awaken her; and brought her to us this afternoon, and

says he wishes to bring her every day that she may be taught."

"*Dec. 6th.*—Was visited to-day by *Tiba*, the friend of *Hyano*, who has been for the last two or three months under conviction. He has recently given good evidence of being under the teachings of the Spirit, and would now be willing to make an open profession of his faith in Christ, but for one difficulty—he is not yet ready to give up one of his wives. He says, if she will leave him of her own accord, he is willing to let her go, but he can't bear the idea of compelling her to leave his house. This is one of the greatest obstacles to the progress of the Gospel among this people. But the Spirit can enable them to make the sacrifice, and we have reason to hope that such will soon be the experience of this interesting inquirer."

"*Dec. 7th.*—*Hyano* informed me to-day of the treatment he received, last evening, from his people, which looks very much like persecution on account of his religion. They compelled him to pay quite a large fine on account of his wife's gathering palm-nuts from a part of the forest which they say is forbidden ground; though he had never heard before that it was forbidden, and another woman accompanied his wife to the same place for nuts, and he heard nothing of her family being required to pay. He, in a truly Christian spirit, quietly paid the fine, without any manifestation of indignation; and when asked why he did not defend himself, while the people were discussing the matter, he replied, that it was not his, but *God's* palaver. After he was fined, upon some one's asking where he would get money to buy provisions—it taking all he

had to pay the fine—he said he would pray to God, and He would give him what he needed.

"Never have I seen more simple and childlike faith in the promises of God, than is constantly manifested by this old man."

Gidawudi, who belonged to the same town with *Hyano*, also became a candidate for baptism about this time. He had been interested more or less in religion for two years, and came regularly to the mission-house on Saturday evening for instruction. After the Bishop had taught him to read, he conducted a night school in his own town, without any charge for his services. The quiet energy and perseverance, which characterized this interesting young man, encouraged the missionaries to hope that he might become a blessing to his people.

On December 11th, in the native chapel of the largest Cavalla town, in the presence of a very large assembly of their own people, the aged *Hyano* and the youthful *Gidawudi* received baptism from the hands of the Bishop. The former was baptized Thomas Freeman, a name which had been given him when, in former years, he served as a krooman; and the latter received the name of William Meade, in honor of the venerable Bishop of the Diocese of Virginia.

Others at this time seemed to be much awakened, and eagerly sought instruction from the missionaries. An instance of this character is thus described by Mr. Scott:

"*Oct. 25th.*—Had a visit this afternoon from a young man by the name of *Dâba*, who seems to be troubled about his sins. He has been for some time

past learning to read, and expresses a great desire to be able to read the Bible. He seems to be conscious of his inability to lead a holy life without divine aid, and professes to have a great dread of the evil influence which is constantly exerted by his ungodly companions. He has now but one wife, and upon my remarking that I supposed he did not intend to have another, he at first hesitated to reply, evidently very much troubled; at last, he said: 'I would like to have two.' I then said to him: '*Dâba*, if you would like indeed to be one of God's people, you must make up your mind to have but one wife.'

"He manifested much emotion, and after reflecting a few moments, said: 'Mr. Scott, one thing makes my heart burn too much.' I asked him what it was, and he replied: 'If God helps me, and I become one of His people, I can't live in town.' Then drawing two lines in opposite directions, he said: 'It is just this way; let this line stand for God,' pointing to one of them, 'and the other for the devil; now God's law leads me *this* way, and the devil leads me on *that* way. When I think I must keep God's law, the devil tells me not to do it, and my people lead me in the same way.'

"I told him I was glad to hear him speak so, and that I approved of his leaving a place where he had so many temptations to evil, and advised him, when he decided fully to come out on the Lord's side, to move up to the Christian (native) village, where he could always be with God's people."

About this time, a deep and interesting work of grace began in the native schools. Many of the scho-

lars, both male and female, began to inquire "what they should do to be saved," and an unusual seriousness pervaded the inhabitants of the Christian village.

On the Friday preceding Christmas of this year, a practice was introduced among the native Christians which gives promise of much usefulness. All the adult communicants collected in the house of one of the village householders, on the Friday preceding the Communion Sabbath, to hold a social repast, or Christian supper, as they term it. This meal is given in rotation by each person in the Christian village, keeping a house. The food prepared is that ordinarily used, only increased in quantity.

The communicants are all expected to attend: the pastor, with one or more ladies of the Mission, is always present. When collected, after a little conversation, a hymn is sung, a suitable portion of Scripture is selected —each one reading a verse aloud in turn—and explanations made by the pastor or some one selected from the company. The "Christian Visitors" (whose duty it is "to take the general oversight of the communicants, to settle differences, and to correct improprieties") are then interrogated as to the condition of the communicants; and if differences remain unsettled, the parties are, if possible, reconciled; prayer is offered up, and all afterward sit down to partake of a frugal meal. On the few occasions we attended these meetings, we were much struck with the decency and propriety which pervaded the demeanor of the communicants, and the order and neatness of the table arrangements, and more especially with the gravity and earnestness of their religious exercises.

"The influence of such a practice," writes the Bishop, "upon those just emerged from heathenism is most salutary. The Christian village, however, like all parts of the Church militant, must not escape trials. During the year, two of its inhabitants have fallen into gross crimes, and in consequence have withdrawn to the more congenial atmosphere of heathenism."

Most pleasing is the neatness, order, and apparent harmony, which seem to pervade this native Christian village at Cavalla. No one could see, without interest, the neatly clad children of the villagers taking their morning walk to school—here and there an older boy, "with shining face," carrying on his back a recreant little one, and the girls, large and small, tripping gayly along, with folded hands and clean attire—all making their way to the same schools, in which their parents were first taught the truths of the Gospel, and rescued from the hopeless, aimless life of the heathen.

In visiting the neat little houses of these villagers—most of which were built by themselves—we always found their wives busily engaged in household work, or sewing for their children, while their husbands were employed at their various trades, or in teaching their own benighted countrymen. In conversing with them, we have been surprised to find how very familiar they are with the Scriptures, and how dearly they love to study them. The Bible to them is indeed "the book of books."

We shall never forget the glow of pleasure, which lighted up the face of a newly-arrived missionary, (now in heaven,) when, as he walked for the first time through the village, at eventide, he heard from the

open windows the voice of "thanksgiving and melody," and saw the humble household bands prostrated at the family altar. It was indeed a sight upon which angels might look down with pleasure; and if the missionaries had accomplished nothing more than the establishment of this Christian village, in the midst of heathenism, it would amply repay them for all their toil and sacrifice.

Similar villages are being formed at all the important mission stations, and we have no doubt, they are destined to become as "cities set upon a hill," to thousands and tens of thousands of degraded and benighted heathen.

Hyano, after his baptism, expressed a desire to remove to the Christian village, where he would not be exposed to such temptations as continually surrounded him in a heathen town, but he was advised to remain where he was, on account of the influence for good he might, with God's blessing, exert over his own people. He now set up a family altar on the very spot where he had formerly kept his idols, and practised his demon arts. Every evening he was joined by *Tiba*, Gidawudi, and his own wife, whose heart seemed to be inclining to the truth.

Soon an aged woman, to whom he had often spoken of the glorious Gospel, joined the little praying circle. The change in this old woman, *Yuwa*, was very striking. She had seemed to be one of the most unpromising characters in the town of Nyaro, and the first time the missionary, who had charge of the town, asked her why she did not regularly attend the chapel, she replied: "Me go to church, and you no pay me."

But the Holy Spirit led her to perceive that the Gospel was more than meat or drink, and soon she truly hungered for the "bread of life."

Day after day she came to the mission-house to hear about the blessed One, who had died for her salvation. She was gently and almost imperceptibly led forward, like "Lydia, whose heart the Lord opened." Not many months after, she was ready to make a public profession by baptism, and at the same time, *Hyano* had the pleasure of seeing his wife come forward for baptism.

And God blessed the little church of five in the heathen town of *Nyaro;* and the Holy Ghost, the Comforter, abode with them, and their "eyes were constantly unto the Lord," who had delivered, and now sustained them.

As the shades of evening approached, it was our constant practice, for some months, to visit the house of this aged disciple, and join with the humble band, who there met for the worship of the triune God. As we saw when passing through the village, at almost every door the worthless fetish, and heard, from every quarter, the reckless, mocking laugh, and the foolish heathen jest, we thought, truly the contrast between light and darkness is not greater than that between *Hyano's* peaceful abode and all the other homes of this thickly-peopled town.

One evening, when we had been prevented visiting him for some time, we asked *Hyano* if *Yuwa* attended evening prayers as regularly as formerly. "Yes," he replied, "she come all times—s'pose she come home from work too late, she come look my house, and ask

me to pray to God one more time. *Yuwa love God's word more than her daily food.*"

Like the woman at the well of Sychar, *Yuwa*, when she had found Jesus, went out and proclaimed Him to her people. She soon succeeded in persuading an aged female friend to come and hear the blessed Gospel, and, a few months later, she too was baptized.

Tiba, who had renounced one of his two wives, professed his faith in Christ, and been baptized, continued —as did *Gidawudi*—regularly to resort to *Hyano's* house for religious instruction. In addition to the five who daily assembled there to pray, others would drop in from curiosity, and sometimes become interested; thus *Hyano's* house became to his people "like a city set upon a hill, whose light could not be hid."

Hyano did not confine his instructions to his own house, but wherever he went, "in season, and out of season," he spoke a word for Christ.

He publicly denounced and exposed, as he well could, the practices and the superstitions of his people. He showed them clearly in what manner he, in common with other demon-men, had imposed upon the credulity of his people, and exhorted them to cease to place confidence in the *deydbo*, and to look to the Lord God alone for aid in time of need.

From village to village, and from tribe to tribe, he carried the glad tidings of salvation to his unhappy people. Though unable to read, he was well instructed orally, and could repeat with fluency many of the most striking portions of the Scriptures. With earnest voice and animated gestures, he would tell of Noah, Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob; of God's wonderful acts

among the Israelites, and of the life, death, and miracles of our Lord Jesus Christ.

Tall, slim, and commanding in person, with brown complexion, and regular features, *Hyano* possessed a countenance of a more elevated cast than is common to his people. As leaning on his tall staff, he walked through the villages, or sat, robed in a loose, flowing garment, at his own door, at eventide, he frequently called to our minds one of the old Scripture patriarchs, upon whose history he so much loved to dwell.

He made a faithful attempt to learn to read, but he was old, and his sight had grown dim, before he was brought under Christian teaching. For many months he carried his primer in his hat, and asked any educated person he chanced to meet, to give him a lesson. On one occasion, when he had succeeded in stumbling through a few verses of the New Testament, he exclaimed: "Me feel so happy!"

"Why?" we asked.

"Why—s'pose me can learn to read God's book, then me can go in my house, and read it all times, myself."

On one occasion, as he accompanied one of the native deacons, *Ku Sia*, on a missionary tour up the Cavalla river, he landed at a place where he had once gone as a demon-doctor, to practise his arts. The people were very much surprised to see him, and, at first, scarcely recognized him, so much were his manners, person, and countenance changed by his religion—he was indeed "a new creature" in the sight of all who had known him. How different his message now! The first time he had visited them as an agent of the devil;

now he went to them as an ambassador of Christ, and they, blind and ignorant as they were, could not fail to see the wonderful change.

One poor man, however, as *Hyano* relates, was very much frightened by this visit. It so happened that when he had been there before, as a demon-man, he left behind him a quantity of rice, to preserve which, he had declared that whoever should eat thereof would die. In the order of providence, it happened that the man who stole and ate his rice, *did* die very soon afterward; and those who were cognizant of this fact, greatly dreaded *Hyano's* return. A man, who had probably been an accomplice in the robbery, not recognizing *Hyano*, put his arm around the supposed stranger, in a very cordial manner, to welcome him to their town, and kindly asked his name.

"I am *Hyano*," he replied.

No sooner had he said this, than the man, to the amusement of *Hyano*, (who understood his feelings,) ran off as if stung by a viper. Knowing nothing of the transforming influence of the Gospel, this superstitious being could not believe that a demon-man, so powerful as he believed *Hyano* to be, had returned for any other purpose than to take vengeance upon his enemies. Unbounded indeed was his astonishment to hear this formidable *deyâ*, advocating the forgiveness of injuries, and telling of a mighty Saviour, who had "laid down his own life" for His enemies and persecutors.

In other of the heathen towns, God was daily snatching, "as brands from the burning," those who had for many years bowed down to idols. One of the most

interesting conversions, which, though it happened some months later, may be mentioned in this connection, was that of an infirm old woman, named *Badé*. A hopeless invalid, she lived alone in a very small hut of one of the heathen towns of Cavalla. The Spirit of God touched her heart, and she forsook her sins, and "sat at the feet of Jesus." Pain, poverty, and loneliness no longer seemed such grievous burdens, for in her lowly home dwelt now the Holy Ghost, the Comforter. Being unable to walk to the church, she was baptized by the Bishop in her little hut, receiving the name of the missionary who had been mainly instrumental in leading her to Christ.

Some months later, when told that she who had cared for her soul was dead, poor *Badé* was greatly troubled. One standing by attempted to console her with the doctrine of the resurrection, assuring her that she would, if faithful to God, see her friend again. "Is it true," said she, "shall I see her *with these same eyes?*" raising her trembling hands to eyes dimmed by sickness, age, and tears.

Yes, poor *Badé*. With those same eyes, grown dim amid heathen scenes, thou mayest indeed behold, not only her who sought thee in thy loneliness, and led thee to the Saviour, but the Lord, "the Prince of life," Himself.

Chapter Seventh.

"I AM made all things to all men, that I might by all means save some."—1 COR. 9 : 22.

THE missionary life, while it has stronger lights and shades than any other, must, from its very nature, be ever attended with more petty annoyances.

The following graphic description of an African study, written for the *Cavalla Messenger*, will give our readers a clear idea of the nature of these annoyances:

"It is so common for ministers to have rooms, which they call studies, that the missionary pastor must, per force of custom, so call one too. With how much propriety will appear from the following narrative of a week's occurrences."

"*Monday.*—Missionary enters his study at seven o'clock. Study for half-hour, biography; he opens the Life of Dr. Chalmers. But scarcely has he opened it ere K. appears: 'I bring four fowls, sir.' 'Very well; take them to M.' While he is still speaking, G. and B. enter. G., 'Will you please take out my tooth, sir?' 'Yes:' the tooth is extracted; when B. shows his hand, which he has just cut, and which requires to be attended to. This case disposed of, M. comes pushing in, with a bunch of plantains on her head, for sale. She is sent to J. Then comes N., with a tin cup: 'My brother is sick too much, sir; he say, do you

please give him little molasses?' It is given, and the prayer-bell rings; and progress in study has been—perhaps one of Dr. Chalmers's five sentences.

"Prayers over, the missionary returns to study—review of Greek or Hebrew, from quarter to half an hour. Finds his *study* preöccupied by A., B., and C., with naked children. A. has come to *take a walk*, which means to get some tobacco, if the missionary will so receive it—for he will not now beg out-right. Civility requires a few words with him. B. has come to know if I wish him to bring me some rice, and what I will pay for it. He is referred to J., whose duty it is to attend to attend to such things. C. has come from a distance to 'look the *Kobo Kai*,' that is, foreigner's house. While discoursing with this man, the breakfast-bell rings. Progress in study, *six lines*. After breakfast, about half an hour is *devoted* to the manifold calls for rice, meat, medicine, or of business which has been accumulating during breakfast.

"At a quarter to nine o'clock the missionary goes to his *study* to read McCosh on the Divine Government, for three quarters of an hour; but, half-way in a paragraph, a 'proper gentleman' enters, with his retinue of wives and relatives. He has come from the interior —has heard the missionary's *great name*, (fame,) and come to see him. 'Ah! stranger,' the missionary, after usual salutations, says to him, 'the fame of this world is vain. We have come to teach you to find enduring fame in heaven.' The stranger is followed by a party of people from the town, who must needs talk on no low key to themselves and their guest, by way of being agreeable. The three quarters of an hour have

SASSA-WOOD PALAVER. See page 98.

brought but little progress in McCosh. *Grebo* translation is next taken up; but, as the sun rises, visitors and calls multiply. 'Will you please give me a little sulphur? (*'ko-bo-na,'* foreigner's fire,) my mother is sick,' says one; 'She says, will you please come see her?' says another. The leper D. makes his appearance and presents his claim for tobacco, rice, and fish. S. 'has eaten nothing for two days,' and begs, for mercy's sake, a little food.

"In the midst of these, half-past eleven o'clock has come, and J. appears to recite. A *little* progress has been made in Grebo.

"As J. proceeds in his recitation, visitors still come and go, and ask questions and talk. At twelve, K. comes to recite theology, and *friends* still abound and talk. At half-past twelve a Grebo class from the boys' school come to recite; but, as they proceed, a stream of visitors, young and old, of differing tribes and distant places appear and disappear, sleep, or sit listlessly, or talk.

"At one o'clock the missionary's body and head and heart rejoice to find rest and refreshment in the quiet retirement and privileges of his chamber.

"*Wednesday.*—At early dawn, a great commotion is observed amongst the people in the native village near the mission-house.

"A crowd of men rush about amongst the houses, and women are running hither and thither, crying out, *'Na yuo! buo ăh yuo! de ăh yuo! O mi nâ lamâo.'* (O my child! my father's child! my mother's child! They are about to kill him.)

"By the time the missionary gets in his study, at

seven o'clock, a group of women are at the door. 'They have caught H., my brother, to give him *gidu*, (sassa-wood.) Please come to beg him off.' 'But what can I do? The people say they have caught him in the *very act of witchcraft*; and you know by your law he ought to die, if this be the case.'

"But come and beg him off, that he may go away and drink *gidu privately*, and die.'

"Knowing that it is customary to administer the ordeal about ten o'clock, the missionary defers the relatives of the accused man until that time, and, the morning hour for study having been all consumed, he obeys the call to morning prayers.

"Prayers over and breakfast, the poor women still begging him to intercede, the missionary accompanies them to the field, where the people have taken H., to give him *gidu*. The red wood infusion has been prepared, about a quart put in a wooden bowl, and H. is urged to drink it. He refuses. The missionary intercedes in vain. 'This man has been seen by many,' they say, in '*the very act of witchcraft*.' 'He must drink *gidu*.' But H. will not drink it. They order him to return to town. He goes, and is put up in the loft of a hut. He says something to vex the people. They again order him to the field to drink. He starts, and on the way runs off. It is unlawful to pursue him; and he gets away at last to drink it privately. In a few weeks he has drunk it, and returns home in triumph.

"But the missionary has exerted himself in vain, and the *study* for that day has had only a name; not a page has been read, not a line written."

"*Thursday.* — At seven o'clock, a crowd being around the house, of idlers, men, women, and children, the door is shut and locked. But one man has brought rice, and the missionary must add to his other duties, the purchase of this necessary article of food, as it comes. So W., who has come from the distance of five miles, must be admitted, talked to, and paid. And, the door opened, in comes the naked boy, *Kra*, to ask for a cocoa-nut, and the sick woman, *Mara*, for a piece of meat; and a teacher from the High School for a conversation; and the teacher of the boys' native school, for padlocks and a chest-lock, to put on desks and doors; and then the bell rings for breakfast, and the hour is past.

"Breakfast over, a man follows him to the garden, to say a krooman has just come ashore from a vessel, very tired, has nothing to eat, and begs for a cocoa-nut; on emerging from the gate, an old man, whose meagre form shows him really in need of food, presents a few Lima beans, tied up in a handkerchief, to exchange for a little fish. And then comes another and another slate from school-boys, asking for a box, a chest, or any other article they happen to need.

"Followed by boys and children, the missionary goes about for half an hour, giving directions about making fences, nailing boards on the house, attending to the sick, etc.

"Returning to the study, a book is taken up, but before a paragraph is read, *Hnĕ* comes to tell about the wonderful effect of medicine which the missionary has given, and to ask for a little molasses, *to make his mouth sweet;* and then K. S., the statesman, who must be en-

tertained; and N. S., the communicant, who must receive attention, etc. And thus the morning passes away until eleven o'clock, when the new missionary appears to take his first lesson in Grebo. And the missionary only finds comfort in this morning's engagements in the reflection that 'it is more blessed to *give* than to *receive*.'

"*Friday.*—If the company in the African study is always engrossing—sometimes exceedingly annoying—it is also often very amusing.

"What is the name of that insect, H.?' 'It has two names, *Kyenh neblâ* and *Bŭnanh ah nyine*.' 'But *Bŭnanh* is the name of the gazelle, and *nyine* the name of wife. Do you mean to call this insect the wife of the beautiful gazelle?' 'Yes, that is just what we say.' 'Why so?' 'Well, you know the gazelle, though so small, is the king of all animals—made so on account of his great prudence and address. Being desirous to obtain a wife like-minded—especially one who was orderly and *could keep a secret*—he searched in vain amongst the animals. He at last made the acquaintance of Madame *Kyenh neblâ*.

"'He was struck with her retired habits—for she seemed to have no company—with her neatness, and especially with the skill displayed in the construction of her places of abode. So cunningly indeed were these planned and executed, that it was with the greatest difficulty they could be distinguished from surrounding objects, thus eluding alike the visits of professed friends and open enemies. Here, at length, said *Bŭnanh*, is the woman for me—and henceforth *Kyenh neblâ* became *Bŭnanh ăh nyine*.'

"This fable, with others like it, and sundry interruptions of daily occurrences, consumed most of the hours which had otherwise been given to study on Friday morning.

"*Saturday.*—Study is not indeed the object of the missionary on Saturday. He rather desires to make it a day of relaxation, and of attention to the externals of home. But indeed, were it desired, it could not well be otherwise. For, whereas, on other days, there are different varieties of calls and engagements, on Saturday there appears to be *an accumulation of all.* The poor, the miserable, and the begging—all would seem to come to express their sorrows and wants together.

"Poor N. was once a candidate for the office of *deyâ.* Sought out by a dear sister now in heaven, he was led to the great Physician, and became healed of his spiritual disease, but not of his bodily. Also his feet and hands, and other parts of his body, are being gradually consumed by leprosy. And often he displays the parts which the rats have been gnawing during the night. He wishes food, medicine, and healing for the soul.

"D. has some cutaneous affection, which, if it be not a variety of leprosy, produces similar effects. It has drawn together the fingers, taken off some toes, and scattered over the body many dark, ugly plague-spots. But he is a cheerful, saucy, importunate and ungrateful beggar.

"On P. leprosy has almost finished its work. Once tall, strong, handsome, *eloquent.* Now 'the sun and moon, and the stars are darkened; the keepers of the

house tremble and decay; the strong men bow themselves; those that look out of the windows are darkened; the silver cord is loosening, and the golden bowl is almost broken.' He stumbles along, feeling his way, leaning on his long staff, and asking for all he needs. The heart says: 'Give *now*, for you shall soon have given him for the last time.'

"Old Y. has passed three-score years and ten, but, alas! old age has not brought wisdom or goodness. She has often heard the truth, but to all appearance it has produced no visible effect. Weak and blind, and tottering over the grave, she only seeks the missionary to relieve her bodily wants, and quarrels if her expectations are not realized."

"A., B., C., and G., H., and so on, are instant and clamorous for *hnĕde, bladĕ*, or *podĕ*, (fish, rice, or tobacco,) because, forsooth, it is the Sabbath to-morrow, and they mean to rest on that day. And then follow in constant stream, the gentleman and poor man; men, women, and children, for medicine, conversation, this thing, or that thing, or nothing, until the missionary, to the full, has the comfort of having *seen all sorts of people*, and dealt with all manner of cases. And it is good comfort, for he is the bearer of '*good tidings to all people.*'"

While the pastor is enduring his share of annoyances in the study, his wife is having trials of a similar nature in the parlor, mitigated somewhat by the fact, that the industrious Grebo ladies, as a general thing, have not leisure to make visits of as frequent and protracted a nature, as is the custom of their lazy lords.

For their own convenience, the ladies of the Mission

have set apart the afternoon of every day for their reception, with the exception of Sunday, when they are engaged in Sabbath-school; and Saturday, when they invariably visit the native towns. At the oldest mission-houses the natives have happily fallen in with this custom, and but seldom intrude in the morning. Soon after dinner, men, women, and children may be seen wending their way to the parlors of the different mission-houses, which are thrown open for them until sundown, or, as the Greboes have it, until "night fights the day."

The most wearisome feature in these levees to a new missionary—more so even than their unending demands upon one's time and attention—is the receiving their "dashes," that is, presents, which are to be repaid with interest at some future visitation. Could twice the value of the fowls, plantains, rice, and palm-butter, or whatever gift they may be pleased to bestow, be given to them *at once*, it would be a relief to the mind (or memory) of the burdened housekeeper; but, no, that would be a breach of *Grebo* etiquette, and make them, as they say, "ashamed too much." The recipient must tax her memory to remember all the new faces, and the proper value of the various trifles bestowed, and return them at regular intervals to the shrewd donors, who have discovered that it is much more profitable to *give* than to sell to their white friends.

Annoying as this and other practices undoubtedly are, the missionaries, knowing how very important it is to enlist the affections and sympathies of the heathen, would not, if they could, abolish them hastily. They,

who properly weigh the worth of immortal spirits, can not consider time, health, or even life itself wasted, if, *by all means*, "they can win souls to Christ."

The following description of an African parlor *at night*, (by Rev. Mr. Holcomb,) shows that the annoyances end not with daylight:

"The sun has gone down behind 'Devil Rock,' the bell has tolled the hour of prayer, the lame, blind, halt, and the lepers, that thronged us during the day have departed, and the new missionary begins to realize the pleasure of the disciples when they they heard the Master say: 'Come ye yourselves *apart* and rest awhile; for there were many coming and going, and they had no leisure so much as to eat.' A quiet hour with the missionaries in the parlor is anticipated.

"They are seated around the centre-table, and one takes a book just arrived from the land of books, and is about to read aloud, when one of the school girls appears with a basket of boys' clothes, and deposits them before Mrs. ——. Then follow sundry questions and answers, and the counting, examining, and mending of the aforesaid clothes by Mrs. ——. The reading begins, but is soon ended by the appearance of another girl with a basketful of girls' clothes, which are placed at the feet of Miss ——. Then follow again sundry questions and answers, and the counting, examining, and mending of the aforesaid clothes by Miss ——.

"The reading is again resumed, and again interrupted every few moments by the appearance of scholar after scholar, and slate after slate, with messages on them which must be answered. A scholar desires to

go to Cape Palmas. One wants a sheet of paper, etc., etc. One brings the mail from Cape Palmas. Some one comes for the keys of the duck-house. Another for flour. *Kede* is called and sent to town to get some men to go to the Cape in the morning. The bell tolls the hour of nine, and then the lantern is lighted and sent to the school-house. Some one is sick in the Christian village, and a blue pill or some other prescription is asked for, and the medicine-chest and medical books must be resorted to. Now a heavy piece of cloth is brought in by Miss ——, which must be made up for mission use, and during the cutting and tearing of the same, many a beautiful sentiment is lost, and the effect of many a well-finished sentence is destroyed, for cutting of said cloth is like the sound of the saw undergoing the operation of the file. The look of annoyance of the reader is answered by another, which, interpreted, means, I am sorry, but this work must be done.

"Now a terrible coughing is heard, and some one appears and announces a sad case. Every thing is suspended to attend to this. Various medical books are taken down, all under the heads of coughing and strangling are read, and a prescription made out. Ten o'clock brings up the Bishop from his Grebo study, and Miss W. goes to visit the girls' rooms, and to bring away the lamp. 'The good night' is played by Mrs. ——, and then follows the barricading of the African parlor against rats. One door, for want of other means, is barricaded with a chair, and another by boards to stop the rat-holes in it. The covering is taken from the lounge, and the new missionary is warned not to leave his cap where the rats can get hold

of it for their supper. But orders are given not to barricade the parlor too strongly, for one of the ladies informs us that during the night she must visit the sick one. The new missionary goes to his room convinced that it is impossible for a missionary to rust out in Africa."

It is very amusing to see the natives visit the new house of a foreigner, or, as they say, "look a *kobo kxi*."

When the Asylum was first opened at Cape Palmas, a number of "proper gentlemen" from the interior came to examine it. Heralded by a Cape Palmas man of their acquaintance, they entered with courtly bows, and the usual salutation, "*Nah wio?*" (How are you?) After their friend had named them to us one by one, he said, with a flourish: "These be my friends; they be proper gentlemen from *Nyambo* country; they hear news —countrymen tell them your house be fine pass all houses live this country—they come *look* you this time."

After they had "looked" to their satisfaction, they bestowed a small "dash," (as a pledge of their return at some future time,) and quietly departed, their friend remarking, in a complimentary tone, as he withdrew: "My friend say you be fine plenty."*

They frequently bring with them a present, generally a trifling one; but on one occasion, a visitor of this description, by way of establishing a friendship, brought

* "Fine" is the most flattering English word with which they are acquainted, and is freely applied by them to foreigners, with the hope of eliciting a "dash," (that is, a present.)

Episcopal Mission Buildings, Fishtown or Fairhaven, nine miles North of Cape Palmas, W. A. Page 107

a bullock. When it was proposed to settle with him at once, he declined, saying: "That no be country fash —spose you will, me take *little* dash to-day." Occasionally, for some months, we would hear that our "friend from bush country" wanted to "look" us; and at every visit, without asking directly for *pay*, he made it evident that he had come for no other purpose. After he had received far more than he could have sold his bullock for, he was told that it was time to have the account settled, when, to the amusement of the missionary, he said, "He no be *my* bullock, he be my father's," intimating that what *he* had received was merely a present by the way, and that it would now be agreeable to him to receive some compensation for the bullock.

The following extract from the journal of Rev. Mr. Wright, will further illustrate this peculiarity:

"On the 4th of July, Mrs. W. and myself left Mr. Horne's at Rocktown, where we had been boarding, to take up our residence at Fishtown. We started rather unfavorably, Mrs. W. suffering with a severe attack of bilious remittent, and with which she was laid up a week after our arrival. An incident which happened to us on our way, may serve to illustrate native customs. Passing through Middletown—a small settlement consisting of two native towns lying half-way between Rocktown and Fishtown, and to pass through which, Mrs. W. had to alight from her hammock—we were accosted by the governor of the towns, and we stepped aside to shake hands with him. Anxious to reach Fishtown, or Fairhaven, on account of Mrs. Wright's indisposition, we would have proceeded, but

Mrs. W. was requested to seat herself in a chair placed outside his hut, and, our hammock-men refusing to proceed, we thought it best to comply with his request.

"The Governor now said something to his boys, and then retired out of sight. Immediately a dozen or more boys were in chase of an unfortunate rooster; every boy or girl who came up was pressed into service, so that soon nearly all the children of the town were engaged in the chase. Finally, the rooster was captured, and taken to the Governor, who now came forward and, with a low bow, presented it to Mrs. W. We were now allowed to proceed. You may be sure, if you are acquainted with the African character, that His Excellency did not fail to pay me a visit soon after, when I had to make him a return present of four or five times the value of his fowl. Nor was this sufficient, but he must come four or five times, giving me to understand he wanted something."

Pleasant and conciliating, however, as the Africans may generally seem to be, there is, alas! a very dark side to their character. Very many of them would not hesitate to poison (secretly) those who offend them, or to commit murder for very small gain. In the year 1853, not far from our Mission, a most shocking massacre of the captain and crew of an English vessel, was committed, partly from the feeling of revenge, and partly from the hope of gain.

The following account of the massacre, and of the sole survivor—who is now a member of our Mission—will not be uninteresting to the reader.

The Heroine arrived on the African coast about the

middle of March, (1852.) It was Captain Cormack's first voyage. Being ignorant of the character of the natives, he placed in their hands a large amount to purchase palm-oil, thinking that, in a few months, they would supply him with all that was needed, according to their engagement. But from month to month they put him off, until at last, being convinced that *they did not intend to pay him*, in accordance with a custom among themselves, he seized one or two of their principal men to hold as hostages until their debt should be paid. The natives of Taboo, the town to which these people belonged, resolved to rescue them at all hazards. By practising a deception, they succeeded in getting a large number on the deck of the vessel at the same time, as they now say, simply with the intention at first of rescuing their friends, but in a few moments they not only loosed the prisoners, but massacred the captain, super-cargo, and every one of the crew, with the exception of Thomas Toomey, who happened to be below deck on account of indisposition.

When all his companions were murdered, his first thought was to sell his life as dearly as possible, and he raised a blunderbuss, that was near to him, to shoot the leader of the party through the sky-light; but it missed fire. He then seized a musket and pointed it at another man, who passed near, but it also failed to fire. He now resolved to be still, and commenced earnestly praying to God to spare his life, and solemnly vowed, if it were spared, to devote it to His service. His prayer was heard, and when there seemed scarcely a ray of hope, a way of escape was provided. All night he remained in a state of restless anxiety, think-

ing that each hour might be his last; but he was perfectly safe; for He who ruleth in heaven and earth had resolved to rescue him. So eager were the murderers to get possession of the contents of the vessel—especially of the rum—and so much were they elated by their success, and excited by what they drank, the youth seemed to have been forgotten.

Early the following morning a colonist from Cape Palmas, who happened to be on a visit to the neighborhood, hearing that he was still alive, came and begged his life. After a time they granted his request, and some time during the day he was brought up from the hold of the vessel, and carried on shore. Here he remained all night, not without great apprehension that they would change their minds, and take his life, as he was the principal witness against them. Indeed, we were told by a native man, that while he was in the town, they discussed the expediency of killing him, and were prevented by the expostulations of a woman, who contended that it would be a violation of the rules of hospitality, to kill him after he had drunk water in their houses.

The next day he arrived at our mission-station at Cavalla, in a most pitiable condition. The best friend he had in the world was murdered—he was thousands of miles from his home in a heathen land, almost without clothes enough to cover his body, and suffering with the fever, which so often, in this climate, proves fatal to the white man.

But though, to short-seeing mortals, he seemed enveloped in a cloud of deep darkness, this was the brightest day in the life of the sailor boy. For this

day he came within the sound of the Gospel. Before leaving his own country, Ireland, about eighteen months before this, he had never looked into the word of God, his parents having been members of the Roman Catholic Church. Being taken ill in London, whilst on his way to the coast of Africa, he was placed in a naval asylum, and there he received a Bible from a young lady who came to visit the sick. The captain of the ship taught him to read it, and for months this blessed volume had been to him a much-cherished companion. But, like the Ethiopian eunuch, he needed to have the Scriptures expounded to him, and, like the same individual, when Christ was preached to him, he joyfully embraced Him as his Saviour. Clearly did he see His guiding hand in all the events of his life, especially in bringing him from the ignorance and superstitions of his native land; and in compelling him, on the day of the massacre, almost for the first time during the voyage, to leave his regular duties on the vessel, thus enabling him to escape the fate of his companions.

From meditation upon these evidences of God's favor, his mind was well prepared for the messages of mercy now proclaimed to him. With scarcely any delay, he laid hold of the Saviour, and from that hour to the present, has been a rejoicing Christian. The great desire of his heart now is to be enabled to do something for the glory of that Being, who so mercifully delivered him from death, temporal and spiritual.

For some months, Toomey was connected with the Mission school at Cavalla, and during the past year has rendered most efficient aid, as secular agent at that

station. Recently he has become a candidate for orders, and will probably soon be set apart for the blessed work of an evangelist to the heathen.

Truly, God "leads us by ways we know not." How little thought that humble youth—himself a stranger to Christ—as he lay near his murdered friends in the hold of the Heroine, that he was destined at no very distant day, to preach the Gospel to the heathen, who had taken the lives of his captain and companions!

Chapter Eighth.

"How shall they hear without a preacher? And how shall they preach, except they be sent?"—Rom. 10 : 14.

The year 1854 opened auspiciously upon the Mission; for, at its beginning, we find three new laborers, raised up on the ground, ready to engage in the fields now "white for the harvest."

On Easter Sunday of this year, *Ku Sia* and *Musu* were admitted to the Order of Deacons by Bishop Payne. This event made that bright Sabbath an unusually joyful festival to the little band of missionaries at Cavalla, who were there assembled to witness the first ordination of natives in the Mission.

On the preceding 15th of January, G. W. Gibson (colonist) was ordained deacon, and shortly after made the principal of the High School at Mt. Vaughan; and in the following June, when Mr. Pinckney went to the new station at Sinoe, he was appointed to assist the Rev. Mr. Scott at St. Mark's. We find, by the following extract from Mr. Scott's journal, that he had been ordained priest near the close of the preceding year:

"*August* 31*st*, 1853.—To-day I was ordained priest at St. Mark's Church, Cape Palmas, by Bishop Payne. He preached from Numbers 16 : 48—'He stood between the living and the dead.'"

Musu was appointed to preach in the *Babo* and *Plabo* towns, about twenty in number, and *Ku Sia*, accom-

panied by *Hyano*, (*alias* Freeman,) the converted de mon-man, to visit and preach among the twelve tribes scattered along the Cavalla river, from the Bishop's residence to the distance of sixty miles in the interior.

On the 8th of January, 1854, the Mission had been cheered by the arrival of eight more missionaries—namely: Rev. J. Rambo (who had been visiting the United States for his health) and Mrs. Rambo, from New-York; Rev. William and Mrs. Wright, from the same State; Dr. T. R. Steele and Miss Anna M. Steele, from Washington, D. C.; and Miss Sophia M. Smith and Miss Mary Ball, from Philadelphia.

Mr. and Mrs. Wright, with Miss Smith, went to Rocktown, to assist Mr. Horne, and the rest of the party to Cavalla, to remain there until the buildings at Bassa Cove and Cape Palmas should be ready for them. The same vessel that brought them to Cape Palmas, carried Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Hoffman to the United States, the health of the latter requiring a change; and Miss Colquhoun, who had found her constitution not at all adapted to the climate, also availed herself of this opportunity to withdraw from the Mission.

All who had recently arrived, passed safely through the acclimating fever, with the exception of Miss Smith, whose constitution was peculiarly unfitted for the climate. She had a severe bilious attack on the voyage, and died of acclimating fever on the 23d of February, six weeks after her arrival at Rocktown.

Bishop Payne, in announcing the death of this interesting young lady to the Foreign Committee, thus writes:

"She always declared that she was most happy to have come, even though she should be spared for a very short time; so humbly did she think of herself, and so much honor did she account it to be permitted to exert even the feeblest influence in causing 'Ethiopia to stretch out her hands unto God.' 'Verily I say unto you, he that humbleth himself as a little child, the same shall be called great in the kingdom of heaven.' Can we wonder, then, that one who, by grace, had been prepared for the highest honors in the heavenly kingdom, should be at once admitted to those honors?"

Clement F. Jones (*Ku Sia*) and *Hyano* made two tours sixty miles into the interior, and preached many times along the banks of the Cavalla river. In some places, *Hyano* had to endure many taunts and bitter expressions from demon-men, for having abandoned and exposed his former profession. Many of them would gladly have poisoned him, could they have done so secretly; but *Hyano*, though he knew his danger, did not hesitate to speak out boldly, and to warn his benighted countrymen not to trust the lies of the *deyabo*, but to turn, and seek the true God.

Ku Sia afterward made some interesting missionary excursions with Mr. Rambo, and from the journal of the latter we quote the following description of scenery on the Cavalla:

"*April 19th.*—Left Cavalla station at seven o'clock, in company with Rev. C. F. Jones, (native deacon.) We went across the country two and a half miles, to *Di-ima-Lu*, a town on the Cavalla river. We there hired a canoe, having men already with us, and embarked about nine A.M.

"This is the second visit I have made up this beautiful and picturesque stream. After my former visit, more than two years since, I described briefly some portions of this river. Its scenery is not grand, but certainly interesting and attractive; but there are none between here and Sierra Leone that I have seen or heard of, that at all compare in beauty or grandeur to dozens of rivers in the United States. Yet there is much in the scenery on some of the rivers here to interest the traveller, and almost make him believe, for the time, that it rivals any thing that he has ever seen. The country is always green; and where there are high hills, prominent rocks, occasionally deep ravines, extensive forests, overhanging palms, and clustering vines, as is the case fifty miles up the Cavalla river, one may well lose himself for a short time, and imagine that he is permitted this once to behold almost a paradise. He is, however, soon persuaded of his error, when he comes in contact with the natives. If he is a new-comer, and has little or no experience in dealing with them, his pleasant reveries will often be disturbed, and he will soon be perplexed, tried, and harassed to the height of human endurance.

"The missionary traveller, however, becomes, or should become, inured to all annoyances, and gladly bears them all, that he may, in obedience to the Saviour's command, 'Go and preach the Gospel to every creature,' within his reach. We came to win these poor, ignorant, unprincipled creatures to Christ, who died for them."

"After leaving our place of embarkation, we ascended the river three or four miles before we saw

another town The width of the river at this point was about half a mile, and it widens somewhat in places farther up the stream. At the distance of fifty miles up, it narrows but little, and is deep enough in the 'rainy season' to be navigated that distance by small steamers. We passed two towns, and continued four miles farther up the stream, which along that part of it is extremely meandering and beautiful. The banks rise in some places from twenty to fifty feet, and now and then extensive forests of large trees are seen. Then, again, rice-farms of the natives are noticed, containing in the aggregate from one hundred to two hundred acres of rich alluvial soil, or loam and clay mixed. We reached *Hidiè*, the place of our destination, about eleven A.M. This is eleven miles from Cavalla station. There are three villages in this settlement, one being very small. It is near the smallest one that the natives say the '*Grand Devil*' has his seat. We found the village nearly deserted, the people being busy on their rice-farms. At last, however, we gathered from all the towns about twenty-five persons, who came and sat down under the shade of some large trees, and listened to the blessed truths of the Gospel. We sang a Grebo hymn, repeated the commandments, prayed, and 'preached unto them Jesus and the resurrection.'

"We were hospitably entertained by the head man, who killed a fowl, made some soup, and boiled some rice. We ate out of a wash-basin, (used for eating only, by the natives,) and being hungry, our dinner tasted very palatable.

"At two o'clock we left this place, and returned and

preached in the towns of the same tribe before mentioned. Our congregations were attentive and quiet. They have heard the Gospel as seldom as the others, though not so far distant. What multitudes and multitudes of poor heathen throng both banks of this river, for a hundred miles! How few of them ever heard and understood the import of the blessed name of Jesus! Now, however, God has raised up and commissioned a native evangelist, (with me to-day,) whose principal work will be to go 'far hence to these Gentiles.'"

In July of this year, Mr. Pinckney took charge of the new mission station at *Sinoe*. Bishop Payne, who had visited it in September of the preceding year, to make arrangements for the establishment of a station, thus describes it:

"*Sinoe* is a Liberian settlement, intermediate between Cape Palmas and Bassa, and ninety miles from either place, the apparent prosperity of which was greater than I had anticipated, flattering as were the accounts I had heard. Greenville, the seaport town, presents altogether the most pleasant and respectable appearance of all the towns in Liberia. Not so large by half as Monrovia, nor having so large a number of good buildings, it is yet more compact, has more good houses together, and the style of building is better and more uniform. This arises from the fact that the inhabitants came chiefly from the cities of Charleston and Savannah, and are, many of them, men of means, and excellent mechanics. I believe all the trades are there represented, from the goldsmith to the blacksmith.

"A fine steam saw-mill has been erected and is in

operation on the Sinoe river, immediately in the rear of Greenville, and on the border of a heavily-timbered forest. Besides the town of Greenville, there are four other villages on the Sinoe river, namely: Farmersville, Lexington, Louisiana, and Readsville. They extend to the distance of seven miles from the sea-shore, and have an aggregate population of about fifteen hundred. These settlements are receiving yearly accessions of population from the United States, and are, I think, destined to improve as fast, and increase as rapidly almost, as any other places in Liberia.

"Nor does the *native* less than the colonist interest claim our attention. The Sinoe and Kroo and Fish tribes have numerous towns on every side of the settlements, for whose Christianization the first well-appointed measures are yet to be taken."

"The Bassa Cove station may now be regarded as fairly commenced. The settlement of Fishtown, in connection with which so much difficulty had occurred, and upon which incipient operations had in some measure depended, has been effected. More than two hundred people are on the ground; the city has been laid off, lots drawn, and buildings carried rapidly forward towards completion.

"It is a truly beautiful site, richly deserving all the encomiums which have been lavished upon it. Nothing but a lack of enterprise can fail to make it the commercial emporium of Liberia. Fishtown is three miles from the mouth of the St. John's river, and the present settlement of Bassa Cove. With the settlement and the intervening plain, it constitutes the city of Buchanan. The project of a railroad, to connect the two settlements, is in agitation."

"On the western border of Fishtown, and separated from it by a creek or lagoon, and two miles from the mouth of the St. John's, is the site for the station. It has the advantages of retirement, a good landing, and exposure to the life-inspiring sea-breeze. Ten acres have already been secured from the government at this place for our purposes. Two lots, in the settlement at Fishtown, have also been engaged, to erect a school-house or church, as circumstances shall determine. As the colonist population is now, and will probably be for some time, distributed in comparatively small towns and villages, the proper mode of reaching it will be to erect small and cheap chapels in each.

"Dr. I. S. Smith, resident of this place, has been requested to act as agent for erecting a suitable dwelling-house for the Mission. The plan given him is that of a building two stories high, with five rooms and four closets. This will accommodate permanently a married and unmarried missionary and teacher. It may be also used at first as a storehouse, and for a small boarding-school."

Mr. Rambo, who expected to have charge of this station, visited it in May of this year, and thus wrote:

"BUCHANAN, Bassa, Liberia, May 25, 1854.

"I am here on my first visit to see the place, hasten the building of our mission-house, and make some acquaintances among both colonists and natives. I left Cape Palmas on the tenth, when all our Mission, with one or two exceptions of indisposition, were in good health and spirits, and prosecuting their work with cheerfulness and success.

"One thing and another has delayed the commencement of the building till this time. The frame is now cut, and the boards engaged, and soon will be on the spot. . . . I have been well received, and, in fact, cordially welcomed by the most respectable citizens here. We have now no member in any of the settlements, that I can hear of. Some who were formerly members in America, not finding our Church here, have connected themselves with other denominations. I believe the Lord has an excellent work for our Church to accomplish in this country, both amongst colonists and natives."

"This afternoon, an old gentleman in a prominent station called upon me, to inform me of two excellent openings among the *natives*, (Bassas.) One of the points was sixteen, and the other ten miles distant. The Methodists formerly had schools at these places; but since they have deserted them, the chiefs have called earnestly in vain for a *God-man*."

In speaking of the Bassas, in another letter, he says: "An almost unbounded field is before us. Their country embraces at least ten thousand square miles, which, at a very moderate calculation, must contain from fifty thousand to eighty thousand souls, all speaking one language.

"I made a visit, a few days ago, to 'King Peter Harris'' town, about four miles from Bassa Cove, near the Benson river. The town was very small, not containing more than twenty-five houses, and about one hundred persons. This, indeed, is rather larger than the average size of Bassa towns, a large number

being smaller than this. After being accustomed to see the towns of the Greboes, averaging from four hundred to six hundred persons each, such towns seem quite small. The houses, however, look more substantial and comfortable than those of the Cape Palmas natives, yet they do not last so long. They have, as others, ground floors and thatched roofs; but the interstices between the upright sticks are filled with clay, and plastered smoothly inside and out. They are of square form, high doors, with roofs projecting three or four feet, so as to form a good verandah. Inside, on either side, are wide berths, elevated, answering for beds, neatly constructed of plaited bamboo, which are far more comfortable than the hard clay floor on which, with a thin mat spread, the Greboes sleep.

"'King Peter' is one of the most prominent of the Bassa chiefs, speaks broken English, and is a friend of Liberia and the missionaries. He has about one hundred towns under his influence, in every one of which, I doubt not, the Gospel may be preached without let or hindrance.

"These people are less fixed in their abodes, and their country far more sparsely settled, than that of the Greboes; yet this fact, together with their desire to become assimilated to the Liberians and other foreigners, would make it easy for a missionary, in some central place, to gather around him hundreds of people, who would place themselves under Liberian laws, and thus be somewhat prepared for the Gospel. Sassawood, witchcraft, fetishism to some extent, and breaking of the Sabbath, are amongst the evils which some

of the more civilized Bassas, among them 'King Peter' and his subjects, have professed to give up, especially where the influence of the Liberian laws is felt.

"I conversed some time with King Peter and his people, and preached to them. He promises me some of his boys, as soon as a school can be established among them, which I hope may be next year, (though one missionary and his wife can not do all, or even commence all, that is desirable.) Scores, if not hundreds of Bassa youths, are employed in various ways among the colonists in this county, and are thus, to some extent, being civilized. But *who cares for their souls*, or the souls of the natives generally? Almost no one. The whole land, then, or nearly so, is '*yet to be possessed.*' . . . With millions of treasure, and many young candidates for orders, (alas! too few,) can not the Church spare enough to undertake a work which promises so much in return for well-directed, prayerful labor? . . . . Shall their sad cry, (the cry of untold millions of degraded, superstitious, wretched heathen Africans,) shall their sad cry remain *unheeded?* Will Christians at home, who are blessed with all spiritual and all temporal blessings, rolling in their wealth, say indifferently, 'Be ye (spiritually) clothed and warmed and fed,' extending no hand to help, contributing no funds to aid, offering no prayer to save these enslaved millions?"

"The Liberians of this county," adds Mr. R., "will give our Mission a *hearty* welcome, especially on account of what they consider our superior manner of managing schools. The influence of our Church is also much needed, and it will in due time meet, I doubt not, with success."

At Clay Ashland is another new and interesting mission station. "This is the name of a township on the St. Paul's river, beginning ten miles above Monrovia, and embracing the most populous and flourishing agricultural district of Liberia."

"At the beginning of last year," writes Bishop Payne, "a late prominent minister of the Methodist Church, having his residence in this neighborhood, became a candidate for orders in the Protestant Episcopal Church, and proposed opening a mission station under my direction. As it is the very spot which I should have selected, could I have had my choice, for our second mission station in Mesurado county, Mr. Russell's proposition was readily assented to. During the year, I accordingly authorized him to receive fifteen native youths under his care, to act as lay reader amongst the colonists in the neighborhood, and to erect a small brick church edifice. All these objects received his due attention, and at the close of the year, Grace Church, a neat little Gothic building, was nearly finished.

"As Mr. Russell was expecting to take orders early in the next spring, I thought proper to employ Mr. Harris as teacher at his station. After Mr. Russell's ordination, Mr. Harris will act as lay reader under his direction, and the joint labors of the two will extend our services to all the settlements on St. Paul's river where they may be desired, At one of these settlements, (called *New-York*,) an enterprising merchant has given to the Mission a lot, and some means for the erection of a chapel. Mr. Russell has also kindly offered desirable lots, for school-houses or chapels, as

may be needed, in *Clay Ashland*, ten miles back of Monrovia, and *Caldwell*. A merchant has made a similar offer in the township of *Louisiana*."

Mr. Russell was ordained at Cavalla on the fifteenth day of February, and put in charge of Grace Church.

"Through the great mercy of God, our Mission has now attained a condition which may well rejoice the hearts and strengthen the hands of its friends, and of all the people of God.

"The actual existence and continual progression during eighteen years, has placed its practicability beyond all question."

"Conversions, both amongst colonists and natives, have afforded proof enough that the Gospel brings forth fruit here, as in all the world, where it is faithfully proclaimed.

"The continual enlargement of the Mission has been a most evident following of the word and providence of God, and is therefore God's call to the Church for ever-enlarging prayers, contributions, and efforts in its behalf.

"The increase of colored ministers (colonist and native) gives promise that ere long the work, commenced by foreign missionaries, may be carried on by the Africans themselves. While at the same time the continual accession of foreign laborers shows that God is working in the hearts of His faithful ones to come up to the great work which His providence is about to accomplish in Africa."

And now again the angel of death visited the Mission band, and bore away from our midst the young missionary physician. In announcing his death to the

Foreign Committee, the Bishop gives the following touching description of his character and his end:

"We have again to appeal to the Church, and the thousands of medical men in the United States, for a missionary physician; for on yesterday morning, (July 11th,) Dr. T. R. Steele died at Cavalla, in the faith and love and peace and joy of the Gospel of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

"At the time of his appointment, Dr. Steele was thought to have consumption; and the voyage to this place proved injurious rather than an advantage. During the six months of his missionary life, days and nights of weariness were appointed to him; but the 'life of Christ was manifested in his mortal body.'

"In *love* and *faithfulness*, he instructed and prayed with the heathen with whom he came in contact; in *unity*, like the precious oil which ran down Aaron's beard, he dwelt with brothers and sisters of the Mission, ever ready to do them service, ever regretting he could not do them more. In *patience* he abided the short night of affliction, yet longing for the morning; and as the shadows of Tuesday night, with all his earthly night, were fleeing away together, the glorious heavenly day was dawning upon him. Yesterday morning, about nine o'clock, amidst sorrowing yet rejoicing missionary sisters and brethren, did this lovely disciple fall asleep in Jesus, and was carried by angels to Abraham's bosom. Amen, amen, blessed be God!"

"A native of Baltimore, Maryland, the last years of Dr. Steele's life were spent in Washington City, D. C., where (under the ministry of Rev. C. M. Butler, D.D.) he became a professing Christian and was a

communicant in Trinity Church, until he sailed for Cape Palmas, where it was hoped his deep piety and thorough medical education would make him a blessing to the Mission."

From the journal of another member of the Mission, we quote the following particulars of his last hours:

"As long as he was able to speak, our beloved young friend seemed to realize more and more of the Saviour's presence, assuring us that He was unspeakably precious to his soul, and requesting his sister not to weep, but rather to *rejoice* that he was so near his home. Soon after, as his nurse was changing his garments, he exclaimed: 'How many comforts *I* enjoy, unworthy creature that I am, while my Saviour had not where to lay His head!' We sang for him: 'There is a land of pure delight,' 'Jerusalem, my happy home,' etc. Thus the last sounds he heard on earth were songs of praise to the precious Redeemer who had saved him from his sins, and whom he hoped soon to see where 'faith is swallowed up in sight.'

"The Bishop made a very appropriate and earnest address to the heathen who attended the funeral, on the horrible effects of sin, showing that even those whom God loved must pay the penalty of death, and ending by drawing a contrast between the peaceful death of the young Christian whose mortal remains lay before them, and that of a heathen man who had died about the same time, for whom firing of guns and wild lamentation had been kept up several hours. 'If we mourn,' said he, 'it is for ourselves, because we shall see our friend no more until we follow him; but you mourn, because you *never* again expect to see

your friend, and know not where his spirit has fled. When our friends die in the Lord, we know they are happy and gone to rest."

"Gone to the rest of the ever blessed,
To the New Jerusalem;
Where the children of light do walk in white,
And the Saviour leadeth them."

Chapter Ninth.

"My word shall not return unto me void, but it shall accomplish that which I please."—Isa. 55 : 11.

In May of this year (1854) two more ordinations took place at St. Mark's Church. Mr. Pinckney and Mr. Green, both colonists, were ordained, the former priest, and the latter deacon. Mr. Green went to Monrovia to assist Rev. Mr. Crummell; and Mr. Pinckney took charge of the congregation at the flourishing town of Sinoe, ninety miles north-west of Cape Palmas.

An increased religious interest was manifested in the Maryland Colony at Cape Palmas, and before the close of the year twenty communicants were added to St. Mark's Church.

While the colonists here, (as at Monrovia, and other places in Liberia,) who have had capital and business knowledge, have done well—have in some cases become rich—we find that there is much bitter suffering among the poor; and the cause of this is stated in the journal of the missionary in charge, Rev. Mr. Scott:

"*May* 21*st.*—After service to-day, I visited a number of sick persons in the neighborhood of the church. Four of the persons, I visited, are very ill, and almost entirely dependent on the charities of their neighbors for the means of subsistence. A good proportion of the colonists here are unable to provide themselves

with much more than the necessaries of life; and in times of sickness are compelled to dispense with almost every thing like comfort, not being able, indeed, to provide themselves with the medicines needed.

"Will not the friends of colonization, who are favored with an abundance of this world's goods, contribute something towards the relief of the poor at Cape Palmas? Only a few of the emigrants possess any thing of importance on their arrival, and consequently are unable to contribute much to the relief of the suffering. It is proposed to erect an asylum for the helpless, and a small sum has already been obtained for it; but unless aid is obtained from abroad, several years must elapse before a suitable building can be erected.*

"The people, with the blessing of God, may in a few years be able to take care of themselves; but that a small colony, without foreign aid, in the infancy of their existence, in a climate, for the first year or two, trying to their health, should be able to provide themselves with the comforts of life, and supply all the wants of the poor, is a degree of success *no* people have ever yet attained."

From the same journal we take the following extracts, which will serve to give some idea of their religious state:

"*May 22d.*—Passed by the house of a colonist this morning, whom I visited some days since in his last illness, intending to visit him again to-day, but was surprised to learn that his spirit, a few hours before, had returned to his God. Whilst I sympathized with

* We hope an hospital will be built ere long at this place.

his afflicted family, I rejoiced at his departure; for in his humble life he walked with Jesus, and in his dying hours he was not deserted. As I communed with him a few days before, and heard from his lips expressions of joy which none but the dying Christian experiences, I felt it was good to be there."

"*June 17th.*—Spent the day in visiting the members of St. Mark's, and other sick persons in the colony. In the morning visited a colonist woman, who is, to all appearances, near her end, and without any hope in Christ; and says, she never in her life felt sin to be a burden. After striving to awaken her to a sense of her danger, I left the house with a sad heart. In the afternoon visited old aunt Rachel, a blind woman, nearly a hundred years old, and found her apparently dying; but with her faculties clear, and perfectly happy. When asked if she was willing to go and be with Jesus, she replied, that the only fear she had was, that she was too anxious to go, and hadn't patience to wait the Lord's time. Never, from any other dying lips did I hear such expressions of thankfulness and joy. She thanked God that she was born, *to be born again;* and though she could not articulate without difficulty, she sweetly sang:

> "Jesus can make a dying-bed
> Feel soft as downy pillows are."

"As I was entering the heathen town at the Cape to-day, I saw a large crowd of people, mostly children, in pursuit of a man who had just taken *sassa wood*, ready to beat him to death with stones and clubs, as soon as he should fall. He ran into a house, where he

was protected from his pursuers, until the fatal poison had done its work."

What a contrast between the deaths of these two Africans! She, waiting with patient joy for the long-expected hour when her blind eyes should open upon the glories of the upper sanctuary, and behold Him who had died for her redemption. He, ignorant of God, and without hope beyond the grave, rushing uncalled into eternity, and lying down, like a hunted beast, to bear his dying agonies *alone*. What matters it to blind, old Rachel now, that in her youth, she was exiled from her own land, and lived in bondage to a foreign race, since there she found a *Saviour;* and, unlike millions of her own people, could *rejoice* in the prospect of death?

"*June* 18*th*.—Called again this morning," writes Mr. S., "to see aunt Rachel, and found her almost speechless, but still rejoicing in the Saviour. She said she was almost home, and would 'give God all the glory;' and thanked Him for all her trials, without which she would not have known so much of her Saviour."

In the other mission stations among the colonists, an increased interest in religious affairs was manifest. Rev. Alex. Crummell, in a letter, dated Monrovia, Nov. 11th, 1854, says: "We have great cause for thankfulness to almighty God, for His favor, His mercy, and His love. Our school (and Sunday-school) is in an unusually progresive state. Unfortunately our male teachers are few in number; and, therefore, both Mr. Green and myself are obliged, besides our other duties, to attend Sunday-school twice every Sunday.

STREET IN MONROVIA, 250 Miles North-west of Cape Palmas. Page 169.

Every week we have an increase of scholars in attendance. On Monday afternoons, at four o'clock, we always gather our little ones together for catechising."

"Here, also, we see a regular increase. They assemble at my house, and their improvement in manners, and their advancement in acquaintance with catechism and scriptural proofs thereof, would please any pastor. We have no part of our work more pleasing and encouraging than our work among the little ones of Christ's flock."

"Our church attendance increases regularly as well as our members. No month passes without some little one baptized into the fold, and some new adult added to our list of members. The 29th and 30th of October were two 'high days' with us: the former, the twentieth Sunday in Trinity, completed a year since we commenced services at 'Trinity Church.' We celebrated our anniversary on the same Sunday. On Monday morning, the 30th, we again held service, celebrated the Holy Communion, and then went in procession to the place where we are building Trinity Church, and I laid the corner-stone thereof, with appropriate services, and delivered an address on the occasion. The whole town showed much interest in the event. On October 2d, we celebrated the anniversary of our Sunday-school. The children assembled at half-past ten; prayer, reading of the Bible, singing, catechising the children, and addresses by myself and assistant, and three others, were the exercises of the morning; after which the children walked in procession to my residence, where they had lunch, and then spent the afternoon in play."

"Mr. Bass, one of our young communicants, has succeeded in erecting a thatched building, and opened a small school, which promises to increase. When Bishop Payne was here last October, he said he saw the need of immediate effort to erect a church edifice for the church people of this town. For this purpose he gave a donation of $500, and requested me to write to several parties in the United States, and to push on in our efforts, so that the walls might be up, and the roof on, during the present dry season. In compliance with these orders, I wrote to a few clergymen, asking their interest in our undertaking,* and having no plans, I got a friend in England to obtain for us a neat and handsome model for a church.

"It is with great regret that we feel obliged to cease, even for a brief period, our efforts for our growing church, in the capital, the place of resort from every part of Liberia. We are very fortunate in the selection of a site: the first rise of the hill which stretches out into a cape, where there is no place of worship, and which is being more rapidly settled by new comers than any other portion of the neighborhood. . . . . .

"The site was a mass of rocks; and for weeks we have been drilling and blasting, and the masons laying the foundations as fast as a clearance could be made. Three sides of the foundation of the church have been laid in solid rock; and on those three sides the foundation has been carried up three feet."

The following letter, from Rev. Robert Smith, to the

* Since this letter was written, the Sunday-school of St. George's Church, New-York, has undertaken the whole expense of building this church at Monrovia.

Secretary of the Foreign Committee, gives an account of his voyage to Africa, accompanied by Mrs. Payne, the wife of the Bishop, and Miss Alley. It is dated at Monrovia, Dec. 19th, 1854:

"By an English steamer that is expected in this port hourly, I send you the gratifying intelligence of our safe arrival. We anchored in this harbor last Sunday morning, after a passage of fifty-one days. Our passage, you perceive, has been a long one, and it has also been a tedious one. For the first twenty-five days we were hindered by strong head-winds and storms, and for the last ten days by calms. * * * * We had public worship every Sabbath morning after the storm had been passed, and morning and evening prayers, besides occasional prayer-meetings. And I am happy to inform you that we have enjoyed very cheering tokens of the special presence and gracious operation of the Holy Spirit. Several of our party, we have good reason to believe, have passed from death to life; among whom are one of the officers, and two other of the ship's company: professing Christians, who had grown cold, and well nigh abandoned their hope in Christ, have been quickened, and all, I believe, have felt a new impulse heavenward. Our Methodist fellow-passengers have been profitable companions; and altogether our time has passed agreeably and profitably.

"And now we are in Africa, we all thank God. We have no desire to return to our dear, *dear* Fatherland. We love her—oh! how well! But God forbid that we should ever be willing to abandon a post of duty so manifestly assigned us by the Head of the

Church. We are happy in our present situation; and we shall be still more so when we get to our home.

"I have been on shore twice. Yesterday I called upon his Excellency the President of Liberia, in company with that very agreeable gentleman and officer, Captain Whittle, of the United States ship Dale. I called upon Rev. Mr. Crummell also, having been visited by him on board the Estelle. He is very well, as is his colleague, Rev. Mr. Green. I was favorably impressed with their intelligence.

"Trinity Church is going up slowly, that is, the foundation is being laid. The situation is a very agreeable one. Mr. Crummell speaks very encouragingly of the prospects of his rising church; and I have heard him favorably mentioned.

"To-day I visited the Legislature, which is now in session. The President delivered a message before the Legislature, and it was, such as all of his public efforts are, straightforward and excellent. President Roberts is a true man, admirably qualified for his position, which I am sorry to hear he will not continue to occupy.

"Every thing looks strange, and nature, doubly deeply interesting. We found letters here from Cape Palmas reporting all well. Mr. Horne has joined the host of the white-robed throng before the throne. The particulars of his death I have not heard. When we reach Cape Palmas, I will write again.

"ROBERT SMITH."

The event referred to in the close of the preceding letter, had cast a shade of gloom over the Mission.

We quote the particulars from the Bishop's letter to the Foreign Committee:

"The Rev. George W. Horne died at Rocktown on the 2d of October, 1854. He had long been in feeble health, and had, in fact, made all his arrangements to return to the United States. He expired, most unexpectedly to every one but his faithful, sorrowing wife. She alone was too fully aware of the certain failing of life and strength. At Mrs. Horne's request, I went to Rocktown, and remained with Mr. H. a week. At the expiration of the time he seemed much better. Indeed, he preached the Sunday after I left; but he became so unwell again, that the physician continued to visit him until the day before yesterday, when he reported him much improved. Such was the account I received last evening at Cavalla, about eight o'clock. At the same hour a note was penned to me from Rocktown, announcing his death. He continued to direct every thing connected with his family and himself to the last moment, and Mrs. H. thinks he was not aware his end was at hand.

"Mrs. Horne, I am thankful to find, bears her affliction with becoming resignation. She will return, by the first good opportunity, to her parents at Middletown, Ct. Her sweet child, thank God, is spared her, and is in very good health."

Mr. Augustus Rogers, the faithful and efficient teacher of the male native school at Cavalla, was compelled, by declining health, to withdraw from the Mission in October of this year. Not finding a vessel to carry him directly to the United States, and feeling the need of surgical assistance, he took passage to

Hamburgh, Germany, and there died, shortly after his arrival. In speaking of his loss to the school, the Bishop writes, under date of September 26:

"I have to divide with brothers Scott and Rambo the duties of school-teacher. We are assisted by Brownell and Kinckle, (native youths,) both of whom have made great improvement, and the former, I hope, by the beginning of next year, will be prepared to take the principal charge of the school. He and all the boys have made astonishing improvement under Mr. Rogers; and the school is now left in such a fine state of discipline, that my part is performed in it with pleasure. Still I hope you will send us some good teachers for boys as well as for girls. * * * * Amidst all our trials and tribulations for Jesus' sake, how blessed our consolations also!"

"At Mount Vaughan there has been a gracious visitation of the Spirit to the members of the High School. Eight boys (colonist) have made a profession of faith in Christ. The Spirit's influences were granted in the course of regular services and duties; and on this account we hope they will be more abiding in their effects. Brother Scott is spending this week at Cape Palmas, collecting and preparing candidates for confirmation. He writes me that St. Mark's has been favored with an outpouring of the Spirit. He has already a class of twenty for confirmation, including those from the High School."

After the death of Rev. Mr. Horne, Mr. Wright, who had been ordained priest on the 3d of September, took charge of the station at Rocktown, and continued to discharge the duties thereof—at the same time hav-

ing an oversight of his former station at Fishtown—until the month of March following, when failure of health compelled him to return to the United States.

One of the greatest trials of the faith of the missionary band, is to see important stations left vacant at a time, when, after years of patient waiting, the fruits begin to appear.

In addition to Rocktown and Fishtown, Taboo, thirty miles, and Rockbooka, twenty miles, east of Cape Palmas, have been left for several years without a white missionary.

In this connection, the following extract from the journal of one of the missionaries, comes with touching sadness to the ear:

"Went to Taboo to-day.

"On my return, I stopped at the site of the old mission-house at Rockbooka, a sweet spot, where a few years since the sacrifice of prayer and praise ascended daily to the triune God.

"As I walked among the fruit and flower trees, planted and reared by those who will never again look on them, my heart was filled with sadness, and I wondered if the time would ever come when this beautiful wilderness would bloom again.

"If God's ministers fully realized the awfully sad condition of the heathen of Africa, and their claims upon the Church for the only remedy for their degradation, this and other stations which have been opened would not long be deserted for the want of laborers.

"Are there not many pious young men in America—private members of the Church—who would esteem it a glorious privilege to be engaged in this most blessed work?"

Chapter Tenth.

"My name shall be great among the heathen, saith the Lord of hosts."—Mal. 1: 11.

In March of this year, (1855,) Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Rambo removed to Bassa Cove, one hundred and eighty miles north of Cape Palmas, to take charge of the new station opened at that point.

Under date of June 29th, Mr. R. writes: "I still continue to preach once and to lecture once at every Lord's day at this station, and once every fortnight at Lower Buchanan, when the lameness from which I am temporarily suffering will permit. My Bible class and lectures are also held in the course of each week. Our congregations are not large, but having no other place at present in which to officiate but a private dwelling, we can not expect so large and attentive an attendance as if we had a building for the purpose. The Sunday-school, which we opened a few weeks ago at Lower Buchanan, has now twenty-five pupils enrolled, most of whom are regular attendants. The examination of our High School took place ten days ago. The scholars, of whom there are as yet but seven, stood a fair examination. I am happy to say that two of these pupils are communicants, and a third is to be baptized on Sunday next. We have reason to hope that another will soon be added. I regularly

hear the recitations of Mr. McMerwin and Mr. Oliver. Both are likely to be useful as agents, if not deacons, to which they are now aspiring."

In April of the same year, the Orphan Asylum, after many delays, was sufficiently completed, and the Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Scott removed to Cape Palmas, to take charge of this institution, and of the mission station at that place.

Previous to this time, no white missionary of our Church had resided at Cape Palmas, though it had always been embraced within the limits of the Mission, and Mount Vaughan, the oldest mission building, is but three miles distant. The missionary residing there, and those at Cavalla, had regularly preached at the Cape.

About two years prior to this time, N. S. Harris, a member of the native school at Cavalla, asked the Bishop's permission to remove to Cape Palmas, and become a regular teacher to the people of his own tribe residing there.

On arriving at the Cape, Harris called the natives together, and told them that as there was no house yet ready at the Cape for a white missionary, he thought it was his duty to give them such instruction as he was qualified for, and that he, having been educated by the missionaries, felt himself prepared to teach the Gospel to them and their children. He then proposed to teach a boarding-school during the week, and to preach the Gospel in their towns on Sunday. The people gladly agreed, and in a short time he had a school collected at "Green Hill," a beautiful spot near the Cape, where a neat little house had been erected

for the purpose. Regularly on Sunday he went into the heathen towns around the Cape, and read and explained the Scriptures to his idolatrous countrymen. At first they gathered around him to hear the interesting fables, as they supposed the parables and miracles of our Lord and Saviour to be. In the course of a few months, however, they began to believe that there might be some truth in these strange stories; and, as conviction fastened upon their minds, one and another would shake his head gravely, and say to Harris: "*Hanh te ne ah pode*," "The thing, or word, you speak is true."

The remarkable zeal and earnestness of this young native teacher, combined with his great rhetorical powers, prepared him for more than ordinary usefulness. In season and out of season he preached the Gospel of Christ. It was evident to his people that there must be some power in the religion he professed, to account for his great devotion to his work. When they had seen white men laboring in this manner, they would say, "God has made white man to have a different fashion from black man;" but when they became the daily witnesses to the upright life of one of their own people, and saw him conduct himself, in every point, as a consistent Christian, they felt convinced that the white man's religion had power to turn Africans also from their wicked ways. The *Nyekbade*, or old men, passed a law prohibiting labor on the Sabbath; and a spirit of inquiry concerning religious matters appeared to have been aroused in the minds of the people generally. When Mr. Scott went up to the Cape every other week to preach, (as he did

for more than a year before he left Cavalla,) he found large congregations gathered to meet him, by the persevering efforts of this devoted teacher; and, by many, an earnest desire was expressed to be fully instructed in the Gospel.

Soon after Mr. Scott settled at the Cape, a commodious chapel (costing about three hundred and fifty dollars) was completed for the natives. This building, called Church of the Evangelists, was erected almost entirely by contributions from missionaries and colonists. The natives were exceedingly gratified to have a white missionary, and a place of worship that they could call their own. From this time, the congregation increased in size and in interest. The missionary divided his time between the colonists and natives, preaching in the morning at St. Mark's, the colonial church, and in the afternoon at the native chapel.

About this time, it was thought expedient to remove the native boarding school from Green Hill, to a beautiful plain on Hoffman river, in the immediate vicinity of the Cape. It is proposed to establish at this place, now called Hoffman Station, another Christian village. Already several young men, who are interested in the Gospel, have expressed a desire to remove to it; and we have reason to hope that the day is not far distant, when here, as at Cavalla, the voice of "thanksgiving and melody" shall be heard from the happy homes of many regenerated heathen.

The following extracts from the journals of missionaries, will give some idea of the nature of the work among the heathen:

"*Nov.* 21*st*, Mr. Scott writes: 'Went to Taboo to-day,

accompanied by Rev. C. F. Jones, and spent three days, during which time we preached at ten different towns among the Baboes and Plaboes.

"Had many animated discussions with the people on the subject of *gree-grees*, and found them very much more wedded to their superstitions than the Greboes, the difference to be attributed doubtless to the preaching of the Gospel to the latter, and their intercourse with the colonists at Cape Palmas.

"*Nov. 26th*, (*Sunday.*)—Preached at *Nyaro* this morning. Found *Hyano* very sick, but in a peaceful and happy frame of mind. By this sickness he is afforded an opportunity of showing his people that the Gospel has power to drive all superstitious fears from the mind. When any one among them is seriously ill, he is taken by his friends from his home, and conveyed secretly to some other house, from the fear that those who, they imagine, have produced the sickness, by means of witchcraft, will succeed in effecting his death. This old disciple has persisted in remaining in his own house, and walking in the town, when he is able, very much to the surprise of his people.

"*Nov. 29th.*—Saw a woman dead on the beach today. She and another of the wives of her husband had a quarrel, and agreed to settle it by both taking sassa-wood, which proved fatal in her case.

"*Dec. 1st.*—Lectured at St. Mark's this afternoon, preparatory to the Communion.

"*Dec. 3d*, (*Sunday.*)—Lectured to confirmation class, preached, and administered communion at St. Mark's Church this morning, and delivered an address at the monthly missionary meeting in the evening.

"*Dec. 7th.*—Delivered the address at the monthly missionary meeting at Cavalla this evening, giving a sketch of the progress of the Gospel in the Polynesian islands.

"*Dec. 11th.*—Heard this morning of an incident which well illustrates the disposition which prevails among the heathen of Africa to keep all on a common level. A man at *Dodo-lu* having made a good deal of money by collecting rock for the church at this place, excited the cupidity of his people; and they have determined to share his gains on the trifling pleas of his having detracted from the appearance of the entrance to the town, and taken a part of the rock from holy ground.

"There is among them scarcely any encouragement to more than enough industry to obtain the necessaries of life; for, as soon as one begins to lay by a portion of his gains, he becomes a prey to his ravenous people, who are never satiated until they have brought him to their own level; to get possession of his property, they often compel the unfortunate individual, under a false charge, to drink the deadly sassa-wood.

"*Dec. 24th, (Sunday.)*—Our Convocation services commenced this morning at St. Mark's Church. The Bishop preached at eleven o'clock, and confirmed twenty-three young persons, two of whom are connected with the congregation at Cavalla. Three others who are candidates for confirmation, were prevented being present by sickness and other causes. After confirmation, communion was administered, and in the afternoon sermons were preached by Mr. Gibson and Mr. Wright.

"*Christmas-day.*—I preached the Convocation sermon this morning. In the afternoon we had a celebration of the two Sunday-schools of St. Mark's and Mount Vaughan. The children with their parents and teachers first assembled at St. Mark's, where they were addressed by the Bishop; after which they marched in procession, with a number of appropriate banners, to a pleasant spot on the point of the Cape, near the Orphan Asylum; here they sang two hymns, and listened to an address from Mr. Rambo, at the close of which refreshments were handed around; and, about sun-set, the exercises closed with the gift of a small book to every child connected with the schools.

"In the evening we held the usual missionary meeting of the Convocation, at which reports were read and addresses delivered. Thus closed the religious exercises of our Convocation, which were well attended throughout by attentive hearers.

"*Jan. 7th.*—Held the usual services at St. Mark's this morning, and preached in the largest native town of Cape Palmas in the afternoon.

"As I was urging upon the people the importance of taking the Lord for their guide during the year upon which we have just entered, I discovered a large *gree-gree*, which they had erected to aid them in clearing their farms. When I called their attention to it, and endeavored to show them the folly of putting their trust in wood and stone, instead of the great God, who made and sustains the world, many of them seemed ashamed. A majority of the leading men in Cape Palmas towns have lost confidence in *gree-grees;* but, like the philosophers among the ancient Romans, they

think it inexpedient to oppose the superstitions of the multitude. Not unfrequently we meet with persons who profess to have no faith in the efficacy of *gree-grees* —merely keeping them about the house to frighten off rogues.

"Just before the hour for service, a large delegation from a tribe in the interior arrived. When the congregation assembled, a number—probably thirty-five—of these wild beings came to our place of meeting, in front of the Bodia's house; but on seeing a white face, they retired in alarm. With some difficulty, the town people persuaded them to return, and hear what the *Kubi*, or white man, had to say. They listened with eager curiosity to the preaching of the Gospel, and some of them heard, for the first time in their lives, of the Saviour who died to redeem them.

"When asked, after the sermon, what they thought of the Word, one replied that they liked it and wished to have it preached over again, evidently not that they believed it, but because its novelty pleased them.

"They were, without exception, the oddest, most grotesque-looking specimens of humanity we have ever seen. Low in stature, lean in flesh, and shrivelled in skin, with stupid countenances, they formed a striking contrast, both in physical and intellectual development, to the natives of the Cape Palmas towns, who are, for the most part, strong, athletic, and erect in form, with features indicative of decided sprightliness of mind.

"The question naturally arises, *What makes the difference between these tribes?* And the answer is one full of encouragement to all friends of the race, namely,

contact with enlightened and Christian people. A large proportion of the coast people serve as *kroomen*, or sailors, in the vessels of various enlightened nations, and have brought home new ideas, which serve in some degree to expand their minds.

"Even where they have failed to receive the truths of the Gospel, their superstitions have been materially modified by the influence of Christian colonies; for example, the Cape Palmas heathen, in the congregation alluded to, displayed very few *gree-grees*, while the Bushmen had a great number hung about their bodies. The latter seemed scarcely able to believe that there could be, in any part of the world, a people who had no faith in *gree-grees*.

"The Grebo tribe is evidently being gradually prepared for the full reception of the Gospel. A good proportion of them are already intellectually acquainted with its saving truths, and all that they now need to enable them to come out decidedly on the Lord's side, is an outpouring of the Holy Spirit: for this let all the people of God earnestly pray.

"*Feb.* 13*th.*—As Mrs. S. and myself were walking out this afternoon, we witnessed a most pitiable sight. A woman had run away from her husband at Rocktown, and his friends were dragging her back by main force, while she was resisting with all her strength. Just as we came up, they plunged her head foremost into a stream of water again and again, but finding that she still continued to resist, they beat her most cruelly, and dragged her along like a log through the sand. The last we saw of her, she was looking back imploringly for help, while her cries were borne to us on the evening air.

"*Feb.* 24*th.*—After service in town, I had a long discussion with a demon-doctor from the interior. He contended more earnestly than any one I have met, for the truth of his system; and assured me I would be regarded as a fool by his people for opposing the Gospel to gree-grees. He said he could foretell future events, and told me of a number of things, about which he had prophesied correctly. Upon my asking him, by way of trial, what would become of me, he replied that he could tell me but for the book I had with me —thus pretending to regard the Christian's Bible as a gree-gree.

"It is most sad to think what a fearful influence these demon-men have over the poor heathen of Africa."

From the journal of the Rev. Robert Smith we select the following interesting extracts:

"*Jan.* 24*th.*—Visited *Dodo-lu* and *Orânh-Idiade* this afternoon, with Rev. C. F. Jones as interpreter. Found numbers of the women beating rice, and as it seemed expedient, urged upon them the necessity of fleeing from the wrath to come, and turning to God with their whole heart. They seem to be destitute of every true emotion—as hard-hearted and lifeless as the rocky promontory on which their towns are built. They yield an unquestioning assent to every thing I say, and yet I know that they do not feel the force of one blessed truth which they hear. They seem to be almost totally devoid of truthfulness, and, indeed, of every ennobling principle. But surely this is their strongest plea to the servants of Christ to remain among them, and by all means endeavor to elevate them from their low estate.

"*Jan. 27th.*—A man came to me soon after breakfast, and three others from *Dodo-lu* about noon, to be instructed in reading. I like their bearing, and the interest they manifest in their simple lessons betokens something good in store for them.

"In the afternoon I passed through the towns, as usual, announcing that the morrow was Sunday, and that they must come and hear me preach. The uniform answer was, 'Yes,' and a promise to comply with my request; but not more than a dozen ever fulfill their engagements. The others 'go to bush,' to work on their farms, or spend the day in fishing—some few in idleness.

"One of the head men of *Oranh-Idiade* received me very coolly, and, at the same time, said he would not allow us to come to his town to preach, because we did not pay him for the use of his house and yard. This was false: but he thought, as I was a 'new man,' I would not know that he receives an allowance for the use of his house and yard, and would agree to pay him extra. I simply replied that we did pay him; we gave him and his people the most precious things in the world; we told them how they might obtain riches that endure forever. This did not satisfy him, and he arose and went away, muttering that, if he said so, not one person would come to hear me.

"With one man of sprightly mien, I had a long discussion about the duty of renouncing gree-grees for the service of God. He contended quite earnestly that, as their grandfathers and fathers had used gree-grees, and commanded them to do the same, and as it was country custom, they are justified in holding on to

them. At any rate, it was hard, under these circumstances, to change their religion.

"I replied that they could do so if they chose; but that they had long heard the Word of God, which forbids all dependence on such vile objects, and if they still refused to obey it, and to cast away their gree-grees, and turn to God, He would leave them to perish in their sins. As to its being hard to change their religion, if they would all agree to do so, it would not be hard. And what did it matter, that their forefathers trusted in gree-grees, and that it had become country fashion to do so? Suppose it were country fashion to cut people's heads off, would he then follow the fashion?

"He replied, that, if it were country custom to cut off people's heads, and, if their fathers had told them to do so, he would cut off every man's head in town.

"'Very well,' said I, 'here is one way, (drawing a straight line in the sand with my cane,) and here is another, (making a very crooked one.) Now, that is God's way, and it is a good way. But, if you follow it, you must cast away all your gree-grees, and turn to God with all your heart, and serve Him.'

"He replied that, if he did so, countryman would laugh at him. That they laugh at the Christians about Cavalla, and say that they have left country fashion, because they do not like to work; and have but one wife, because they are too lazy to support more.

"I told him it was not true that the Christians at Cavalla are lazy; for they do a great deal more work than other people. And what if country people did laugh? Let them laugh; it could not hurt him.

Some people in my country laughed at me for wanting to come so far to preach the Gospel to his people. But when I knew it was right for me to come, I did not mind what they said or did. And so it should be with him. He ought to obey God, and let countryman laugh as much as he pleased. Such was the tenor of our conversation; and it ended by his saying that he loved this way, and had put his son in our school. That his son is in school is true; but that he put him there from the motive he professed is questionable.

"*Sunday, Jan. 28th.*—No trouble to-day from the head man of *Oranh-Idiade*, as I feared yesterday. Congregation larger than usual. One man said I did not come to them from my own country because I loved them, but to make money. To this they all seemed to agree. They also intimated that I ought to pay them for coming to hear me.

"An old man in Dodo-lu made great professions of his own and his people's rejection of gree-grees and attachment to the Gospel. I knew there was not a word of truth in what he said; but simply requested him to give me some evidence of his sincerity. He said they prayed to God every evening and morning. I replied that they could not have love for God, as they would not acknowledge themselves to be great sinners; and that no man can love God, until he has felt that he is a lost sinner, and has found pardon through Jesus Christ. Another old man said I was a 'new man,' and did not understand what they were. I replied, that I was indeed a new man amongst them, but, that I had seen a great many people, and found they all had bad hearts; and I was sure those of his

people were like all others. They all rejected the counsel of God against themselves; and if I succeed in bringing any of them from the depths to which they are sunk, it will assuredly be by the effectual operation of the Holy Spirit.

"*Jan. 30th.*—Met a novitiate devil-doctor, with whom I had an animated discussion. He said he had been to sea as a krooman; had returned home in bad health; and, after suffering for three years, was told by a doctor that he could get well only by himself turning doctor. At first he was unwilling to do this; but finally the devil took him up and shook him, and told his heart that he must become a doctor. He seemed thoroughly persuaded that the devil had called him to this office, and was therefore not prepared for my mode of attack.

"'Well,' said I, 'you say the devil told you to become doctor?' 'Yes.'

"'And you are obeying the devil?' 'Yes.'

"'Then you are the devil's man. You are a very bad man; and you will do the people a great deal of harm.'

"'No. Me no be devil's man. Me no be wicked.'

"'Yes you are; and if I were your people, I would put you in jail; for you will do much evil, if you go abroad.'

"'Put me in jail! Me no be bad man.'

"'Indeed you are; for the devil, you know, is very wicked, and you are learning to be a devil-man. The missionaries have come far over the ocean, to teach your people to cast away their gree-grees, and become the people of God, and no longer serve the devil; and

all the while, you, and the other demon-doctors, are trying to keep them from hearing us, and to induce them to go on following country fashion till they are lost forever. Oh! stop! Don't go any farther. Throw away those *gree-grees*, and that grass, (a peculiar sort of garment which novitiates wear around their loins,) and turn to God. He will take care of you, and you will then be happy, and at last you will go to live with God in heaven.'

"With this exhortation we parted."

MT. VAUGHAN HIGH SCHOOL, Three Miles East of Cape Palmas. Page 135.

Chapter Eleventh.

"They that sow in tears shall reap in joy."—Psa. 126 : 5.

The high school at Mount Vaughan, during this year, sent forth two teachers for the heathen; Thomas Thompson went to assist at Rocktown, and Edward Simpson took charge of a new station, which was opened at Half Grahway, on Sheppard's Lake, five miles below Cape Palmas.

This important institution, now in charge of Rev. G. W. Gibson, gives promise of being one of the most efficient instruments for raising up laborers, for Africa's regeneration, from among her own sons. As yet, but a limited number of pupils has been received, in consequence of the small amount of money contributed for its support. We trust, however, that the amount will be greatly increased. We know not how a hundred dollars could be annually expended to greater advantage than by the support of a scholarship in this school. Youths, at a suitable age, are taken from the colony, and boarded, clothed, and educated here, with the design of sending them forth as teachers and missionaries to the heathen. In addition to the regular boarders, a large number of day scholars receive here the advantages of education and religious training. During this year, God so blessed the labors of His servants, that all the boarders in this institution, with one

single exception, became professing Christians; and so striking was the change in their lives, and so powerful their influence for good, that pupils in other schools were incited by their example to seek the Saviour of their souls.

The Mount Vaughan buildings are beautifully located on a high hill, three miles back of Cape Palmas, commanding an extensive sea and land view. This mount was the first home of our missionaries in Western Africa. When Dr. T. S. Savage (the first missionary sent to Africa by the Foreign Missionary Board of the P. E. Church in the United States) arrived, on the 25th of December, 1836, he found here Mr. and Mrs. Thomson, actively and profitably engaged in teaching a school. During the preceding year, (1835,) the Managers of the American Colonization Society had donated to the Foreign Missionary Board of the Episcopal Church, a lot of ground within the territory of Liberia, and Mr. Thomson was instructed by the Secretary of the Board to select such a spot as he should deem suitable for the establishment of a mission-school. After consulting with Dr. James Hall, then Governor of Liberia, and others, Mr. Thomson decided to locate the school at what is now called Mount Vaughan. This was the beginning of our missionary work at Cape Palmas. Few missionaries, white or colored, have labored more faithfully in the cause than Mr. and Mrs. Thomson. He has long since passed away to his reward, but she still remains, a ble sing to the Mission.

In July of the following year, 1837, Rev. John Payne (our present Bishop) and Mrs. Payne arrived, to cheer the heart of the lonely pioneer; and from that

time to the present our Church in Western Africa has never been without a representative. When God, in His wise providence, has seen fit to call home His workmen, a few other missionaries have always been found ready to supply their places; and so, we have faith to believe, it will ever be, until that blessed period shall arrive when there will be no more need to say to the sons of Africa, "Know ye the Lord."

If Mount Vaughan has become endeared to us as the first home of our Mission, as the resting-place of those who were the first to die in its cause it has become a hallowed spot. In its quiet and beautiful graveyard rest, in hope, the bodies of some of our most valued missionaries, and some of the little children born in the Mission. When, at the bidding of the great Judge, the dead shall arise, to meet their Lord, from that secluded spot shall come forth some as noble and self-sacrificing spirits, as ever devoted themselves to the field of foreign missions.

The road between Mount Vaughan and Cape Palmas runs through a forest of stately palms, and other trees of a heavier growth, among which a species of the mahogany predominates. At all seasons, these trees are festooned with clustering vines, and many-colored flowers and parasites. On the grounds of the High School, which embrace about twenty acres, is a flourishing coffee-farm, cultivated by the boys; and on either side of the road, extending to the Cape—considered the best in all Liberia—are situated the little farms which constitute the homes of many of the Maryland colonists.

Early in this year, Mr. James Dorsen, a colonist,

who was among the number confirmed at St. Mark's, the preceding Christmas, reöpened the mission-station at *Rockbookah*, three miles below the mouth of the Cavalla river, which had been left vacant from scarcity of laborers. Though the want of funds has not yet justified the opening of a boarding-school, Mr. Dorsen has done what he could, by teaching a day-school, during the week, for native children, and instructing their heathen parents, in the towns on the Sabbath.

Though, from necessity, but very poorly requited for his services, Mr. D. prefers to remain there alone, and labor for Christ, rather than to seek a temporal employment which would be much more lucrative. May God sustain him in his labor of love!

Thus, from time to time, we are encouraged by seeing some of Africa's own sons cheerfully stepping into the posts left vacant by the removal of their white brethren, and willingly bearing the privations which ever attend the true missionaries of the Cross.

Under date of May 11th, Mr. Scott writes:

"Had a long discussion with the head men of the Cape Palmas towns on the subject of *gree-grees;* which resulted in a promise on their part, to call the people, when they shall have returned from their farms, and have a general discussion on the expediency of abandoning the whole system.

"14*th*.—Went through the native towns this afternoon. As I entered the house of one of the head men, I found him with a picture of the crucifixion before nim, trying to give eight or ten bushmen an account of the sufferings and death of Christ. I took up the subject where he left off, and preached to them,

'Jesus and the resurrection.' It was probably the first time that some of them had heard the way of salvation. Would that the glad tidings could at once be carried to the many tribes still ignorant of Christ!

"In one of these tours I encountered a well-educated native, once connected with Mr. Wilson's school. He keeps a Bible in his house, but rarely looks in it, because it always excites his fears; for the same reason, I learn that he rarely ever listens to the preaching of the Gospel.

"*May 23d.*—Went to Cavalla to see Rev. Robert Smith to-day, and was gratified to find him well enough to ride out in a hammock, and be with the family at the dinner-table. At 5 o'clock, in the afternoon, I took leave of him, for Cape Palmas, to all appearances decidedly better than he had been for several days.

"*May 24th.*—Heard this morning from the Bishop, that Brother Smith was taken with a severe oppression on his lungs about midnight. I hastened down, but when within a short distance of Cavalla, met a messenger announcing his death. Truly, 'in the midst of life we are in death.' Little did I think, as we sat pleasantly conversing on last evening, that we would never meet again on earth.

"It was my privilege to be intimately acquainted with our departed brother for more than three years; and I can truly say, that, besides being one of the most faithful of friends, his devotion to his Master's cause I have never seen surpassed. The absorbing desire of his heart was to live near to Jesus, and do all in his power to advance His kingdom in this world. With

the exception of his feeble and deeply-diseased physical constitution, few men ever went forth better prepared to labor among the heathen.

"Though apparently just fairly begun, his work is ended—his brief pilgrimage on earth has peacefully closed—he now *rests from his labors, and his works do follow him.*

"*May 25th.*—Delivered his funeral discourse in the school-room, (the church not being completed,) and was followed by some remarks from the Bishop. A large procession then moved with the body to the sweet graveyard in the mission-garden, where the burial service was read by the Bishop, and the remains of our beloved brother consigned to their last earthly resting-place."

This event had cast a deep gloom over the Mission in Africa, and the Church at home. So much had been expected from the well-known zeal, fervent piety, and practical ability of this young missionary, that his sudden death had, at first, a depressing effect upon the remaining missionaries, and their native assistants; but soon a reäction took place among the latter. They began to awake, and ask themselves if God did not mean to teach them a lesson by thus removing one after another of the foreign missionaries—if He did not intend *them* to take a more active part in the regeneration of their native land? And how blessed has been their answer to those questions, the subsequent pages of this volume will show. And we, who mourned so truly the unexpected departure of our beloved friend and brother, were comforted by the assurance that God

had served Himself in his death, as in his life; and that "he, being dead, yet speaketh."

"Mr. Smith was a native of Tennessee; from which State he removed in early youth to Louisville, Kentucky. In this place, during the summer of 1843, under the ministry of Rev. William Jackson, he became a professing Christian. After spending some time in preparatory study, he entered Yale College, where he graduated in 1850.

"From the time he made a profession of religion, he showed by his life and conversation that 'he had been with Jesus, and learned of Him.' A few months after his conversion he felt it to be his duty to preach the Gospel; and, when his college course was completed, he entered the Theological Seminary of Virginia. At this institution it was the privilege of the writer to be intimately associated with him for nearly two years. During this time he was 'instant in season and out of season.' The smallest child, the meanest beggar, who crossed his path, received from him a warning word. He ever labored as one who felt that he had a great work to do, and a solemn account to render. Whilst he was a most diligent student, he was also regularly engaged in enterprises for the temporal and spiritual good of his fellow-beings. In the destitute portions of the country, in the vicinity of the Seminary, he might be seen, week after week, reading the word of God, and praying in the houses of the people; and on Sunday collecting the old and young together, and instructing them in the way of salvation.

"Soon after he entered the Seminary, the subject of foreign missions was brought before him, and after

much prayerful consideration, he decided to devote his life to the heathen of Africa. From the day he resolved to become a missionary, he labored unceasingly to promote the missionary spirit among his fellow-students, and in the Church generally. He continually urged his brethren to examine themselves and see whether they were not called to this great work; and none, who were accustomed to attend the weekly missionary prayer-meeting, can fail to remember his solemn appeals in behalf of the millions who are perishing without any knowledge of a Saviour.

"In the month of January he arrived at Cavalla, in a happy frame of mind, and with ardent hopes of future usefulness. For more than two months, feeling unusually well, he was enabled to labor uninterruptedly in the blessed work to which he had been called. In public and private—at their houses, and by the way-side—he pointed the poor heathen to the 'Lamb of God, who taketh away the sins of the world.'

"On the 16th of April he was taken with acclimating fever, while on a visit to Cape Palmas; it was light, and soon yielded to medicine; but his greatest suffering was from dyspepsia, which had annoyed him nearly twelve years. A cough, with which he had been troubled in America, now returned, with other decided symptoms of consumption. After he returned to Cavalla, though his cough was very painful, his general health seemed to improve; so much so, that on the day before he died, he was strong enough to ride a mile, in a hammock, and to join the family at the dinner-table.

"Little did we think, as we sat cheerfully conversing

on the evening of the 23d, that he was passing his last day on earth. Truly, 'in the midst of life we are in death.' About twelve o'clock that night, he was seized with a violent oppression on his lungs, from which he could find no relief, in any posture, until half-past one o'clock P.M., when his spirit was released from his suffering body. Being in an agony of pain, his dying testimony was necessarily brief; but it was not needed. For nearly twelve years he had constantly fought against the 'world, the flesh, and the devil,' and in this trying hour we needed not the assurance he gave, that he was sustained by the blessed Saviour.

"During his illness he was generally in a joyful frame of mind. He often said that he considered sickness a great blessing; and that he would willingly endure his illness six times over for the sake of the spiritual comfort that attended it.

"It seems to short-sighted mortals a mystery that one so well-fitted for usefulness in the missionary field, where laborers are so few, should be summoned away in the beginning of his career. His race was indeed short; but,

'That life is long which answers life's great end.'

Though Mr. Smith had just entered upon his thirty-first year, we feel assured that he has accomplished a great work. While, therefore, we mourn over the early departure of this loving brother and faithful friend, we mourn for ourselves not for him. In the great day of accounts, we doubt not, it will be seen that 'He has not run in vain; neither labored in vain.'"

Attended by the heathen, mission-scholars and friends,

his body was laid to rest, beneath flowering trees, in the Cavalla graveyard, beside the grave of Dr. Steele, with whom he had been associated in Sabbath-school, in Washington City.

In July, 1855, Rev. C. C. Hoffman, accompanied by his wife, child, and Miss Williford, returned from the United States. The following letter from Mr. H. announces his arrival at Cavalla, and contains some interesting statements of its condition at that time:

"*Cavalla, July* 4, 1855.—We arrived here, in health and safety, yesterday. I find things much improved here since my absence. Though our force has been weakened by the loss of beloved fellow-laborers, God is certainly causing His work to prosper abundantly in the hands of His servants. I was astonished at the unusual interest manifested by the natives at Cape Palmas; upwards of two hundred weekly assemble at the new chapel on the Lord's day, and a night-school of from forty to seventy-five is attended by most successful laborers.

"Mr. Scott says he never, in any place, saw more anxiety for instruction than is manifested by the adult population of Cape Palmas. Here, at Cavalla, too, the Bishop is cheered in his work; the Spirit seems to have been poured out from on high, and while wanderers are reclaimed, and the weak strengthened, God is adding to His Church those who shall be saved.

"Rocktown and Fishtown are now vacant. At the former place I am to reside. In a fortnight I expect to leave my pleasant home and duties at this station, and take charge of the two stations the other side of Cape Palmas. This is unexpected, but the path of

duty seems very plain, and I rejoice to walk in it. I hope you will be able to send us at least a female assistant, should no brother come to join us. There is work enough to crush a single laborer. The house, whence I write, has been the house of mourning during my absence. From my bed-room, the spirit of our young brother, Dr. Steele, took its happy flight to heaven; from my study departed, with blessed hope, peacefully, the soul of my friend and brother, Robert Smith. We yet survive, but how long—who can tell? May it be our blessed portion, like them, with joy to finish our course, and enter into rest. The work is worthy the life. May God raise up others to supply the place of the fallen."

By the following letter from Mrs. Hoffman, we find that the Rev. Mr. Hoffman and family took possession, soon after their return, of the vacant station at Rocktown:

"*Rocktown, August 3d*, 1855.—Here we are living in dear Mrs. Hening's old home, occupying her accustomed place. My seat, while writing, is the one she had, and my eye rests on the same beautiful scene. We spent but one night on land, when, in conversation with our Bishop, it was decided that we were to come here. Mr. Wright had returned home, and this station was vacant.

"We remained but a fortnight at Cavalla, enjoying the society of our loved friends there, and also enjoying the good work which is advancing. Almost daily does the Bishop hear the question: 'Payne, how can we do God's will?' The Church has doubled its numbers, and calls now its members from the *old* heathen.

The number asking for baptism, whom the Bishop bids wait, is larger than those received. Our visits to the towns are seasons of grateful joy, for we meet willing and anxious listeners.

"The change to us, remembering what they were when we left, is wonderful; nothing less than the moving of the Spirit of God over the darkness could have wrought this. Thus it is, while God has apparently weakened our strength by removing one and another, He manifests His own power without our being apparent instruments. To the Bishop, who has lived years of patient waiting, you can imagine how refreshing this season is.

'But that duty was plain, it would have been with regret that we left the atmosphere of Cavalla. Here we have met a much kinder reception than we anticipated. This people have usually been very troublesome, but God seems to have turned their hearts to favor us; they supply us readily and kindly with provisions, and seem very willing to listen to our words. We have been cheered by large congregations on Sunday, and some few seem seriously to weigh what they hear.

"*August* 13*th*.—We have just parted from the Bishop and Mrs. Payne, who passed four days with us. It was our Convocation season; and a most blessed one it has been. On Friday evening, the 11th, the missionary meeting was held, and we were four hours engaged in listening to the missionaries and native teachers' reports. Yet we thought not of weariness, for they told us of such a blessed work of grace, that we could unite with the Bishop at the close, when he

said: 'Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace.'

"Wonderful is the work! Old men, young men, and women, throwing away their *gree-grees*, giving up their (many) wives, and receiving Christ. The work advances with little special effort on our part, save preaching the word. Our native Christians are acting most faithfully. Since Mr. Smith's death, they seem to have waked from sleep. They were consistent, but we thought zeal was wanting. Now they set us an example. A more full account will be sent home for the *Spirit of Missions*. I know you will enjoy it, and rejoice with us. If old Mrs. M. is spared to hear this, she too will glorify God's grace. Her son's prayers and her own, with those of all the faithful, have not been unheard. VIRGINIA H. HOFFMAN."

Miss Williford, on her return, resumed the charge of the native female boarding-school at Cavalla, which during her absence had been faithfully taught by Miss Ball, assisted by Mrs. Emma Gillet, a native teacher. A large and commodious building had taken the place of the low, damp, and dilapidated school-room, so long the refuge of lizards, spiders, and scorpions. Its walls are adorned with a set of fine maps, presented by a kind lady of Savannah; and it has recently been fitted up with suitable desks, globes, and other aids to study. In this school were educated most of the native women of the Christian village at Cavalla, and their children are now receiving in it the same advantages.

It will be interesting, before closing this chapter, to add the following review by the Bishop, of the work accomplished in the heathen towns, up to this time:

"No pen can trace, because no human observation can discern, the actual progress of that 'kingdom which cometh not with observation.' And weak is that faith, and pitiable the benevolence which must have continual 'signs from heaven,' to prompt to the discharge of evident, abiding duty. But those who pray in faith for Christ's promised presence with His Gospel, naturally look for and are cheered by the tokens of that presence.

"There is a species of proof of the presence of God which even most professing Christians overlook, but which is alike 'precious in the sight of the Lord,' and of His saints. When the tree, stript of its leaves and branches by the rude winds, is seen putting them forth again, as soon as the tempest is passed, we know that life is in the tree. And so, when one laborer after another is withdrawn from the missionary field, or sickens and dies, and yet the course of the Mission is ever onward, we see and know that the life of Him who ever worketh, is in it.

"Strange—oh! how strange, that multitudes, and of ministers of Christ, too, who will occupy the whole season of Lent, and other seasons too, in contemplating the humiliation and sufferings and death of the Master, and would fain persuade themselves that they and their people have fellowship with Him in His sufferings, when they hear of sacrifice of health and life for Christ's sake, for the salvation of the millions of heathen for whom He died, shrink back with horror, or ask, it is to be feared, in a spirit not very unlike that which first prompted the question — '*To what purpose this waste?*'

"But although these are the most precious fruits of missions, those which will abound most to the account of missionaries and the churches with which they are connected—as being the most unequivocal manifestations of fellowship with Christ—'the filling up that which is behind of the sufferings of Christ,' it is to what are commonly called the *results* of a mission that I now call attention; and blessed be God for the evidence we have that the Gospel brings forth fruit here, as it has in all the world where it has been faithfully proclaimed.

"Let us first briefly glance at the results of our work among the colonies.

"When the writer first assumed the pastoral care of the colonist congregation, in 1847, there were on the list but nine communicants. From that time until the close of the last year, there had died, removed, and been suspended, twenty. Notwithstanding this, at the beginning of the present year there were over fifty colonist communicants connected with our Church. Only within the last two years the operations of the Church have been extended to Monrovia. During this time about fifty communicants have been gathered in the two churches, Trinity, Monrovia, and Grace Church, Clay Ashland, in Messurado county. St. Mark's Church, at Cape Palmas, has long since been completed, and Trinity Church, at Monrovia, a stone building also, fifty-five feet by seventy-five, is in course of erection.

"The Orphan Asylum, on the extremity of Cape Palmas, is at once an ornament and a blessing to the infant colony; as is also the High School at Mount

Vaughan, three miles distant. Connected with these institutions, are twenty-seven boarding scholars, while there are connected with them, and the female day-school at Mount Vaughan, one hundred day scholars. In the Sunday-schools the number is somewhat greater. At Monrovia, and in Messurado county, are four Episcopal day schools—one of a high grade, under the Rev. Alex. Crummell, assisted by Mrs. Williams; and the former has also two young men under his care, with a view to the ministry. Two members of the Mount Vaughan High School have expressed their conviction of duty, and an earnest desire to enter the ministry.

"The operations of our Mission, however, have always been chiefly directed to the natives; and we will now review the progress of truth among them. The means employed have been boarding-schools, day and night schools, visiting from house to house, and public preaching of the Gospel.

"The boarding-schools have been hitherto apparently most productive of spiritual results. Scarcely fewer than fifteen hundred heathen children and youth have been connected with these schools, during the existence of the Mission, for longer and shorter periods.

"From these ninety-one have been baptized and received into the Church—of whom thirty-one have died or been suspended, leaving seventy-two at present on the communicants' list. And these communicants again have furnished two native deacons and thirteen schoolmasters employed at different times, besides valuable assistants as mechanics and secular agents. Connected with the night schools, at different times,

and for various periods, there have been several hundreds of natives of nearly all ages. Many are taught to read, and what is far better, have received a knowledge of the Gospel.

"Visiting from house to house has never been remitted by the missionaries, male and female. And recently, at Cavalla, a 'Visiting Committee,' composed entirely of native females, has been formed to visit native women at their houses, to induce them to attend religious services, and otherwise influence them for good; nor are instances wanting to show that efforts thus made have been effectual in leading souls to a knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus.

"But it is preaching—preaching in towns and villages, to the many and the few—the Gospel of salvation through Jesus Christ, which, blessed be God, has ever been the prominent business of the Mission. And truly here the kingdom of God has been 'like leaven.' It has worked so invisibly, and to human perception so slowly, that many superficial, faithless ones have grown tired, and because they could not see the progress, which God alone can fully see, they have grown weary in well-doing, or ceased altogether to do. And yet the leaven has ever worked.

"Its first effect was to arouse the worst elements of heathenism into active antagonism and conflict with truth.

"The next was to produce a lull of this strife—a decent respect to the representatives of Christianity, and for the truths they taught.

"Next followed a general assent to the great doctrine of one God over all, and in all, and consequent

rejection of gree-grees, of idols, and demons. Multitudes of these vanities were cast away under this influence.

"And, lastly, the mists of superstition and rubbish being thus cleared away, the rays from the Sun of Righteousness penetrate the mind and soul, and the heathen 'behold the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world.'

"The first rising of life from the dead mass of heathenism was *manifested* Sunday, Dec. 11th, 1853, when *Hyano*, an old converted demon-man, and *Gida Wudi*, in the pride of youthful life, stood up in the presence of a full assembly of their people to receive baptism.

"The next was the case of a middle-aged man who, under the silent dews of the Spirit, was brought to Christ.

"After this, was that of a poor diseased woman. She seldom or never attended public service; but a sister of charity sought and led her to the Saviour. In her little hut, on Sept. 19th, she received, in baptism, the name of Mary Louise, after the angel of mercy who had saved her.

"In about one month more, in the town of *Nyaro*, *Hyano*, the old demon-man, his wife, and the gray-headed *Yuwa*, were gathered into the true fold; and now, in Hyano's house, morning and evening, assembled the little church of five, to offer prayer and praise to the God of all, in their own language, wherein they were born. Soon a few others assembled with them.

"In the beginning of the year, (1855,) it being determined to make rice-farms at a great distance from town, Hyano went with his people to reside in tempo-

rary huts. He was in feeble health, and apprehensions were felt that the exposure might be more than he could bear. But he made prayer, as aforetime, morning and evening in his frail house, with all who would meet there, and rested on the Sabbath, 'according to the commandment.' Many watched him with an evil eye. They said Hyano would die, or that he would have no rice. But Hyano's health improved, and no one's rice grew better than his. And many observed and said: Hyano's God *is the true God.*

"The year passed on. On a cloudy afternoon at *Diima Lu*, on the Cavalla river, the missionary preached, as he had done many scores of times before, and the hearers said, *hanh te nonh,* (true things,) as many scores of times before also. The missionary asked, in sorrow: 'How long will you *say*, and never *do?*' One replied: 'Do what? Long time have I believed the Gospel, and I am ready to *do* whatever it requires.' Another and another said so likewise. Amongst these was a young man whose past life was notoriously bad. His companions reminded him of this, and expressed the conviction that whatever others might do, *he* never could be a Christian. 'And can a wicked man never turn from his wickedness?' he said. 'I know I have been very bad, but it is this course which I mean to forsake.'

"The interest continued and extended. One Sunday morning a middle-aged man, from the above town, presented himself and said: 'I have come to inform you that I have resolved to do the mind (*lu*, head) of God.'

"'Why is this?'

"'You know my father. He had many idols, and great faith in them. But these prevented not his sickness, nor his death. While sick, I consulted many *deyabo* (demon-men) in reference to him. All said he would recover, *and all lied.* After his death, I again consulted them, and they said he was *bewitched*, and in one month the witch should be manifested by an untimely death. *Again they all lied.* Henceforth, I will have nothing more to do with *deyabo* or *gree-grees.* I shall serve God.'

"Similar cases soon followed. Amongst these, the principal man in the town, on one Sabbath afternoon, after Mr. Jones (*Ku Sia*, the native deacon) had held services, gave up all his gree-grees, and announced his determination to be a Christian. From this town seven have already been baptized, and as many more are candidates. They meet morning and evening for prayer, in the house of one of their number; and when visited by the missionary, it is cheering to observe the devout manner in which they join audibly in prayer and praise. In the largest of the Cavalla towns, as well as in two smaller ones, a hopeful interest is manifested by quite a number, male and female—of these, four have been baptized—making in all, eleven adults, most all of them old and middle-aged men and women. Quite as many more, scattered through the different towns, are desiring baptism; while there is every reason to believe that the interest is extending.

"'S.,' said the missionary to one formerly the most hardened heathen, 'why are *you* not a Christian?'

"'I have many things to keep *me* back, but *I believe* the Gospel, and so do my people. Once it was a mat-

ter of discussion among us, but it is no longer so. We are convinced of its truth. Hence the number coming to baptism; and we *all* shall receive it yet.'

"At Cape Palmas, the state of things is quite as encouraging. Since the missionary took charge of that station, the Sunday congregations have been overflowing, and at night from fifty to two hundred have attended school. Nor does this seem to satisfy them; along the roads they are to be seen, with books in hand, asking of each other, and of colonists, who may chance to be passing along, the instruction they seek. Quite a number, the missionary, brother Scott, writes, are interested in their soul's salvation.

"Many of the people there have thrown away their gree-grees; amongst these, is *Pe-Gipamo*, brother of the late King Freeman, and virtually his successor. This aged man, who was also a *deya*, has not only thrown away his gree-grees, but walks about among his people, and exhorts them to follow his example. The subject of throwing away the public gree-grees at Cape Palmas, has been discussed, and although the measure can not yet, probably, be carried, there is a large number in its favor.

"Coëxistent with this religious interest among the people has been a remarkable quickening of zeal, and sense of responsibility amongst our native assistants. This, under God, is greatly attributed to the unexpected death of the late Rev. Robert Smith. At the monthly missionary meeting in June, being the one immediately after Mr. Smith's death, Rev. Clement Jones, native deacon, made an address. In this he expressed his deep conviction, that God, in thus sud-

denly calling away the foreign missionary, spoke to him and to *all native* agents to arouse themselves to action. They must cease to depend upon laborers from abroad. If the country is to be evangelized, it must be done chiefly by its own people.

"And 'why not?' he asked. 'What is the Gospel? It is *words*—words which I may speak, and you, and all. God must give power to the words, but *the words we all may pronounce.* God has evidently placed our work before us. Let us resolve to do it.'

"The native teacher at Cape Palmas, N. S. Harris, followed in a similar and most effective speech. He mourned over his own past want of zeal, and called upon all henceforth to unite with him in amendment of life. At the close of the school examinations at Cavalla, T. C. Brownell, the native teacher of the boys' school, in a long and interesting address, urged the same course.

"In like manner, at Rocktown, a few days afterwards, the same motives and objects were presented. And the gratifying fact is, that *action* has followed words. In public and private; in assemblies of people called by themselves, and with old companions in schools, but now relapsed to heathenism, have the teachers, catechists, and native missionary, exerted themselves. How effectually is seen, in part, by the record now given. It shall be more fully seen hereafter. In the mean time, gratitude, and joy, and faith, and hope, find their delightful expression in the words of the Apostolic missionary: 'Now thanks be unto God, who always causeth us to triumph in Christ, and maketh manifest the savor of his knowledge by us in

Chapter Twelfth.

"THEY that feared the Lord spake often one to another."—MAL. 3 : 16.

THE meeting of the Convocation of the Cape Palmas Mission for August of 1855, was one of very remarkable interest.

The missionary meeting held during this Convocation, was so delightful and encouraging, that we think a brief account of it can not be otherwise than cheering, and must call forth from the Church thanksgiving to our gracious Father, who giveth us, in the wilds of heathenism, richly to enjoy the communion of saints, and permits us, even there, to speak to each other of His "marvellous works among the children of men."

Reports were read and addresses delivered by the missionaries and teachers connected with the various stations, and the hearts of all were warmed by hearing "what great things the Lord had done among the heathen." In the words of Bishop Payne: "It was most cheering to see native ministers, teachers, and catechists standing up, and in their own language, with words far more effective than any expressed in their reports, exhorting one another, by their obligations to the Saviour who died for them, by the sufferings of foreign missionaries, and by their relations to the perishing people around them, to labor for their salvation.

"Most affecting was it to hear them confessing their sense of utter inability to do any thing of themselves; and after the Saviour's example, who passed a whole night in prayer to God, urging each other, by earnest and continued supplications, to seek the grace which they needed.

"And more blessed than all was it, after spending four and a half hours in a missionary meeting—hours flying so delightfully that they seemed but moments—to hear from the house in which they were staying, at a late hour of the night, the voice of thanksgiving and prayer, rising to the throne of grace.

"Years of toil and suffering were all compensated in that moment. Here was a company of *Grebo* and *Babo* and *Plabo* teachers, catechists, and ministers, deeply influenced by the grace of God themselves, and burning to communicate that grace to others. And as they were dismissed at the close of the memorable missionary meeting, with, 'Go, then, in this your strength, to do your Master's work,' the conviction was strong that the present grace was a sure earnest of the future faithful service, and the future blessing."

The native teacher from Cape Palmas, N. S. Harris, read the following report to the Convocation:

"I have been called to give some report of my station, and how the boys are improving in their studies, and how the people feel concerning religious matters; and I am very glad to have such an opportunity as this, to meet here at Rocktown for this very purpose, and also to give praise to our heavenly Father, through whose mercies the glorious Gospel of Christ is now

spreading in our country, and among our own perishing brethren.

"In the first place, I want to tell you about my school. At first there was a great running away among my scholars, which I have strong reason to believe is now ceased. I have now in school fifteen boys and two girls, who have been in school for some time, and not one of them ever makes an attempt to run away.

"The people promise me some more boys, whom I think I will get after they are done cutting rice, or before they get through; and I think there is a prospect of my having a larger school than I have ever had. May God assist the people to fulfill their promise, and make them see the usefulness of bringing their children to school!

"In the second place, I must not forget to give you some account of the people among whom I live. You all very well remember that I first went to live among the Cape Palmas people in the year 1852, and have continued there to this day. During this time, I have been speaking to them about God, and explained to them what it is the white people bring in our country—that it is the religion of Jesus Christ, which, if they would receive, would raise them from darkness to light, and from eternal death to life eternal.

"At first I could not make them believe any thing of what I said. Some thought I was a wise man, who could tell fine stories; some thought that it was nothing but fables: but I continually spoke to them, saying it is the Gospel of Jesus Christ, which, should you receive it, would make you wise unto salvation.

After some time, a good many of them began to understand, and also to believe that it is true; consequently, a law was made among them, to rest from all works and go to church on Sunday, and worship the God of heaven. This they have been doing for several months — a very pleasing object in the sight of all Christians. Dressed up nicely, men, women, and children fill the house of God, in order to hear the good news.

"But oh! the superstition of the heathen! They would rather mind their rice-fields than to praise God, who gives them the rice. May God help them to understand better, and give them strength to keep His laws!

"Third, *the evening school.* This was established not long ago. It is attended to very well. A good many young men and children are members of this school, getting along very well with their lessons; and I believe it will not be long before some will be able to read in the word of God. May these lessons be assisted by divine grace, that they may not only learn to read, but may also learn to love and fear God, and walk in His holy ways!

"This school is always opened with prayer, and closed with examination, and some of the explanations of 'Line upon Line.' Some of the boys belonging to this school are regular attendants at morning and evening prayers; and on Sunday mornings almost all of them attend the prayers, after which the Sunday-school commences, and closes about nine o'clock. In the afternoon of Sunday, the Rev. Mr. Scott holds the service, and preaches to them; and in the evening, about a little after six, I hold the service.

"This is the way which we work among the Cape Palmas natives. May the true followers of Christ pray for His servants who are laboring in His vineyard, that their labor may be with success, and be the means of bringing many souls to Christ. Amen."

The native deacon at Cavalla, C. F. Jones, then read the following report:

"At our last meeting, I said that my labor was chiefly among the two tribes up the Cavalla river, namely, the *Babo* tribe and *Nyambo*. My labor is limited to these tribes at present, on account of the difficulties on the river. But we hope the time is near, when we may not only preach to these two tribes near us, but to others far up the river.

"I am sorry to say, that since our last Convocation, nothing of remarkable interest has occurred among the people on the river. But we are still following the promise, 'Be not weary in well-doing, for in due season ye shall reap, if ye faint not.' The time of my visits to their towns was formerly every week; it is lately changed to every other week.

"My duties at home are to assist the Bishop, preach every Sunday in two native towns, and on Sunday afternoons hold meeting with the native converts at a village about three miles off, and on Sunday evenings read the service, and also help the Bishop to administer the Lord's Supper. On Wednesday evenings, I hold meeting with the converts in the villages near us."

Next came the report of Thomas C. Brownell, the native teacher of the boys' school at Cavalla:

"Rt. Rev. and Dear Sir: Agreeably to your request, I herewith submit to you a report of the school

in which you have been pleased to make me a teacher. Since entering upon the duties assigned me, at the commencement of last January, I have endeavored faithfully to discharge those duties, according to my imperfect ability. And I am happy to say that the scholars have been, on the whole, more obedient and industrious than heretofore. I have reason to feel encouraged. In January last, I adopted the rule of meeting all the scholars on every Tuesday evening; and since the adoption of the rule, four of the scholars have been baptized. And I hope, by God's assistance, I will be successful in all my duties. 'Let us not be weary in well doing, for in due season we shall reap, if we faint not.'

"And since the death of Rev. Robert Smith, I have been breaking the bread of life to the inhabitants of *Dodo-lu* and *Orânh-Idiade,* and teaching children on Sundays; and I hope I have not labored in vain, for God has said: 'As the rain cometh down, and the snow from heaven, and returneth not thither, but watereth the earth, and maketh it bring forth and bud, that it may give seed to the sower, and bread to the eater: so shall my word be that goeth forth out of my mouth: it shall not return unto me void, but it shall accomplish that which I please, and it shall prosper in the thing whereto I sent it.' The gods that have not made the heavens and the earth, even they shall perish from the earth, and from under the heavens."

Then came the report of William H. Kinckle, the assistant native teacher in the boys' school at Cavalla:

"I am happy to tell you something of what I am doing in the Mission. In the last year, I was ap-

pointed by the Rt. Rev. Bishop Payne to be an assistant teacher, when Mr. Rogers was here. Since that time to this very day, the lower class has been committed to my care. I shall now name the studies which they are pursuing. Two of them are in Smith's Geography, three are in Mitchell's Geography. They are also studying, besides Geography, First Book of History, Philosophy, Speller and Definer, Arithmetic, and Writing. The others are in the New Testament, National Spelling-Book, and Arithmetic.

"I have now been reporting to you about the school, but permit me to say a few words to you. Besides attending to the school, I thought within myself to do something which will be the means of bringing others to receive the Gospel. And this is what I am doing, speaking to the people how or what they must do to be saved. For 'the harvest is great, but the laborers are few.' Now, as the harvest is great, and the laborers are few to carry on this great work, my question is, Where shall the laborers be found? We must not think that the white missionaries alone have to carry on this work. I need hardly tell you who are they who have to carry on this work, for you know who they are. It is *we, who were once heathen*, and who have been taught by the missionaries the way of life. And as we have received it from them, so let us to others impart. Says our Saviour: 'Freely ye have received, freely to others give.' How can we live in neglect of such a business?

"What! do you think we were brought from heathenism, and have been taught by the Mission the way of life, for nothing? Oh! no. It must have some

meaning in it, and the meaning that it has in it is this, that we might go abroad, and teach our people the way of life, and point them to the Lamb who taketh away the sin of the world. And also tell them, that 'there is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby they can be saved,' than the name of Jesus."

It was resolved by this Convocation, "that two committees—one from the American and Colonial missionaries, the other from the *native* ministers and teachers—be appointed to make an appeal to the Church in America, in behalf of the Cape Palmas Mission; setting forth its present great need of additional laborers, and the encouragements to labor among the heathen of its vicinity."

The report of the first committee was as follows:

"We, the undersigned, having been appointed as the first committee, would earnestly solicit the attention of the Church to the following considerations:

"It is generally, if not universally, admitted, that it is the duty of the Church to sustain the Mission in Africa. For many years past, there has been a growing interest in this too long neglected continent; and all who have prayerfully watched the leadings of God's providence, are convinced that the time has fully come when the Gospel should be proclaimed to the millions of her benighted children. There are many, however, who still think it inexpedient for white missionaries to labor in a land so destructive to their physical constitution as this has proved to be. They say to those who are seeking to know whether it is their duty to come hither: '*Stay at home*, where your services are

needed, and leave the work in Africa to her own sons, to whom it properly belongs.' Those who give this advice, are doubtless sincere. They believe that Africans, in view of their physical constitution being adapted to the climate, are better fitted for this work than Anglo-Saxons; but they entirely overlook one very important fact, namely, that *they are not yet prepared for the work*, and that they must be prepared for it, to a great extent, by the efforts of foreign laborers on their own soil.

"Yes; in order that the Gospel be fully preached, and schools properly sustained, among the heathen of Africa, it is absolutely necessary that a goodly number of foreign missionaries continue to come, to labor and suffer, and, if it please God, to die, for perhaps one or two generations yet to come.

"From the establishment of the Mission to the present time, the work has been carried forward under great disadvantages. The wilderness had to be cleared, comfortable buildings to be erected, interpreters to be educated, a barbarous language to be acquired and written, and the prejudices of the people to be overcome. All this had to be done by a very few individuals, there being seldom more than three regular missionaries in the field at one time, and they, in general, but partially acclimated, and, from the short time engaged in the work, necessarily without a thorough knowledge of the native character. Yet, notwithstanding the smallness of the force in the field, and the many difficulties with which they had to contend, a year never passed without some tokens of God's presence. Even while some in America were

gravely advocating the expediency of abandoning the Mission, this little toiling band were cheered in their work by seeing the breastworks of the enemy slowly but surely weakening, and their little army gradually enlarging by recruits from the opposing force.

"Now the way has been fairly prepared for the accomplishment of great things in future. Stations have been opened and buildings erected at six important points among the heathen; and a goodly number of teachers and interpreters, with hearts warmed by redeeming love, have been raised up from among the people. These feel that the great business of their lives is to carry the glad tidings of salvation to their benighted countrymen. Two of them are already ordained, and others are looking forward to the ministry. Surely these are sufficient causes of encouragement to the desponding friends of our Mission.

"That God is now pouring out His Spirit upon this people as never before, is another most encouraging circumstance. Since the 8th of April, (little more than five months,) thirty-four heathen converts have been baptized, twenty-four of whom were from the heathen towns. In the Cavalla towns, where nearly all these people reside, there are still many hopeful inquirers. A large proportion of the inhabitants have renounced *gree-grees*, and only need the influences of the Holy Spirit to enable them to give up all for Christ.

"At Rocktown, large numbers of the people regularly attend church, and some of them are being awakened to a sense of their lost condition by nature. At Fishtown, a law has been passed requiring the whole

people to refrain from labor, and even from fishing, on the Sabbath-day. Hundreds assemble there weekly, to hear the Gospel from the native teacher.

"At Cape Palmas, there has been a growing interest among the people for the past eighteen months. The congregations at the native chapel are generally large and attentive. A few months since, a night-school was opened, which has been attended by large numbers of young men and children, many of whom have made remarkable progress in their studies. Among the people generally, an unusual interest has been awakened on the subject of education. The leading men of the community—among whom is *Gi Pam*, the acting king of the Cape Palmas towns—have renounced *gree-grees*. This will pave the way for the rapid progress of the Gospel among them.

"In view of all these facts, can any one say that this Mission has been established in vain, that those who have suffered and died here, have suffered and died *in vain?* No, brethren; could the dead speak from their graves, they would say, as with one voice: 'Let the Mission go forward, *more than ever let the Mission go forward.* We count it not a vain thing that we have suffered and died for Christ.'

"Indeed, were the number of those who have fallen in the field ten times as great as it is, we should still feel that the sacrifice had not been made for naught, that they had accomplished a great work. Is it not a great work, brethren, to plant a church in a heathen land; to raise up a hundred converts from the enslaved children of idolatry; to educate scores of young people, and prepare them for the work of teaching and

preaching the Gospel to their degraded countrymen; to bring fifty thousand heathen, more or less, under the influence of the preached word; and to weaken, and almost undermine, the superstitions which have been handed down from father to son from time immemorial?

"This is the work which, with the blessing of God, this Mission has been enabled to accomplish. Now, brethren, *shall this work go forward?* Shall it go forward *vigorously?* If you will have it so, you must contribute of your means as you have never done before. At this very time, while God is working so powerfully among these poor people, *you* draw back from the work. You have been appealed to in vain to give the small amount absolutely necessary to sustain the operations of the Mission.

"For the six different stations among the heathen, and one in the Colony, (within the bounds of this Convocation,) there are but three regular missionaries from America—one colonist, and two native deacons. Those from America find it necessary, in order to retain a tolerable measure of health, to visit a temperate climate at least once in four years. But how can this be accomplished while the force is so very small? Again, those who are in the field at present, have very much more to do than their strength will allow. At this very time, our Bishop is prevented visiting Bassa Cove, Monrovia, and other remote parts of the Mission, by want of assistance at Cavalla. One more regular missionary is also needed at Taboo, one at Fishtown, and another at Cape Palmas. While it is absolutely requisite to have four more, in order to carry on the work effectually, a *dozen* might be use-

fully employed at these different stations. It is utterly impossible for the missionaries now on the ground, to do one half the work pressing upon them continually. To some of these poor people, so frequently asking us to come and teach them, saying, 'We believe this word, but we don't know enough about it yet,' we are compelled, with sorrowful hearts, to reply: 'We have not strength to teach you.' To obey this call as we desire, to go from house to house, teaching the rudiments of the Gospel, is far more than we are able to perform, in connection with the many other duties demanding our time and attention.

"Let the Church send forth double the force now in the field, and we shall soon see more than double the work accomplished, and at much less waste of health and life.

"We have now finished our task. We have set before you, brethren, the simple truth. Will you not listen to the loud call which the poor, sin-enslaved, suffering, dying heathen are making to you for the bread of life? Shall Ethiopia stretch forth her hands to you *in vain?* God forbid! In the words of our beloved brother Smith, written only a few weeks before his death, we say: 'O brethren! consider these things; and may God give you hearts, according to your ability, to "*come over and help us.*"'

"H. R. SCOTT,
Missionary at Cape Palmas.
C. C. HOFFMAN,
Missionary at Rocktown.
G. W. GIBSON,
Missionary at Mt. Vaughan.

"*September 10th,* 1855."

Chapter Thirteenth.

"All thy children shall be taught of the Lord; and great shall be the peace of thy children."—Isa. 54 : 13.

We mentioned in a previous chapter that the Female Orphan Asylum at Cape Palmas was sufficiently completed to be occupied by a mission family, and that Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Scott, whom Bishop Payne had appointed to take charge of it, removed from Cavalla, and took possession in April, 1855.

It will be proper here to give a sketch of the origin and progress of this interesting institution, and, as no better account can be given, we quote from the last Annual Report of the Association in Philadelphia, by which it is sustained:

"Four years ago, during the last visit of Bishop Payne to this country, he published a letter, in some of our Church papers, on the importance of establishing an asylum at Cape Palmas for the education of orphan girls, with a view of bringing the element of female influence to bear on the great work of ameliorating the condition of the African race. In his letter, the Bishop says: 'Such an institution is of the very first importance to the welfare of the colony and the success of African missions. It is not necessary to stop to show that female education is indispensable to the elevation of any community. This is universally ad-

mitted. It is enough to state that there is no adequate provision for this at Cape Palmas. No provision exists there for educating wives for colonists in general, or for ministers and teachers, who must give tone to society, and, ere long, constitute the great instrumentality for evangelizing the heathen. In order to the success of this enterprise, there should be an association formed in this country. It would be of the first importance that the operation of the association should in no way affect the present current receipts for foreign missions.'

"In accordance with the suggestions contained in the letter from which these extracts are taken—at the earnest request of our Right Rev. Father in Africa, and with the consent and approbation of the Foreign Committee—an Association was formed in this city (Philadelphia) in the summer of 1852, for the purpose of aiding in carrying into operation an instrumentality of the kind contemplated. The Association is composed of ladies, from a number of congregations, who, with the advice of several of their rectors, are earnestly engaged, through the Foreign Committee, in coöperating with Bishop Payne, in establishing, sustaining, and fostering an institution, which it is confidently expected will, with the blessing of God, accomplish great good for Africa.

"The original estimate of the Bishop for the cost of the building was two thousand dollars. This amount, and more, was raised without difficulty during the first year. Then came a long period of delay, the unavoidable attendant of all operations in the building line in Africa. The materials for building had to be carried

from this country. There was but one mason in the colony, and his services could only be secured at intervals 'few and far between.' For three years after the commencement of their enterprise, the friends of the Asylum were compelled to stand still and wait in patience the slow progress made towards the erection of their building. The cost of erection, owing to difficulties which could not be foreseen, as will be seen from a recent letter of Bishop Payne's, will be four or five times the amount originally contemplated. The following letter from the Bishop furnishes an interesting account of the first examination of the pupils of the institution, held at the close of the year:

"CAVALLA, *near Cape Palmas, Jan.* 22.

"REV. AND DEAR BROTHER: I had the pleasure of writing to you per bark Estella, in September, reporting some satisfactory progress in the Orphan Asylum. I thank God, that I can now inform you that on Friday, 21st of December, I attended the first regular examination of that important institution.

"It was one of our most pleasant days. The sky was clear, and by eleven o'clock, the earliest hour at which we could assemble, the sea breeze had well set in, to pour its refreshing influences upon the visitors and children assembled in the beautiful new schoolroom.

"Before going into examination, I could but refresh my eyes with a view of the matron's room, and delightful dormitory, on the first floor of the eastern part of the building. Some of the best stone-lime from Hamburg, and an excellent plasterer, have provided here

as fine white, firm walls as could be desired. Along either side of the dormitory were arranged the nice little iron beds, with quilts sent out by your Association; and in a recess were cupboards, with a shelf for each girl, with her number above it. Over the heads of the beds, on the walls, I observed very suitable texts inscribed by the good taste of the teacher.

"Passing into the west end of the Asylum, towards the Cape, I found assembled sixteen orphans, and about the same number of day scholars, arranged on long benches on either side of the room, (like the dormitory, beautifully plastered;) Mrs. Scott, the teacher, at the extreme west end, and friends and visitors at the opposite part of the room. On a round table, in the centre, were placed bouquets of African Lilies, Oleander, Pride of Barbadoes; copy-books, compositions, small drawings, etc.

"Only six months had elapsed since the Institution had gone into full operation, and not so long a time since the orphans had been taken to board in the Asylum. A number of them, however, had been members of other schools for some time, and this accounted for a degree of proficiency in some, which could not otherwise have been anticipated. Classes were examined in spelling, reading, rudiments of geography, arithmetic, natural philosophy, physiology; and a more advanced and adult class—not of the orphans—in ancient history and the rudiments of botany. Some compositions were exhibited of the class last mentioned, which certainly gave evidence of thought in the writers and tact in the teacher.

"Most of the members of the Institution are young,

the oldest not being above fourteen years, and the youngest as low as five or six.

"But the interesting fact to you will be that they are now under instruction, and that the Institution is in full operation. And the examination gave proof enough that they possessed capacities for usefulness here and happiness hereafter.

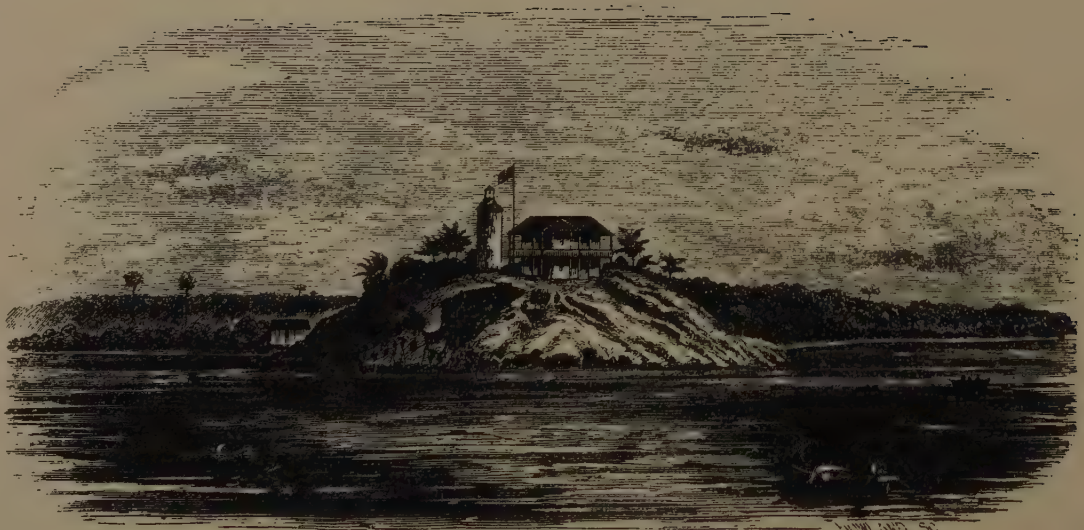
"The examination over, with some missionary and colonist brethren, I dined in the upper part of the building with Brother and Mrs. Scott. The rooms immediately over the matron's room and dormitory (three in number) are finished, and occupied by the mission family. * * * * * The upper part of the Asylum, in the division toward the Cape, is as yet incomplete; as are also the upper piazzas and the levelling and grading below. * * * * The kitchen of stone, with three floors, including basement and five rooms, could not have cost much less than one thousand dollars. Besides smaller out-houses, stone walls are made, or being made, all around the lot. This is done because stone is on the ground, and nothing else will withstand the ravages of the *termites,* which are all over this country. * * * * *

"With Christian love to the members of your Asso ciation, I remain,

"Faithfully your friend and brother,

"JOHN PAYNE."

From another letter, published in the same report, we make the following extracts, which give a more minute description of the building:



FEMALE ORPHAN ASYLUM AT CAPE PALMAS, W. A. Page 195.

"Orphan Asylum, Cape Palmas.

"Rev. and dear Sir: Your letter to Mr. Scott, requesting to hear as much as possible about the Orphan Asylum, has been handed to me for reply—such details, in his opinion, coming more immediately under the observation of the lady of the house. Our first examination took place a few days before Christmas; but as our Bishop will give you an account of it, I will pass on to describe the building, merely observing that the children acquitted themselves better than was expected. The school-room, though not completed, was used on that occasion. It is a fine, airy room, about thirty feet long and sixteen wide, and is adorned with large outline maps, a globe, and several engravings. It is situated in that part of the building, which approaches nearest the point of the Cape. Over the western door, which commands a splendid view of the sea, we have inscribed in large letters: 'Wisdom is the principal thing; therefore, get wisdom.'

"Naval officers, captains of merchant vessels, and others who have visited Cape Palmas, pronounce the Orphan Asylum to have the most beautiful and healthy location on the western coast of Africa. They also highly approve of the object of the building, and of the style in which it is built. Could those who have been instrumental in erecting the Asylum, see the happy, animated faces of the little beings daily assembled within its walls, we feel certain that they would consider themselves amply repaid for all their trouble and expense. Do not think I am influenced by the natural partiality of a teacher when I say that these children are earnestly striving to improve, and that they are

truly grateful to those who have given them a home, and the means of education. Some of the older girls, I have been told, have spoken with emotion of the contrast between their present and former mode of living. 'Then,' said they, 'we were taught nothing; some of us had to go out into the swamps, rain or shine, and drag in timber to earn our bread; now we have a comfortable home, good food, and teachers who are willing to teach us all in their power.'

"The children walk in procession to St. Mark's Church every Sunday morning, and occupy pews (near the missionaries) appropriated to them. They also attend Sunday-School there in the afternoon.

"Thinking you may feel some curiosity on the subject, we send you the names and ages of the children as nearly as could be ascertained. We also send you a copy of the rules, which we have had printed, and hung up in the different rooms. To promote order, we have found it necessary to *number* the girls according to their ages, and to prevent confusion have carried it out in all our arrangements for them. Each girl has her own number marked on her books, clothes, and all her little possessions; and it is contrary to rule for one child to use any article marked with a number appropriated to another.

"As you wish to hear particularly about the house, I must not omit a description of the dormitory. This is a pleasant and well-ventilated room, about thirty feet long and sixteen wide, and is connected with the matron's neat little chamber. It contains three large closets—two for the girls' clothes, and one for the bedclothes, towels, etc. Each child has a shelf marked

with her own number, and she is required to keep every thing in its place. The small iron bedsteads arranged in two rows along the white walls, look very comfortable with their sheets, pillow-cases, and spreads, sent out by the ladies of Philadelphia. At the head of each bed is a small picture and an appropriate verse. Over the main door of the front entrance I have inscribed those soothing words of the Psalmist, 'I will lay me down in peace and sleep, for thou, Lord, only makest me to dwell in safety;' and on the opposite door, the beautiful injunction of St. John, 'My little children, let us not love in word, neither in tongue, but in *deed* and *truth*.' 'If God so loved us, we ought also to love one another.'

"The dining-room is in the basement, and is very dry and comfortable, The long table, covered with a neat drab cloth and white plates, looks quite inviting. On one side of the wall is printed the command of St. Paul, 'Let all things be done decently and in order;' on the other, the words of our blessed Saviour: 'Gather up the fragments, that nothing be lost.'

"Last, though not least important, comes the wash-room. Here the older girls, under the supervision of the matron, wash and iron their clothes; and here too they are required to bathe every night—every thing necessary for personal cleanliness being freely supplied them. Over the entrance we have written, 'Cleanliness is next to godliness.'

"In addition to the rooms on the first floor just described, there are already three rooms on the second floor, and two in the attic, completed for the use of the missionaries, and several more to be finished, all of

them as comfortable as Christians need desire in this transitory life. * * *

"Very truly yours,

"ANNA M. SCOTT.

"REV. RICHARD NEWTON, D.D."

We doubt not that many souls in Africa will arise to call this Institution blessed long after the noble spirits who planned it, with those who now sustain its operations, shall have passed away to their reward; and that this Asylum will long stand—a moral light-house on that dark coast—diffusing light and knowledge to all around; while numerous children, trained up within its walls, "in the nurture and admonition of the Lord," shall go forth to tell to thousands of the surrounding heathen the story of redeeming love. In love its foundation was laid; in love its walls were reared; in love its orphans gathered, clothed, and taught; and we must believe that the God of Love will keep, defend, and cherish that which His own Spirit has originated.

We have now to record the death of another beloved member of the Mission. On the 10th of November, Mrs. Mary Louisa Rambo died at the mission-house at Buchanan, Bassa county. "Her disease," writes Mr. R., "was bilious remittent fever, which carried her off, after a painful illness of sixteen days. She calmly fell asleep in Jesus, at half-past three o'clock A.M., Nov. 10th, 1855.

"I need not tell you that my house, lately so pleasant and happy, is now desolate, gloomy, and forlorn. This blow came the more severe, because it was sudden and unexpected. Up to her last illness, which was

very severe from the beginning, she had little or no fever—but her head-aches were often severe. I was therefore quite unprepared for the sad and terrible blow. But Mrs. R. thought from the beginning of her illness that it would carry her off, and had 'set her house in order.' She died as she lived, full of faith, hope, and love. She gave unmistakable evidence that all was well, and said that 'Jesus was near, and precious to her.'"

In announcing her death to the public, the Bishop thus writes:

"It is not quite two years since Mrs. Rambo joined us in apparent good health, and in the fullness of all the graces which form a dutiful, loving wife, an affectionate, agreeable companion, a faithful missionary, a guileless, meek, and lovely child of God. While preparations were being made at her appointed station, Bassa Cove, she was a member of the mission family at Cavalla, and, during Mrs. Payne's absence, took her place in guiding the household. How gently, and wisely, and gracefully she performed her part, the sorrowing hearts of all, who then learned to know and love her, can testify.

"As a missionary sister, too, she 'labored much in the Lord,' and with God's evident blessing. Three heathen adults she sought out and led to Jesus, in whose name they have been baptized. And these and many others can not think of her but with tears of sorrow and regret. Though possessing naturally an amiable temper, deep piety was the great secret of her amiableness and usefulness. Her consecration knew no reserve. In frequent conversations, which the

writer of this had with her on the subject, she appeared fully to realize the hardships and the risk, to which the opening of a new station must subject her, but she said she had counted the cost, and was prepared most cheerfully to encounter it.

"Thus she left Cavalla for Bassa Cove nine months since, and we were hoping soon again to see her for a short time, when tidings came to us of her death. * * * We know that our beloved sister sleeps in Jesus; and we will try so to follow her good example, that soon we may be partakers with her of His heavenly kingdom."

In the last chapter we gave the appeal from the foreign and colonial missionaries to the American Church. In this we give the appeal from the *native* missionaries, which will afford a striking evidence of what education can do with African minds, and what the Gospel can do with heathen hearts:

"The native ministers, teachers, and assistants, connected with the Protestant Episcopal Mission at Cape Palmas, believing that God is now beginning a good and extensive work of grace amongst the people around us, and deeply feeling the great need of more laborers to carry on this work, do hereby earnestly appeal to Christians in the United States to send forth more laborers into this great harvest. In order that you may the better know the state of things and our feelings, we have allowed each one to speak for himself."

G. T. Bedell, teacher at Rocktown, thus writes:

"From my desiring that the work of Christ should go forward more than ever, I am led to address these

few lines to you. In the first place, I desire to give you information of a great change that is now beginning to take place at Rocktown.

"There was once a time when the people's hearts were so hardened, that they did not regard the great God, who made them, nor did they like to hear about Him, and of His Son, Jesus Christ. The first missionary that went to them was Mr. Hening; afterward Mr. Horne was sent to them, who was taken away by death, and, lastly, Mr. Wright. These three has God sent to labor among the people. But oh! the hardness of their hearts—God's message to them was not received at that time. They looked upon religion as a mere fable. But though God was pleased that this state of things should stand so for a while, yet He did not mean that His work should stop there altogether. It so happened that the thought came to me whether God meant, by the departing of His servants, that I should stand in their place, and act as a missionary to them. After some consideration, I concluded to do so. So I have tried speaking to them about God, the same as the other missionaries have done, explaining to them the foolishness of worshipping their gods, and set before them God, their Maker, and Jesus Christ, their crucified Redeemer; and the people have become so affected by the Gospel truths, that they will fill the house of God on Sunday for divine adoration; and I believe, that before long they will forsake the worshipping of idols, and turn to the only true and living God.

"See now, my dear friends, how the work is carried on. The native ministers and teachers are at work; our white missionaries are at work, and the Holy

Ghost is at work; we are all at work, but the field is too large. The harvest truly is great, but the laborers are few. All of my native Christian friends say the laborers are few. I have great reason to believe that Jesus Christ says the same thing at this time. We do now jointly pray the Lord of the harvest to send forth more laborers into His vineyard, that His great work may be accomplished among the sons of Africa.

N. S. Harris, teacher at Cape Palmas, thus writes:

"I desire to tell of a great work which is carried on in this part of Africa. At Cape Palmas, my place of residence, there were missionaries at first, but the natives did not receive their message for a long time, until they either died, or went away entirely from them, and there was very little work of Christ carried on among them. Thus, in this deplorable condition, the people were left until 1852, when I was sent to them as a teacher. Looking upon the condition of the people, and none residing among them to teach them the way of life, I considered myself as the only person sent by God, to break the bread of life to these dying people. So I commenced laboring among them.

"At first my words to them are as a tale, and they even went so far as calling them fables—so blind were they in things pertaining to their everlasting peace. In this state of things, I continued to labor, explaining that this word is not fables, as they suppose, but the word of the great God, showing them their great error in believing in gree-grees and devil-doctors. And now these very people, who were so hard, that it seemed nothing would affect them, are affected by the Gospel of Christ the Lord. They, instead of violating the

holy Sabbath, have passed a law that it should be observed. The house of God, which was attended by few, is now crowded. Our usual prayer, which was never attended by any except the scholars, is now attended by the heathen morning and evening. The night-school, which was never attended formerly, but on condition of their receiving pay, is now attended by the number of about two hundred.

"Now, brethren, think of these things that I write to you, and remember that *you* are still called to this country; your assistance is yet needed, that the cause of Christ may go forward more than ever; which is the desire of your Christian friends."

H. Humphreys, teacher at *Taboo*, thus writes:

"*August* 14*th*, 1855.—I address these few lines to let you know about the great change which is taking place here among our country people. The missionaries have been here for a long time, and they have been trying to labor here as hard as they can, and not only so, but they have suffered and died also, and some of them have returned again to their native country. But now we do see that the Spirit of God is working among some of them, and they see that gree-grees and their country doctors are all liars. And some of them are forsaking their gree-grees, and even doctors leave their lying, and now turn to be preachers of the Gospel of Christ.

"O dear friends! I pray you come out and help us, for the harvest is great, but the laborers are few, and therefore I pray you to come and help us, that we may work together in the Lord's harvest. We have, indeed, some native preachers, who are trying now to

preach the true riches of Christ, and not only they, but many of us, too, who are not preachers, are trying to do so. But we pray you to come out, for our missionaries are only three, and we are so many. Therefore, we desire some new missionaries to come out, that they may teach us, so we will teach our country people also.

"Dear friends, perhaps you may say some of us went there and died; but, friends, you may remember Jesus has said: 'He that seeketh his life shall lose it, but he that loseth his life for my sake, shall save it.' And again, when Christ was sending out His twelve apostles, He said: 'He that loveth father or mother more than me, is not worthy of me: he that loveth son or daughter more than me, is not worthy of me.' O dear Christian friends! please come out to our help, that we may go together and teach our countrymen."

Samuel Boyd, teacher at Fishtown, thus writes:

"*August* 14*th*, 1855.—The loss of Mr. R. Smith was much regretted. I was struck with these feelings. Now it is high time for us to put forth all our strength to do our Master's work. Must I do it with my own power? Nay, for there is no strength within me. Therefore, I gave myself up to prayer. With these feelings, many days elapsed before our examination arrived. I then with my scholars proceeded to Rocktown. At the close of the examination, Bishop Payne preached. In his preaching he said: 'Put forth all your strength; put away your idleness. Behold, now ye are called by God to do His work. The missionaries are called away.'

"Also, with these words, I with my scholars. I

then found out my error in laying this work only on the white missionaries. Prayer then was my chief delight, to obtain an assistance from the throne of grace, that I might be enabled to go at this work, which I hope was answered by Him, who rules the hearts of men. I then felt the strength of God within me, which enabled me to go and proclaim this blessed truth to my people with faithfulness. I am in the habit of making frequent visits to the sick, poor, and blind, instructing them in the way of God and of their Saviour. As I am among them, going from town to town, and asking them to turn to God as their Father, and to observe His Sabbath-day, they all seem to like it well. How came the people to agree to observe the Sabbath, is no doubt the work of God. For, by keeping the Sabbath and receiving instruction, some have given up their idols. I first commenced with each individual, and their principal men and kroomen. After I got the consent of each, I then went and beat the public drum, and all were assembled. I then gave my reason for beating the drum. And old *Hyano*, the governor, said, 'Hear ye, my people: the Sabbath from this time henceforth is to be kept by us:' and now the Sabbath is kept by the people. At our public meetings, two or three hundred generally attend, besides the services of the week.

"The people indeed want instructors. I consider myself as an unworthy servant. I deserve nothing but everlasting wrath. I am willing, by God's help, to do His will unto my life's end. May the Lord bless us, and give us His Holy Spirit, to enlighten our minds, and strengthen us to do His will. Amen."

The native deacon at Cavalla reports as follows:

"*August* 23*d*, 1855.—Much has been said in connection with the subject before me, to encourage Christian friends to come over for our help; it is not necessary for me to go on enumerating my labors among these people.

"Your missionary brethren continually set before you their efforts here in Africa—how they labor night and day, in season and out of season; what encouragements, and what trials they have; how many receive their message, and are admitted into the Church of Christ. All these they do to encourage you for their help. They have set before you the vastness of the field, and the few that are engaged in it, and they have called you by the words of your Saviour.

"Truly, truly, the harvest is great, but the laborers are few. Even when native teachers and ministers are added to the number of the missionaries, the number is still small compared to the field. Therefore, we still call upon you. It is not to ease our burden that we call upon you. No; but that the cause of Christ may go forward. We have greater encouragement in our labors among the people than we ever have had: but the more encouragement we have, the more desire for more labor, and therefore we call upon you to come over and help us in the great work.

"I call upon you by your most holy name, by your profession, by your God, by your Saviour, and by the Holy Spirit, I entreat and call upon you to come over and help us. Especially do I apply to those institutions for learning, which are established in the land, from whence may issue the streams to make glad the

city of God, and refresh the whole earth. Your circumstances seem to be far different from those who have already been ordained to the ministry, and fill other important places. The choice is still upon you, as to what place you may go. Our eyes are upon you, the world looks upon you; God the Father, God the Son, and God the Spirit, for whom we labor, is still looking upon you. As your coming for our help in this great work is our rejoicing, so your refusal is our sorrow.

"May God pour out His Spirit upon the Church abundantly, that all may strive for the propagating of the Gospel."

"KU SIA, *alias* C. F. JONES."

Chapter Fourteenth.

"If the Son shall make you free, ye shall be free indeed."—John 8 : 36.

Among the fifty heathen souls who, during this year, yielded their hearts to their Saviour, was *Sako*, a little slave-boy, whose touching history is thus described by the Bishop :

"On Tuesday last, I started about three o'clock P.M., to visit *Wotte* and *Sede*, two heathen towns on the Cavalla river. In making these missionary journeys, having no other means of conveyance, hammocks are used to avoid excessive fatigue. At this season, when the people are generally engaged on their rice-farms, it is difficult to find even two bearers. On this account it was I accepted the services of little *Sako* as one bearer, on the occasion I referred to.

"As we walked along — for I generally walk as much as I can—I told *Sako* I thought he was scarcely large enough to be a bearer. He said this was true ; but 'because we were going to preach *true things*, he could not find it in his heart to refuse to go.'

"I was much struck with this observation ; for, although he had been to me frequently to say he was trying to become a Christian, and I had often remarked his interest at Sunday-school, I was hardly prepared to find him so concerned to spread the Gospel, as he now appeared. But I made no reply to his remark, and we went to *Wotte* to preach.

"The attendance, as is usual here, was small; and I preached, and concluded, having little to comfort me, except the consciousness of having delivered the message with which I was charged.

"As soon as I had closed the services, what was my surprise to see little *Sako* raising himself up, and with outstretched hands, and a countenance beaming with tenderness and love, urging upon the people to receive the Gospel!

"'Sirs,' he said, 'think as you may of these things, you can never have true peace until you shall have received them. Your *gree-grees* and idols, what *are* they? Break them open, and will you find any thing in them? Do they do any good? Are they not in your hand while you continually see trouble and die? Cast these things away, and turn to God. Beware how you refuse His message and break His laws. God destroyed a town called Sodom, for the wickedness of its people. Do not provoke Him to punish you.' With many such words did this boy exhort his people.

"I was astonished, and anxious too; for I feared that he would be severely reproved and scowled down for his impertinence. But no; the people aroused themselves from their listlessness, and every eye was fixed upon him, while one and another exclaimed: '*Hya, hanhte ne pede, hanhte ne pede.*' Child, you speak the truth, you speak the truth.

"An old man then gave an account of a service at Cape Palmas, at which *Hyano,* of Cavalla, the old converted demon-doctor, had spoken, concluding by say-

ing that their idols *were* vanities, and it would not be long before all would turn from them, and serve God.

"We now proceeded to the second village, *Sede*. On the way, when I made allusion to what had passed, he said: 'Once I was ashamed of God. I was afraid and ashamed to be seen at church, but I have no fear now. God has taken this away, and I am now ready to confess Him any where. In my heart, I believe on Him.'

"'You once told me,' I said, '*Sako*, that your master troubled you because you would observe the Sabbath. How is it now?'

"'Do you remember,' he replied, 'the last time I was at service in the evening? Well, the next morning my master tied me, and beat me for it. Here are the marks on my arms and back.'

"'Did you say any thing, *Sako?*'

"'No,' he replied; 'when he had beaten me, I got up, and went to my work on the farm.'

"Arrived at *Sede*, I preached, and here, as before, *Sako* added a word of exhortation. He was particularly pointed in exposing the folly of idols and *gree-grees*. Nearly all present assented to what he said, and an aged man appeared to vie with him in ridiculing the impostures of the *deyabo*, (demon-doctors.)

"My heart was encouraged and my faith strengthened by this exhibition of faith and zeal in the little slave-boy. Surely, I thought, 'there *is* no restraint with God to work by many or few'—the old or young. So, then, neither is 'he that planteth any thing, neither he that watereth; but God that giveth the increase.' Let me look more to God, and *trust* in *Him*."

"*Sako* seems," writes the Bishop some months later, "to continue a faithful disciple of his Lord and Saviour, but he has been sorely tried.

"Some time since, his master, learning that he was observing the Sabbath instead of working, as he had ordered him, threatened him with severe punishment. Early on Monday morning, *Sako* hastened to do the work which he had been ordered to do on the Sabbath; but this did not satisfy his master. He sent one of his sons to catch him. *Sako* fled to the Mission-house. A relative, living in the Christian village, went to endeavor to appease the master, and even offered to pay the value of the boy, to get him free. But this only enraged the man. He said no sum of money could induce him to sell the boy, and that he *should never be a Christian;* he would kill him before he would allow this. He had bought him to do work, not to be a Christian.

"Finding the master was in such a temper, the poor slave-boy, trembling, was sent to town, by an influential friend, to his master. He was reminded of what he had been before often told, that those who would serve God in this world must suffer tribulation, and exhorted, at the peril of his life, not to break God's law. His master could not be changed; and on the following day, one of his sons gave the boy a severe beating; and he was told on no account to be seen on the mission premises again. Some days afterwards, *Sako* was seen bearing upon his flesh the marks of cruelty. But he appears unmoved, and still attends religious services, and school in town, as often as he can do so. When beaten by his master for giving up

his work on Sunday, he often goes to the Bishop for sympathy; and at such times, instead of speaking harshly of his cruel master, he speaks of him in terms of pity, and says: 'Oh! that he could see as I see; but he can not.'"

About this time, a case of conversion occurred at Cape Palmas, which deserves a particular notice. It was that of an old demon-woman, one of the class of people who profess to foresee future events, and to be able to protect their people from evils with which they may be threatened, and to give them success in all their undertakings, by means of *gree-grees*, or charms.

Until a few months since, old *Mlede* (for so she is called) was ignorant of the way of salvation. When she heard the Gospel, she was convicted of sin, and began to inquire what she must do to be saved. She soon saw that it was her duty to renounce her lying practices, and give up her *gree-grees*. To do this required in her case more sacrifice than the followers of Jesus are often called to endure. She was very old, and nearly blind, and there seemed to her no way of being supported when her lucrative profession should be abandoned—her friends being very much opposed to her taking the step, and consequently little disposed to contribute to her support; and from the most of her people she could expect little besides reproach and ridicule. Nor could she be free from the fear of poison at the hands of those who had been associated with her in her lying practices.

She became a regular attendant at church, and always an eager listener to the preached word; but on one Sabbath afternoon, much to our surprise, she was

not in her accustomed seat in the native chapel. Nearly a week previous, she had called at the Orphan Asylum, to tell us that she was going on a visit, or, as she expressed it, "going stranger," for a few days, to a neighboring town; but we had heard of her safe return. Fearing that she might be sick, we called at her hut as we returned from the chapel.

We found her sitting in front of her house, with two strange women. Her face wore a troubled and rather resentful expression, such as we had never before observed in her; and she did not smile or stretch out her hand as usual when we approached, but handed us stools in silence. We inquired if she was sick.

"No," she replied.

"What, then, is the matter?" we asked. "Are any of your friends dead, *Mlede?*"

"No, me no be sick. Me be angry too much; my heart burn plenty."

"Who has made you angry?"

"Me be angry with *you* plenty. My country people say you make fool of *Mlede*—my people come tell me, when I go stranger, God-man take my name in church, say to all people, '*Mlede* throw away gree-grees, because she no have sense to make witch proper fashion.' My country people ask me why I no drive you away from my house, like *Tode* and *Wede*, when you go to talk God-palaver to them. Why you do this bad thing to me?"

For a moment, surprise kept us silent.

"Why you treat me this bad fashion?" she again asked, in a pitiful tone. "Do you wish to make my people angry, make 'em take my life?"

We told her that some of her people had been telling her lies to tease her—that no one had mentioned her name disrespectfully, but that, on the contrary, she had been alluded to, in the thanksgiving services, as a monument of God's mercy; and that we wished *Tode* and *Wede*, and all the demon-women, and men too, were as highly favored as she had been, in being led to feel her sins.

She seemed quite pacified when she heard this explanation, and replied: "You speak true—my country people tell lies plenty."

"She then expressed her regret that she had absented herself from church, and begged us to repeat "some of the word" that had been preached that afternoon.

After we had satisfied her, we asked her if she had felt like giving up God, and going back to *gree-grees* again, when she thought we had injured her.

"No," she replied, "me no feel that way—me no want ever to go back to devil side. Me feel this way, same like a man who go down to sea to wash—long time he stand look at the water—say wind blow cold too much—shiver, shiver—turn away—go back again—put one foot in water—soon water no feel cold—then he say, *Now me in, me wash clean.* So with me. Long time me look at *gree-grees.* Say, Me can't give 'em up—be too hard. Then me pray, *Nyesoa*, help me. Then He help me give 'em up—*gree-gree* be gone—all nothing—now *me live all time for God's side.*"

From this time forth, *Mlede* became settled in her mind, and her interest in spiritual things rapidly increased. Not many weeks elapsed before she said to

the missionary in charge of the station: "*Me be ready to follow Jesus, who died for me.*"

Having given abundant evidence of a renewed heart, in the midst of a large and attentive congregation at the native chapel, she was received into the visible church of Christ. She trembled excessively as she walked forward with her sponsors; but her courage revived, and she took the vows upon her (in the *Grebo* language) with an unfaltering voice and glad countenance. At the conclusion of the rite, she turned to the minister, and said, with touching simplicity: "*Bisimle,*" (I thank you.)

From that day forward, her walk has ever been that of an humble and consistent follower of Jesus. When recently on a long visit in the interior, she took the precaution to make a notch, for every day she was absent, on a stick, so that she might always know when the Lord's day came; and there, surrounded by those who were ignorant of His name, she refrained from work, and worshipped alone the Saviour of her soul.

Another *demon-man* at Taboo, and a candidate for that office at Cavalla, were baptized by the Bishop about this time. The latter is a leper, and was persuaded to become a *deyâ*, or *demon-man*, in order to appease the *ku*, or spirit that caused his disease. When Christ was first preached to him, he rejected Him with scorn, and asserted that the devil was more powerful than God. But gradually, through the power of the Holy Spirit, the truth made an entrance into his heart, and after a few months he threw off the badge of his profession, gave up one of his two wives, and enlisted as a soldier of Christ.

Thus, within the space of three years, one demon-woman, two demon-men, and one candidate for that office, were baptized, and by their example, as well as labors, are doing much towards convincing their deluded countrymen of the folly of the *gree-gree* system. The missionaries are having more and more reason to believe that the *Grebo*, and perhaps the *Babo* and *Plabo* tribes, will at no distant day be prepared to "cast their idols to the moles and the bats."

Near the close of this year, John W. Hutchins, a *Babo* young man, who had been educated in one of the Mission schools, expressed a desire to return to his own people, and teach them the way of salvation. The Bishop approving of his desire, he was placed in charge of a new station on the Cavalla river, ten miles from its mouth, called, in honor of the missionary who was chiefly instrumental in leading him to Christ, "Hening Station."

He entered upon his duties in September, and at the Christmas Convocation made the following report:

"I am happy to tell you something of the people among whom I dwell. It is true they observe the Sabbath, but not in the manner taught in the Holy Scriptures. On Sunday, I teach in two towns, and on one other day in the week. They have promised that they will observe the Sabbath when they cut their farms. I have Sunday-school on every Sunday evening, and on Monday I speak in two villages, about ten miles off, according to my calculation. During the week, I have school in the morning, which continues about an hour and a half. As there is no boarding-school yet, much has not been accomplished; but I

hope the time will soon come when much will be done in teaching.

"Thus far I have told you of what I am doing; but permit me to say a few words to you who were once heathen.

"My friends, I find that *this work is for us.* As we have received the Gospel, so let us to others impart it, in order that they may believe and be saved. I would, in the words of the Apostle, say to you, that 'we are debtors both to the Greeks and to the Barbarians, both to the wise and unwise.' Now let me ask, What does he mean by saying this? I think this is what he means, that he was bound to do every thing which would be the means of bringing others to receive the Gospel."

At Rocktown and Fishtown stations, the Rev. Mr. Hoffman was greatly encouraged in his labors. In his journal for the month of August, he wrote:

"Remarkable is the interest which the people now evince in the subject of religion. I never visit their towns without feeling thankful that God has called me to preach to them the blessed Gospel. Their serious attention and conversation show a degree of interest never known before.

"Our native Christian youth seem animated with earnest desires to impart truth to their people. One wrote me a few days since: 'Please give me some work to do for God.' Another, this night, writes me: 'I wish very much that I may go to my country, to teach our native boys. I have thought of this long. Now, I think God has called me to this work. They have no body to teach them. If I go to my country,

I think I may do much for them—not by my power, but by the power of God.'

"On a recent visit to Middletown, as I was closing my discourse to the natives, two of our Christian youth from Fishtown arrived at the place; they had come, of their own accord, to endeavor to induce the people to observe the Sabbath. My assistant, Bedell, remained with them, to advocate the cause; and although no law was passed, yet the Sabbath, by general consent, was thenceforth to be observed; and from that time, service has been held there on the Sabbath, one or two of our Christian youths going on that day to instruct the people.

"More pleasing still is the interest at Fishtown, from the fact that a native teacher is the instrument of the awakening. He daily meets the people for instruction. A law has been passed, requiring the Sabbath to be observed. No one goes to fish on that day. Beneath the spreading branches of a grove of trees the people assemble morning and afternoon, when service is read and instruction given by a native Christian youth. The account which he gives of the meeting in which the matter of the Sabbath was considered, is interesting. He says: 'On the day appointed for the consideration of this law, with T. L. Chandler and others, we proceeded to the large town; and having called all the people by the sound of the town drum, I arose and said to them: "Hear ye, my people! God requires you to keep the Sabbath holy. He will bless those nations who will obey his commands. You have neglected his warnings by the missionaries; now it is high time to wake up from your sleep." Then the

Governor addressed them: "Ye my people, the Sabbath must be kept by all of you. Men, women, and children! from henceforth no one is permitted to go out fishing, to go to his farm, to go stranger, (that is, visit other towns,) or to do any other business on the Sabbath." *Then all gave their consent.* At the conclusion of the afternoon service, one of the head-men, the judge or lawyer of the town—one of the most influential persons—thus addressed the people: "People, see how pleasant it is to keep the Sabbath! Our Governor is an old man; he wishes us to keep the Sabbath truly, as long as we can get a person to preach to us. See how some of the Greboes have given up their *gree-grees*, and keep the Sabbath, (referring to the converts at Cavalla;) shall we not do the same?" And he turned to the Christian youth, and said: "You have heard how I addressed the people. Now *you* are our example. If you get weak concerning this matter, we also will get weak; but if you will encourage us, we also will be very happy and willing to hear your preaching. It is a law that the Sabbath must be kept. These are our Governor's words. You are constantly talking to us of this matter, which *we will do.*" So the meeting closed. May the Lord help our people to do His will!'

"Almost every week brings some pleasing account of the people forsaking their idols and turning to the Lord. For instance, I received the following: 'The people attended church yesterday as usual. With much surprise, this morning, a man, who was at my house on Sunday, (with whom I held a conversation on the subject of our country doctors, and their super-

stitious vanities of gree-grees,) came with his gree-grees in his hands, and said: "Boyd, you may do with them what you please. I have no others but these, (nine in number.) I am very sorry indeed that I have spent my money for that which is nothing." '

"Under date of August 13, we have the following: 'The people have again thrown down one of the devil-doctors in the sea this morning, and charged him not to make any more *gree-grees;* but he has the liberty of getting medicines from the bush, to cure people with. Oh! it is so pleasing to hear of nothing but casting away their gree-grees talked of. Old and young, and even doctors themselves, are now thinking it time to give up these idols.'

"Under date of August 5, he writes:

"'*Sunday.*—Our service this morning consisted of two hundred persons, men, women, and children; all were very attentive. One of the congregation called upon me, to come for his gree-grees. On entering his house, he said: "Here are my gree-grees. I have felt the vanity of them. I will have nothing more to do with them. I will live for God."

"'*Sept. 9th.*—Baptized this morning three school-boys, Alonzo Potter, George M. Randall, and E. W. Hening, with a native youth from the heathen town, whom I called "George." These all gave most delightful evidence of the renewal of the heart by the Holy Ghost, and they are a source of comfort and joy to my soul.

"'*Sept. 17th.*—Blessed be God! three native men have expressed to me a desire for baptism. They providentially met in my study this morning, and I talked

and prayed with them. One is the son of the headman of the town. He has three wives, but heartily assures me of his readiness to relinquish two, and join the people of God. Polygamy is a powerful obstacle to the spread of the Gospel, but not too powerful for grace to overcome.

"'Accidentally saw a note from a school-boy at Cavalla, asking the prayers of one of the boys who were baptized last Sunday, and congratulating him on his being a Christian.'"

On the sixth of this month, Mr. Hoffman wrote:

"I have proposed to our native Christians at this station, and at Fishtown, to aid in the support of I. W. Hutchins, a native youth, who leaves this station next week, to labor among his own people on the Cavalla river, and they cheerfully responded. One youth, a school-boy, not receiving any salary, went to the bush and gathered a bundle of rattans, which he split and offered for sale, and gave the proceeds (nine cents) for the work. And a poor blind boy, who receives but six shillings a month, wanted to give a portion of this for the spread of the Gospel."

In his review for this year, the Bishop writes as follows:

"It is just nineteen years this Christmas-day since the Rev. Dr. Savage formally opened the Mission at Mt. Vaughan, in the only building connected with it, and this but half finished.

"On that day, only about half a dozen communicants, if so many, were in connection with the Episcopal Church. Since then, 'through the good hand of our God upon us,' the Mission has established perma-

nent stations, of greater or less efficiency, at *fourteen different places* among colonists and natives.

"It has expended for churches, mission-houses, and school-houses, a sum of not less than *one hundred thousand dollars.* In the day and boarding-schools sustained by it, not fewer than *three thousand* children and adults have received the rudiments of a Christian education. From six, the communicants, partly now living, partly dead, foreign, colonist, and native, have numbered at least *three hundred.* The number at the present time is *two hundred and forty-one.* The blessed Gospel is preached regularly to four colonist congregations, in some *twenty* different native tribes, and to *a hundred thousand people.*

"There are now, including the Orphan Asylum, *seven* commodious mission-houses—three churches completed, and a fourth nearly so, two being of stone, one brick, and one wood; besides one very superior school-house, and several more in different places for colonists and natives.

"A more sufficient cause of thankfulness still, is to be found in the number and character of the schools connected with the Mission. The High School and Female Day School at Mt. Vaughan, the Orphan Asylum at Cape Palmas, the native schools at Fishtown, Rocktown, Cape Palmas, Cavalla, Hening Station, Rockbookah, and Taboo, the Boarding and Colonist Day-School at Bassa Cove, the Female High School at Monrovia, and Native Boarding-School, and Colonist Day-School in Clay-Ashland, give evidence of earnest and well-directed effort to diffuse Christian instruction throughout the bounds of the Mission.

"And these institutions, with the precious fruits yielded by them, and the stations with which they are connected; the children and youths instructed; the souls converted to God; the colonist and native ministers and teachers and assistants raised up; the grace given to those who labor, and to the Church in the United States, which sustains the laborers—all these are our precious *Ebenezer stones*, the monuments of God's presence in the past, and pledges of His blessing in the future."

In another communication, on the first of January, 1856, after speaking of fifty adult heathen converts within the preceding eight months, he says:

"In view of these, and other tokens of the divine blessing, my report to the Board of Missions and the General Convention, which will soon be made, can not but conspire with causes elsewhere at work, to increase the missionary interest, which, I trust, ere this has begun a new life in the Church.

"Surely, if the constant increasing propagation of the blessed Gospel amidst sickness and death; the enlarging numbers and influences of schools; the multiplication of African ministers and teachers and catechists, animated by the living, loving, outgoing, and aggressive spirit of the Master, and the gathering of precious souls into the fold of Christ, are proofs that God is with us, are calls to the faithful to be co-workers with Him, we have these tokens and motives in our midst.

"Your missionaries thank God, and take courage."

Chapter Fifteenth.

"As ye are partakers of the sufferings, so shall ye be also of the consolation."—2 Cor. 1 : 7.

The following incidents, culled from the journals of the missionaries, will serve to give an insight into the nature of their work, its lights and shadows, its comforts and discouragements, its trials and its blessings.

"*Oct.* 1*st.*—Three of the school-boys," writes Mr. Hoffman, "came this evening to tell me that they trusted God had sent His Spirit and renewed their hearts, and that they wanted to be baptized. I was cheered by their coming, and conversed and prayed with them.

"*Oct.* 14*th.*—Baptized this morning at seven o'clock, in the church, two of the school-boys referred to on the first inst. In the afternoon went to Fishtown and baptized a native. The baptism took place in the midst of a large collection of his people, beneath the trees, the usual place of assembling for service. Returned and preached at night at Rocktown.

"While God thus calls one and another into his kingdom, the Prince of Darkness still rules among the people. This day was appointed by them, as one on which a sacrifice was to be made to '*Cobe*,' the devil of the rocks, for a plentiful harvest. Against this wickedness I testified, and solemnly warned the peo-

ple, and called on them to unite with us, on the following Tuesday, in giving thanks to the great and living God.

"*Sunday*, 21*st*.—No one in the church this morning from the town but a blind man and a few children. This was owing to two reasons—one was, that the bell, usually sent by a school-boy to be rung in two of the towns, was not rung there this morning; and the other reason was, that the soldiers were engaged in giving sassa-wood to *Torobo*, (the town prince,) the man who some weeks since took refuge from the soldiers in the mission-house. In order to clear his character, and prove his innocence of the crime of witchcraft, he had twice drank sassa-wood of his own accord at Middletown, whither he had fled; he now returned with a proud heart, and called the people to witness to his innocence.

"When I heard of this, just at church-time, I sent Bedell to expostulate, and beg of them, in my name, to observe the Sabbath. They refused; the town was full, but the church empty. We were sitting at dinner, when we heard the bitter cries of a woman, as she was hastening to a town beyond us. What we thought might have occurred, had happened. *Torobo* had drank the sassa-wood, and it had killed him. We could not but exclaim: 'Is not this the hand of God?' This man had been solemnly warned; the wickedness of his having gree-grees had been shown him, and acknowledged by him, and yet, though perfectly well aware of the sacredness of the Sabbath, he polluted it by coming to drink sassa-wood on it. He was in the prime of life, had eight wives and eighteen children.

"On Sunday, the 23d of December, the services of the Convocation commenced at Cape Palmas.

"In the morning the Bishop preached, and confirmed fifteen persons, three of whom were natives—a man, a woman, and a youth. The woman, *Mlede*, was a *deyâ*, or doctress. When the Bishop laid his hands on her head, and made the prayer in Grebo, in the fullness of her heart she replied, '*Narnro*,' I thank you.

"In the afternoon, the Rev. G. W. Gibson was ordained priest. The candidate was presented by Rev. H. R. Scott, who, with Rev. Mr. Rambo and myself, united in imposition of hands.

"In the evening was held the missionary meeting.

"*Christmas.*—Services were held at St. Mark's. Rev. Mr. Rambo preached in the morning. In the afternoon there was a Sunday-school celebration of the St. Mark's and Mount Vaughan Sunday-schools. Several addresses were made. At night, our concluding services were held at St. Mark's, a sermon preached, and addresses delivered.

"The church, during all our services, was well filled, and while we felt refreshed ourselves, we feel that they were accompanied by the blessing of our heavenly Father."

The Rev. H. R. Scott, being compelled by the failure of his health, after a residence of three years in Africa, to visit some temperate climate, took passage, with Mrs. Scott, in the bark Cora, for the United States, *via* Rio Janeiro, on the 29th of December.

On January the 1st, 1856, Mr. Hoffman wrote:

"The Rev. Mr. Scott and wife having left for the

United States on the 29th of December, we at once, by the appointment of the Bishop, took his place, and entered upon the duties of the station at Cape Palmas, which embrace the congregation of St. Mark's, the native population and the Orphan Asylum, together with the general supervision of the two vacant stations of Rocktown and Fishtown. In a few days we were joined by Miss Alley, who has the chief charge of the children of the Institution, of whom there are seventeen. Besides the boarders, there are twelve day-scholars.

"*Jan. 5th.*—Went as usual to the native towns; visited a Christian woman named *Mlede*. With her, in her hut, was a child, about ten years of age, in the last stage of consumption. I told her she should teach him what she knew of Jesus the Saviour, that he could not live very many days, and that she should teach him to pray; and she promised very earnestly that so she would do, and she did. When I went again to see her, the poor child was dead; but, said she, 'he prayed much to Jesus, as I taught him.'

"This woman was formerly a demon-doctress, now an humble believer in the Lord.

"In another visit, this afternoon, I met a very different character—a man who gloried in calling himself a 'son of the devil;' he said that the devil would do him good; and in the next world Christians would be burned, and want a drop of water to quench their thirst, while he, in happiness, would not give it.

"*February 1st.*—We commence this month with sorrow. Our little daughter, Kate, taken sick a few days ago, this evening was taken from us. She died at

half-past ten o'clock, having been apparently unconscious for several hours previous to her death. She is safe and happy with Him who loved her, and called her from the sin and suffering of this world. She was buried at Mount Vaughan the next day, the Rev. Mr. Rambo and Gibson taking part in the service.

"*Sunday, Feb. 10th.*—After preaching in the native chapel to-day, I was attracted by a blind woman, who had attended services; she was returning to her house, and seemed to have been impressed by the services. Speaking to her of Jesus dying for her sins, she seemed much interested, and kept repeating the name of 'Jesus,' and said she feared she would lose His name. I asked, 'If one should restore her sight, would she forget *his* name? Jesus has died to obtain the forgiveness of all your sins, and make you happy forever.' 'I can not forget,' she said, 'the name of God's Son, Jesus.' So desirous of hearing was she, that she followed me far past the path leading to her house, and stood long, talking and listening to the word of God.

"*February 11th.*—Went to see *Ude*, the blind woman, in her house. She took my hand in both of hers, and listened most attentively to Christian instruction.

"*April 9th.*—A battle took place to-day between the Rocktown and Cape Palmas natives. They fought on the beach, within sight of the Cape. Fourteen of the Rocktown people were killed, and about forty on each side wounded. The dead bodies of the Rocktown people were dragged by their enemies to the Cape, and laid on the bank of the river. Their heads, in the evening were cut off, and their bodies otherwise mutilated until, by order of the governor, they were

removed. Great was the triumphing in the town. Women were dancing and singing, parties were going from town to town making the boldness of their leaders known, and singing their praises.

"*April 19th.*—Visited *Gola*, a native, who had been baptized some months ago. He had been wounded in the war. I reminded him that I had seen a gree-gree on him when he went to battle, and that now he had one on his wrist. I told him how God was displeased with this double-dealing, that he could not serve God and the devil, and that God would certainly visit him for turning backward from the way of truth.

"He listened with deep attention, and then tried to untie his gree-gree, which, being difficult, I took my knife and cut it off. After more conversation and prayer, I left him, I trust, once more determined to serve God."

During the past few months, the native teachers and candidates for orders, besides giving instruction in their own towns, adopted the practice of going on missionary excursions to the interior towns, and preaching the Gospel to great numbers of people, who have never seen a foreign missionary.

Samuel Boyd, the teacher at Fishtown, in his report at the Christmas Convocation, thus wrote:

"Since our last convocation, I have had the pleasure of breaking the bread of life to my people, and to other tribes. My first visit to the people of Half-Garroway was much encouraging. The king and principal men of the land received me very gladly, and the message to them was very acceptable. But they much regretted to have their wishes ungratified.

"This place consisted of four villages. My second visit to them was the same. From thence I proceeded on my way to the interior of Grand Garroway. There I found all people, both kings and principal men, flocked around us, to hear the cause of our coming. They were much surprised to listen to the strange news of the blessed Gospel. This place consisted of five villages.

"My third visit was to the three different people, and I spoke in seventeen towns.

"The people of these towns wished the Gospel to be preached to them constantly.

"At home, I speak to my people on every Sabbath. I visit and instruct the poor and sick in the way of salvation to their immortal souls. The Sabbath-school is not neglected. The daily prayer, morning and evening, with my scholars and the people from town, is regularly attended to, and I instruct them in the word of God. Thursday is our prayer-meeting day. This also is attended by the people of the towns, and scholars in the towns converse with the people, for the salvation of their souls."

An incident occurred about this time, which well illustrates the zeal of the native laborers. Two of the interior tribes had been at war with each other, and one had confined in stocks for several months a number of prisoners taken from the other tribe. All efforts to have the prisoners released having failed, N. S. Harris, a native candidate for orders at Cape Palmas, and the native teachers at Rocktown, determined that they would make one more trial.

When they arrived at the town where the prisoners

were confined, they stated the object of their visit; and in a short time the people were summoned by the town drum, to hear what the strangers had to say. Instead of speaking of the prisoners, however, they preached to them the Gospel of Christ; and, day after day, when the people were assembled, by the drum, to discuss the prisoners, these strangers preached to them of "Jesus and the resurrection."

At last the people became impatient, and inquired why the strangers did not "talk the *prisoner palaver*, instead of telling them these strange things that they had never heard of before?"

They replied: "This is our way of talking the palaver. The great God of the universe, who made us and supplies all our wants, is a merciful God—so merciful, that He gave His only Son, Jesus Christ, to die so we might not be punished forever; and He would have us be merciful, even as *He* is merciful."

They then exhorted them to have compassion on the prisoners, as God had had compassion on them; and were so earnest and persevering in their appeals, that, in a few days, every prisoner was released, and measures taken to have all the difficulties between the two tribes amicably settled.

While the Church was joyfully celebrating the resurrection of our Lord and Saviour, in March of this year, another member of the Mission band was safely passing through the dark valley, which had been lighted up by His gracious presence.

From the *Cavalla Messenger* for March, 1856, we glean the following particulars:

"In sorrow and in joy, we record the death of another beloved member of our Mission.

"On Easter-morn, at nine o'clock, Mrs. Virginia Hale Hoffman, wife of Rev. C. C. Hoffman, sweetly fell asleep in Jesus.

"Mrs. Hoffman was born in Glastenbury, Connecticut, Oct. 14th, 1832; was married in Norfolk, Va., Sept. 5th, 1850; arrived at Cape Palmas, Feb. 10th, 1851; left for America, on a visit, Jan. 10th, 1854; returned to Cape Palmas, July 1st, 1855; and died, March 23d, 1856. Not quite twenty-four years, therefore, measured the earthly sojourn of our sister, and little more than five her missionary career. And yet, if 'that life is long that answers life's great end,' those who knew her will have no hesitation in accounting the life of our departed friend long, as they will delight to treasure the remembrance of her short missionary course as most honorable and blessed.

"From the time of her conversion, which took place not more than eighteen months before she became a missionary, her religious views appear to have been peculiarly clear, and her Christian character most decided. Salvation through faith in Christ alone, was her hope and joy; and unwearied consecration of her life to His service, the standard of her duty.

"It was with such views that she gave herself, in the bloom of youth and health, to the work of God in Africa; and all who knew her delight to testify that her views underwent no change, and her zeal only increased to the last. And how peaceful, how blessed her last end was, the following record from her

bereaved, but, through faith, rejoicing husband will show:

"'She contracted a cold in October of last year, at Rocktown, which led to consumption, of which she died. Owing to great oppression, she was unable to lie down the night previous to her death, and was supported by pillows in bed until five o'clock, when she sat in a rocking-chair. I was by her side, and repeated to her texts of Scripture and portions of hymns, which refreshed and strengthened her soul. She was perfectly conscious, and felt that her end was near.

"'I sent for the doctor, to whom, on arrival, she said: "Doctor, how soon shall I go?" He replied: "It will not be long." She was glad, smiled sweetly, and said to him: "Doctor, you have been kind to me, but Jesus is kinder."

"'I said: "Dearest, is your trust in Him?" "In Him alone," she replied with firmness and a smile. At times her pain was great, and she exclaimed: "Oh! the agony! Father, take Thy child. Husband, pray for my release. Thy will be done: but, oh! the flesh is weak." Again, in her pain, "It is so wearisome, but I will bear it;" and smiles mingled with these expressions of her Father's will. At a later period she said: "I do not suffer."

"'I asked if she had any messages for dear Die, (Miss Dickson.) With a smile, she answered: "Love to all at Cavalla, and to Annie."

"'I asked: "Have you any regret for coming to Africa?" (Not that I in the least thought she had, but to receive her dying testimony.) With a smile,

almost of scorn, at the idea, she partly turned her head towards me and said: "Oh! no! Never."

"'As her dissolution approached, I asked: "Is all well?" "Yes, joy," sweetly smiling.

"'Afterwards, I asked the same; and with a smile she answered, "Yes. Love to the Bishop. —— of our work. The Lord reigneth;" as if she was thinking of the fewness of our number. "Love to Miss Alley," who was away at the moment. I said, "Farewell, blessed one;" when, putting her lips to mine, she kissed me.

"'She had felt some fear of the "pains of death," but the Lord was very gracious to her, and caused her to fall into a sweet sleep, three quarters of an hour before she breathed her last; and so she fell asleep in Jesus—so quietly that it was scarcely known when the spirit took its flight. Glory to God!'"

"So fades the summer cloud away;
So sinks the storm when gales are o'er;
So gently shuts the eye of day;
So dies the wave along the shore."

Chapter Sixteenth.

"They shall no more offer their sacrifices unto devils."—Lev. 17 : 7.

Thanksgiving-day is always a season of rejoicing at all our mission stations. The native Christians, old and young, having been taught to offer thanksgiving to God for the fruits of the earth, and all the other blessings of His merciful providence.

Early on the morning of the appointed day the contributions begin to flow in. The little boys bring a fowl, a few cassavas, small bunches of rice, or a pocket-handkerchief. Then come the school-girls with similar offerings. Next, the Christian natives bring a few yards of cloth, palm-nuts, or rice, according to their ability. On one occasion, we remember, one of the teachers gave a whole month's salary. On another day, from the Mission garden was sent a fine lot of fruits and vegetables—such as guavas, cocoa-nuts, bananas, and pine-apples; tomatoes, radishes, etc.

These offerings are generally brought to the native chapel; each, as he enters, placing his gift on a table. An appropriate sermon is then preached; and after the morning services are concluded, the children of the Sabbath and day-schools are formed into a procession. Carrying suitable banners, they march through the town to some favorite spot, where they halt, and are refreshed with cake and lemonade. Gift books

and rewards of merit are then distributed to the children, and the performances wind up with short addresses, singing, and prayer.

The whole scene is pleasing, and peculiarly refreshing in a heathen land. The boys frequently bear in their hands branches of the palm-trees, and the girls, flowers from the oleander trees, and pure white lilies. Trifling and unimportant as these little festivities may seem to Christians in a civilized country, they have undoubtedly a great influence for good over those savage "children of a larger growth" in Africa. Even the rudest of heathen parents love to see their children trained to the habits of civilized and refined people. We have sometimes heard them say: "*We* be too old to learn ourselves, but there are our boys; take them, and teach them white man's fashion. We like that. We want *them* to *sabby* God's book."

The native teacher, N. S. Harris, at Cape Palmas, reports, that on the day after last thanksgiving, (when he was distributing the offerings among nineteen poor people, four of whom were blind,) one poor woman came in singing *his* praise for the things given. "Not unto me, not unto me," said he, "but unto God give the praise; for it is through *His* name these things have been given, and divided among you all."

An old man, named *Yoh*, said: "Let it be so always. May God bring good to our people and our land." Others thanked God and were very glad for the things given them. The next morning an old woman crossed the river, and came before Harris' house, dancing and singing, (in Grebo,) "*So* we must *always do*—give thanks."

The most interesting feature of thanksgiving-day in Africa is certainly the humble and hearty gifts of the *natives*. To see persons who have been trained from infancy to give to *devils* the offerings of their first-fruits, promptly and cheerfully coming forward to acknowledge the true God in His gifts, and to thank Him for His mercies, is indeed a touching sight, and one deeply calculated to encourage the hearts of the missionaries who have been so long endeavoring to sow the good seed in this stony soil of Satan.

We turn again to the journal of the missionary at Cape Palmas, and find that it too breathes a spirit of thankfulness for mercies and comforts:

"*Sunday*, 11*th Dec.*," he writes, "Three things have cheered me to-day; the first is a note from a scholar from Rocktown, who, six or eight months ago, acted very sinfully. Now he begs forgiveness, and brings me a present to show his sincerity. The note is as follows:

"'ROCKTOWN, *Dec.* 10*th*, 1856.

"'DEAR PASTOR: I have sinned against God, and before thee, and am no more worthy to be called thy son. Please to forgive me.

'"I bring you two fowls, two yards of cloth, and one razor. I want to come to school.

"'*Mĭnĭ*, CHARLES BARRETT.'

"Having received a good account of this boy from the teacher at Rocktown, and believing him to be truly penitent, I received him again. The second thing was a visit from '*Mlede*, the African demon-woman,' (of whom an account has been written by Mrs. Scott.)

Five days ago, her town people ordered, for some superstitious reason, that every one should shave their heads, and the hair should then be collected and buried in the sea. *Mlede* at first declined, but afterwards was persuaded to yield. When I saw her, I told her she had not acted wisely, in conforming to a heathen custom; and, as every one knew the reason why the people shaved their heads, notwithstanding her sorrow, I did not think it expedient for her to come to the Holy Communion next day. She verily seems troubled. I told her God would forgive her, but hoped it would be a lesson to her in future. To-day, after five days' absence, she called on me, and told me her *sin was too heavy on her heart;* it oppressed her night and day. Her penitence assured me of her sincerity, and I could not but rejoice in her tender conscience. I assured her that God for Christ's sake would forgive her; and, with further conversation, prayed with her, and she departed comforted.

"The third pleasing incident of the day, was the account I received from N. S. Harris, relative to the natives in a town near his station. A demon-doctor had come on Sunday morning to the town to make them a gree-gree: afraid openly to oppose him, they secretly sent to Harris, to say he must send and call them to come to church; and that if they, in return, sent word back that a doctor was making a gree-gree, he must come to the town and destroy it. All this was done, and the following day the town people came to thank him for the part he had so well performed, and the demon-man was driven away. *So grows the good word of our God.*

"*Monday*, 12*th*.—Visiting candidates for confirmation; the number is now twenty-four. The Bishop preached for me yesterday at St. Mark's."

At another time he thus writes of *Mlede:*

"While we are tried sometimes by the want of stability in native converts, we are at other times comforted by true faithfulness. In the church at Cape Palmas is a native woman, (named *Mlede*,) formerly a demon-doctress. At the time of harvesting the rice, she came to her pastor to say that she was going to the bush to stay with her friends, and assist in the harvest. He charged her to remember her Christian profession, to observe the Sabbath, and call daily on God: she promised to do so. She was absent six months. On her return, she brought to her minister a bottle of oil as a present. She had observed the Sabbath with great care, keeping the number of days by notches on a stick, proving her account by inquiring of traders from the Colony. She had refrained from visiting her former friends among the doctors and doctresses, or encouraging them to visit her, lest she should have been drawn back to evil ways, which she now knew were wrong. She had resisted their ridicule and solicitations to turn her from the way of God, and maintained her integrity. She had daily prayed, and especially and earnestly, when overtaken by sickness; and she attributed her recovery to God's answer to her prayer. She came back cheerful, happy, and established in the faith; she felt God had been with her of a truth. As she finished her simple and interesting account, we knelt together to give thanks to Him, who had graciously kept her."

A most gratifying sign of progress in the Mission, is

the steadily increasing efficiency of native laborers. They give proof that they are becoming more and more awake to the fact that the great work of evangelizing Africa must be theirs. They perceive that the white man can only attack the outskirts of their vast country. They know, too, that the climate is to foreigners a most fatal one, and are therefore desirous to have men raised up among themselves, who will be capable of carrying on the work of evangelization when the missionaries, who have originated it, and sustained it for so many years, shall be compelled by sickness or death to withdraw. We see a continually growing zeal, perseverance, and method in the labors of the native Christians, and the reports at the convocations are becoming increasingly interesting.

"I am happy to report," writes the native teacher at Cavalla, "that since our last convocation I have endeavored faithfully to discharge the duties assigned me according to my imperfect ability. And I am more happy to report that nothing has occurred to interrupt its exercise, except the scarcity of food, which prevented the scholars from coming to school for a time: for two weeks school was omitted, and the children sent to their parents.

"The scholars have been on the whole industrious, progressive, and successful in their studies; very punctual, and more obedient than heretofore. The weekly meeting with the scholars is still kept up. And I thank God it is by the influence of this meeting, the religious proficiency of the Christians is increased, and peaceableness and love have now begun to show themselves in their conversation as well as in their deport-

ment: hatred and selfishness are now declining. And in looking at these, I might say with the Apostle: 'We beseech you, brethren, and exhort you by the Lord Jesus, that as ye have received of us, how ye ought to walk and to please God; ye would abound more and more.'

"The monthly missionary meeting also with the scholars is still continued. The efficacy of this meeting has produced a hearty desire for the saving of others, upon its members, and they are zealous in this work, especially C. Morgan and F. Hoskins; and I hope it will be so continually.

"On every Sabbath day I have been in the habit of visiting at Kabla, or River Cavalla, a town five miles east of us at the mouth of Cavalla river. This people have begun the observance of the Sabbath during the last month, by the influence of Mr. F. Alison, a trader that dwells among them. And I find that the prince of this world has now begun to lose his power in many hearts of these people, and God has begun His work in their hearts. One thing that prevents the embracing of Christianity is the plurality of wives. 'Not by might nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord of hosts.'

"On the 26th of May I paid my missionary visit to Nyambo with brother J. D. George. I preached in seven towns; some of these people never heard the Gospel before. And I was kindly received, and we were persuaded by the people to spend more time there; but as the Bishop was away, I was required to return home on the 29th inst.

"Since our last vacation, I adopted another rule, in

which I divided the scholars into four divisions. The first division consists of young professing Christians, eight in number, who are required to come into my room on the first Wednesday in the month, for their religious instruction and prayer for three quarters of an hour. The second division, nine in number, come in my room on the second Wednesday of the month. These are not professors of religion; and the way of salvation is plainly set before them. The third division on the third Wednesday in the month: these are smaller boys, both in the village and the school-house, eleven in number. The last, or fourth division, are young men in our school, three in number, who meet the last Wednesday in the month to pray for strength, and especially that we may labor for those who are around us. And may God use these means for saving others, and strengthening our member for Christ's sake. Amen.

"The regular monthly missionary meeting for this month (September) was invested with unusual interest by the reports of three catechists, who had just returned from visits to the *Nyambo*, *Babo*, and *Plabo* tribes. J. Vaughan and T. C. Brownell, (the native teacher at Cavalla, whose report we have just quoted,) during a week visited and published the good news in *eighteen* towns and villages of the *Nyambo* tribe. While E. Valentine, with J. W. Hutchins, and a part of the time, Rev. *Musu* Minor, of Taboo station, visited fourteen towns of the *Plabo* and *Babo* tribes. They seemed to realize that they were engaged in God's work, and in prayer and faith to look up for His blessing to rest upon their labors.

"And God was with them, giving them favor and audience, and interest with the people addressed. Several threw away their *gree-grees*, and many declared that the word preached was true and good."

We know of nothing in the history of our Mission, in the way of celebrations, which will more interest our readers, young and old, than the following deeply interesting account of the Sunday-school celebration on Easter-Monday. It is from the pen of the missionary at Cape Palmas, Rev. Mr. Hoffman, written for the children of America:

"All the children met at St. Mark's Church at eleven o'clock:

"Belonging to St. Mark's Sunday-school,	100
Belonging to Mount Vaughan Sunday-school,	50
Belonging to the Orphan Asylum,	18
Belonging to the native station on the river,	16
In all,	184

"Each school was known by its different badges and banners. Our little church was almost filled with young and happy faces. We commenced by singing:

'To Thee, O blessed Saviour!
Our grateful songs we raise.'

Then the Bishop offered a prayer from the chancel. Then all the children repeated the Catechism as far as the Sacraments. After this, the Bishop made an address, and then, with one voice, we sung the Easter hymn:

'Christ, the Lord, is risen to-day.'

"Leaving the church, we marched half a mile, to the end of the Cape. Here the children stood around its high and sloping sides, facing inward and standing side by side. With their minister in the midst, they chanted the Venite :

'Oh! come let us sing unto the Lord.'

Walking still in single file, we descended the steep bank by a narrow and winding path; when half-way down, on a receding knoll, the Asylum children halted and sang, while the others passed, each school taking its appointed position—some on a high rock, against the sides of which the waves were dashing; others opposite, under the slope of the Cape; others in the valley between, and others on the rocks beyond; while from above, on the high Cape, a number of people looked down on the beautiful scene. When all were ready, the Asylum children led in chanting the Benedicite, while from below and around sounded, from all the children, the chorus :

'Praise Him and magnify Him forever.'

"O my dear children! this was so beautiful, so sweet, so heaven-like; the voices of the children mingled with the air and ocean, in their praises to God, and even the rocks cried out, in echo:

'Praise Him, and magnify Him forever.'

And all this from the very place where, twenty-five years ago, Satan had his seat and ruled, and the poor

heathen lived under his cruel sway. Here, too, was a fine spring of water, and next to the spring was a bower, under which we had cakes, and each school in turn went and were refreshed, and all, as they left the spring, assembled on a high rock and sung :

'Hosanna be the children's song,
To Christ, the children's King.'

"Again the children formed in procession, and marched to the water's side; here were three large canoes and a boat, waiting to convey them up the river to the native station. About fifty children were in each canoe; and as they were paddled across, their banners flying, you might have heard their beautiful chants until they arrived at the landing of the station. Here they were met by the native school, who stood at the water's edge to welcome them by singing Grebo hymns; then, leading the procession, these native boys, with their teacher, Mr. Harris, took opposite sides of the road and saluted the procession as it passed, with bows and welcomes. We walked through the garden, and then to the site of a church which we propose building for the natives, who, since the war, have settled all around this station.

"The children having assembled around the lines for the foundation, the boys on the inside and the girls outside, we sung a missionary hymn:

'Who but Thou, Almighty Spirit,
Can the heathen world reclaim?'

Then I told the children that they should begin this church with their own hands, but that its foundation

should be laid in *love*. It was God's love that gave us Jesus, that sent us the Gospel, and that we must have love to God, and to each other, and to the poor natives; and then I called T. R. Steele, a little native boy, eight years old, and he stood up in the midst, and, in English, repeated the thirteenth chapter of First Corinthians, about love. When he had finished and I had said a little more, the boys took the hoes and went to work; the Bishop worked, too, and I worked, but the children did the most. The girls sung and the boys worked. So we began St. James's Church, a church for the natives.

"After digging the foundation, we marched to the other side of the teacher's house, where the masons and carpenters were busy building a school-house. This I have money for, but I want your help in building the church. Near this place are many young palm trees and guava trees; beneath them benches were arranged, and again the children partook of refreshments. Then, for half an hour they were dismissed to play. At this time a violent storm arose, and drove us all into the teacher's house. Many had to stand on the piazza, for they could not crowd into the house. The storm was soon over, and had made the air cool and delightful to return home. So we all embarked, and, with singing, crossed the river, and when the sun went down all were happily going to their homes, to tell their parents of the pleasures of the day."

During the month of September, 1856, the faith of the missionaries was tried by the death of the only remaining female teacher at the Orphan Asylum, Miss Isabel T. Alley, who died of consumption Sept. 29th, 1856.

"Moved by the Spirit of God," writes one who was with her in her sickness, "Miss Alley left a comfortable and beloved home in King George county, Virginia, in October, 1855, to join the Mission at Cape Palmas. Until the beginning of the year in which she died, she resided at Cavalla. Here, it may be truly said, '*She did what she could.*' A kind, affectionate heart made her delight in offices of love, and warmly attached her to the circle in which Providence had placed her. But her great desire was to do good to the souls of those for whose salvation she had come to this land. In this work she labored, nor in vain. The class which she taught will long remember her faithfulness, while her efforts in behalf of the native women were truly blessed of God. As I write, one who was led to Christ through her means, stands in sorrow by her corpse; and another is only prevented from professing Christ by the influence of the *deyd*, to whom she is married. Other sheep, though now unknown, but led by her to the great Shepherd, will no doubt rise up in the last day, and call her blessed.

"It was, however, at the Orphan Asylum at Cape Palmas, where she spent the last few months of her life, that she specially manifested her zeal and efficiency. Assuming the charge of sixteen boarders and as many day-scholars, notwithstanding her declining health, she, from the very first, made herself their very mind and soul—directing all the minutiæ of their studies and deportment both in and out of school. Every energy of her mind, soul, and body appeared to be taxed for this purpose—taxed beyond endurance. When the examination in July arrived, the scholars showed that every thing had been done that could be

done, but the agent had prostrated herself in the effort. She could not be present at it. The disease (consumption) which she had brought to this country had now far advanced in its work upon her frame. Too weak longer to do any thing at the Asylum, she was brought down to Cavalla. After a few weeks' stay, she flattered herself that she had so far recovered, as to enable her at least to take the general oversight of the school at the Asylum, and she requested to be carried thither; but a few days' trial showed how incompetent she was to the task. She was brought back to Cavalla, where she gradually passed away to her rest.

"During the days and weeks of weariness appointed to her, clouds would come over her mind as to her acceptance with God, and a consciousness that she had allowed her mind to be too much engrossed in her work, to the neglect of her soul's state and interests, somewhat disturbed her. A strong desire, too, to live, with the prospect of a speedy dissolution, marred her peace. But gradually she was made to apprehend the Saviour's all-sufficient righteousness *as her own*—to see God's merciful design in laying her aside that she might commune with herself and Him, and to acquiesce in His will.

"She seemed ever to have a great fear of suffering in death; but she was mercifully favored in this respect, passing away as if unconsciously to herself, into the sweet sleep of death. Attended by Bishop Payne, Rev. H. Holcomb, the Mission family, schools, and a large number of persons from the native towns, her body was laid alongside of Rev. R. Smith, (who came to Africa in the same vessel with her,) in the burying-ground at Cavalla."

Chapter Seventeenth.

"The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad for them; and the desert shall rejoice, and blossom as the rose."—Isaiah 35: 1.

After many unavoidable delays, the Bishop was enabled, in May of this year, to make another visitation to the stations in Liberia.

The following extracts from his letters, written at Monrovia, give an interesting account of the progress of the work there, and at the intervening stations.*

The first place he touched at was Sinoe. "Here," he writes, "the rite of Confirmation was administered to two persons—a very respectable citizen of the place, who had been reared in the Episcopal Church in Charleston, S. C., and his wife, lately a Baptist. I was gratified to find just arrived at the place, as a permanent resident, Dr. J. H. Snowden, and family. He informs me that he attended Grace Church, in Boston, and is most anxious that the services of our Church shall be continued at the place. In this feeling I fully participate, and shall, if possible, send down Rev. Mr. Green, of Monrovia, to take Mr. Pinckney's place; and, in faith, I hope, I have purchased a lot for $130,

* The missionaries greatly need a ship, to be under their own control. We hope the friends of the Mission will soon furnish means for that purpose.

for a mission chapel and building, when it shall please God to furnish the means to erect them. * * * * Most anxious am I here, as at all other stations under my care, to manifest some vital connection with Him who worketh ever by ever onward movement. God help us!

"I was gratified to find that the people of Sinoe, though great sufferers in the late war, in mind, body, and estate, have quit themselves like men, and have still the manly bearing which, I trust, is the earnest of future success and prosperity.

"We sailed from Sinoe yesterday, (April 29th,) about noon, and are now in sight of Bassa Cove. Rev. Mr. Pinckney was unable to leave for America, on such short notice, (as the Captain gave,) but will probably follow in another vessel, and join us at Bassa Cove."

Speaking of Mr. Pinckney's departure, in another letter, the Bishop says: "As he has been in this country the full time required by the rules of your Committee, to entitle him to the privilege of visiting the United States, and has had much suffering, I make no objection to his present determination."

He adds: "I have omitted to say that we have on board Miss Ball, who goes to the United States for her health. It is gratifying to see that the voyage thus far has proved favorable to her."

"At daylight yesterday morning, May 1st, the beautiful *Dja* Mountain was visible in the distance through my state-room window, and the lofty cotton trees fronting Atlantic street, in Buchanan City, were distinctly in view. As it would be some time before our ship

would get into harbor, I thankfully accepted our kind Captain's offer to accompany him on shore, immediately after breakfast, in the row-boat. In less than two hours we landed. As we approached the shore, the Mission-house, situated nearly in the centre of the curve forming the bay, peered beautifully through the palm trees which have been tastefully trimmed up and left in front. The view from the Mission-house and premises in the harbor, as well as that from them, is very delightful; and now that the grounds are cleared and improved, I feel more than ever satisfied that the site is the best that could have been selected for our purposes.

"Mr. R. informs me that the *Dja* Mountain, always spoken of in my communications as the most desirable location on all the Liberian coast to try the experiment of the comparative healthfulness of sea-board and mountain residence, is soon to be actually settled in part by colonists from New-Jersey. While, therefore, the wants of Buchanan City of missionary influence remain the same, there is now open to the very midst of the Bassa tribe a high road for the Gospel. Verily, there is scarcely a more interesting field for two or three missionaries than this. Oh! that the Lord of the harvest would count our Church worthy to raise up and send from her midst many faithful evangelists into this field. They must still come from America, for we have not Liberians yet to occupy the field, and the scanty contributions of the Church will not enable us to raise them up as we would. Mr. R. had at one time six promising boys at this station under instruction; but advices of pecuniary embarrassment from the For-

eign Committee made it necessary to dismiss all except one. Oh! how long shall we live at this poor, dying rate? May the Lord pour out upon His people that charity which will lead them to give more generously in this cause. We ought, and must, if we can accomplish it, have a small training boarding-school at this station.

"*May 5th.*—I have passed three busy days on shore at Bassa Cove. Friday was spent chiefly in visiting Lower Buchanan with Mr. R., where, in the afternoon, I confirmed two invalid persons in a private house. The settlement has much increased since my visit in 1853, having extended some two miles back from the sea-shore; and, Mr. R. being near, is able to give much attention to visiting and holding services amongst the people.

"On Saturday I visited Upper Buchanan and preached, in the afternoon, in the Court House, a good brick building, kindly loaned by the local authorities to Mr. Rambo for holding services. This portion of the town has also much improved; and I was glad to learn that a lot had been obtained in the vicinity for a place of worship, when God shall enable us to erect one. In the same place we held services morning and afternoon; on the former occasion, I preached and confirmed several persons; and in the afternoon, preached and administered the Lord's Supper. The congregations were good, especially in the morning. In the evening, I walked down three miles, and again preached in Lower Buchanan. My observation and intercourse, in this county, have confirmed my previous impressions of its importance as a missionary station.

Mr. Rambo has reason to be encouraged at the measure of success, which God has granted him in the Colony, whilst his efforts amongst the natives only show him what a wide and open field lies before him in this direction. But he sadly needs help. Oh! that God may send it to him speedily."

The Bishop's visit to Monrovia was rendered too short by the arrival of the General Pierce three days after the Mendi reached Monrovia, and the consequent necessity of his availing himself of the opportunity, afforded by the former vessel, to return to Cape Palmas.

Arriving on the 6th of May, on the following Sabbath, (11th of the month,) the Bishop preached the ordination sermon, and admitted Rev. H. Green to the Order of Presbyters. In the afternoon he again preached and confirmed six persons. Again in the evening, being kindly invited to do so, he preached in the Presbyterian Church.

The congregation here, who have felt so much their need of a church, are soon to be supplied through the liberality of St. George's Church, the noble-hearted Rector of that Church having resolved to raise chiefly from his Sabbath-schools the sum necessary to finish Trinity Church, on the beautiful plan obtained from England, and already commenced.

A day school for girls is taught in Monrovia for the Episcopal Mission, by Miss G. M. Williams, but the unfavorable state of the weather, together with sickness in the family in which the teacher lived, prevented the Bishop's visiting the school. Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, 20th, 21st, and 22d, were devoted to

visiting Clay-Ashland. On Wednesday morning Grace Church was consecrated, the Bishop preaching the sermon, and Rev. Messrs. Russell, Crummell, and Green taking part in the services. In the afternoon he again preached and confirmed four persons.

At Rev. Mr. Russell's station is a school of some twenty native boys, most of whom seemed to be raw recruits, and had made but little progress. In the rear of his house is a native village in which the school is kept, and where he holds services for the villagers. A female school for colonists is also held in Clay-Ashland, which, for want of time, it was not possible to visit. Returning to Monrovia on Friday, on the way a service was held in Caldwell, at which Rev. Messrs. Crummell, Russell, and Green were present, and three persons were confirmed, connected with the Church at Clay-Ashland. The ship not leaving Monrovia on Saturday, as had been appointed, on Sunday, 18th of May, the Bishop again preached to Trinity Church congregation and confirmed two persons who had not come forward on the preceding Sabbath.

On Saturday, 24th, the Bishop sailed from Monrovia in the brig General Pierce, in company with Rev. H. H. Holcomb, just arrived from the United States for the Cape Palmas Mission, and Rev. H. Green for Sinoe. Having stopped at Bassa Cove and Sinoe, he reached home on June 13th, after an absence of seven weeks, during which he had the happiness to find God had graciously preserved his family and all the members of the Mission.

In the month of August, Mr. W. H. Davies, of Baltimore City, having received an appointment as

teacher and business agent in the African Mission, sailed in the barque Shirley for Cape Palmas.

The Rev. Mr. Rambo, whose labors are chiefly confined to the colonists at Bassa Cove, makes occasional missionary tours among the Bassas and the other neighboring tribes. In describing one of his visitations, he says:

"These people, like all the Bassas around here, have most of them seen something of civilization at Bassa Cove during their visits there, and a few have heard the Gospel. All have heard of it. Found a few who spoke English very well. Retired to rest at 9 o'clock in the small house assigned me and my interpreter. It was about six feet wide by about ten long. The floor, like the sides, was of plaited bamboo, raised two feet above the ground. The roof was of thatch, and so low that I could not stand up in it; but having learned to crawl in early life, I was at no loss how to move about when neeessary. The people were quiet, and drivers* and rats scarce to-night, so I slept well, as I was in a good condition for it.

"*August 20th and 21st.*—These days were spent in the same village (*Pe Nyo's*) conversing with and preaching to the people. The congregations generally included all in the town. At night, when all had returned from their farms, they were largest. At eight o'clock in the morning, when I twice preached, many were absent.

* Drivers—that is, fierce black ants, which go forth in large columns, numbering hundreds of thousands, attacking every animal they meet, from a man to a fowl, or a roach; their approach is indicated by the flight of fowls, lizards, and serpents.

"I am much encouraged in the fact that the Bassas, even beyond this place, have done away with *sassa-wood* or *red-water*. None is administered on any occasion, not even in cases of supposed witchcraft. Perhaps among ten thousand of the most civilized Bassas, not one violent death occurs in a year. Whilst among ths same number of Kroo, Fish, and Grebo people, they may amount to a dozen or twenty during the same period. But the villages are small and scattered. I only passed *nine* during the whole journey of twenty miles.

"Another encouraging sign is, that if gree-grees exist at all, they are seldom seen in numbers, and in some villages the people have abolished them altogether; and that without the continual systematic preaching of the Gospel among them.

"Still another good sign is, that wherever a missionary goes to settle in a central location, he probably will easily succeed in getting natives from various motives (not all good, perhaps) to settle near him, say within one or two miles of his residence. Mr. V——, a native missionary, has succeeded well on the St. John's river in this matter. He can now gather, at certain seasons, from one hundred to two hundred persons, some of whom walk one or two miles on the Lord's day to hear him preach the Gospel in his chapel near his residence.

"The Liberian laws have had a salutary influence upon all the natives within twenty-five miles of Buchanan. Sassa-wood has been, in part or wholly, checked from this cause. Let us thank God, and take

courage, that such good signs are to be seen among the comparatively peaceful and interesting Bassas.

"*August* 22*d.*—Started for my home this morning, and walked to a town five miles from my residence, where I thought it expedient to spend the night, as I became very much fatigued with my rough walk. Reached home next day, after a most satisfactory visit to the 'bush.' My health seems very good, thanks to our covenant-keeping God.

"*Sept.* 14*th*, (*Sunday.*)—Preached in the morning at Upper Buchanan, and in the afternoon to a few natives; lectured as usual at night on Pilgrim's Progress, at my house.

"*October* 13*th*—Walked at 12 o'clock, two miles, and took a canoe and ascended the Benson river, nearly five miles, and, taking a winding path through a pleasant woods, reached King Peter's town in ten minutes after leaving the canoe. The King was not at home, nor many of his people. Walked nearly two miles further to *Péssa* town, where I found him. I preached to some thirty people in this village. These people are part of another tribe. There are several towns belonging to this (the *Péssa*) tribe scattered throughout the Bassa country. They are in such cases tributary to the chief on whose land they settle, and serve, as interior traders, to bring palm oil, rice, and camwood, from fifty to one hundred miles inland, where their own tribe is settled. They have seldom, if ever, heard the Gospel, and seemed much surprised at the truths announced to them. Their language differs somewhat from the Bassa.

"I returned and took supper with King Peter. He

gave me quite a comfortable house. It had elevated berths of bamboo within. He spread a cloth on the table for me; placed a knife, fork, plate, spoon, and tumbler for me. After all, the palm butter and rice were served up in a wash-basin; this article, however, is used for no other purpose by the natives. I have gotten used to the practice during my visits to the natives.

"I had quite a long talk with the King about his country, his people, and their superstitions. He says he likes the Gospel and missionaries; yet, he still clings to the most of the native customs. I saw no gree-grees in his village, but he, like others, still countenances demon-doctors, and believes many of their lying deceits. He is more advanced towards civilization than most of the Bassa chiefs; yet, still he is a real heathen.

"Went to my berth at nine o'clock quite tired, and slept better than I generally do in a native hut. It was quite comfortable, and free from soot and smoke. I had room to stretch my full length, and was not annoyed by rats or drivers.

"*Nov. 29th.*—I am now prepared to report on the site proposed on the St. John's river for a *central* mission station. I will do so briefly. Left Bassa Cove on the 21st; ascended the St. John's river twelve miles to Benstown the first day; spent the night, as rain stopped us, in this same village.

"22*d.*—Walked twelve miles through forests, along winding, muddy, rough, almost impassable paths, in places, to Gia's town, on the side of the mountain, two miles from the summit. We ascended gradually dur-

ing the last six miles of our journey. Sunday was spent in Gia's town, (very small and uncomfortable;) preached to twenty-five persons.

"24*th*.—Ascended to the summit, walking two miles from Gia's town, the road being steep in some places; found primitive forest, and an elevation of about two hundred feet above Gia's town, and perhaps five hundred feet above the sea. The sides near the top are very rocky, though the forest is fine. On the very top is a plain or level (all covered with forest) of some fifteen to twenty acres, and comparatively free from rocks and stones. The soil is a very rich loam on a clayey foundation.

"Abundance of the best building materials to be found just on the spot. Springs not distant. Such is the St. John's or the *Dja* Mountain. Distant from Upper Buchanan by the present route twenty-six miles, but in a straight line perhaps less than twenty. But the present path is too winding and hemmed in to be used by the missionaries, who may settle permanently on that fine spot, if the Board agree to establish a central native station there.

"A straight road should be opened from the highest point on the St. John's, to be reached by canoes, twelve miles from the mouth direct to the mountain. This would not be, perhaps, over eight or ten miles. This road I deem necessary, and some light bridges also, before it would be safe for an unacclimated missionary to attempt to travel it, which must be principally by hammock.

"The elevation of from five hundred to six hundred feet is sufficient to test the comparative health of the

marshy coast and the highland interior. There are at least five towns, within three or four miles of the site I selected, and a dozen more within seven or eight miles in all directions, which, in aggregate, may number one thousand souls.

"These people not only have never heard the Gospel, but, so far as I can ascertain, will welcome and hear with pleasure a missionary, and will give as many children as we desire for schools."

It is to be hoped that a mission station will soon be established on this beautiful mountain, (*Dja*, or St. John,) about twenty-five miles from Bassa Cove, as it may prove a healthful and delightful resort for invalid missionaries from the more malarious coast stations, and become an opening to an important field in the interior.

Chapter Eighteenth.

"BELOVED, think it not strange concerning the fiery trial which is to try you."—1 PETER 4 : 12.

As the year 1856 drew near its close, the quiet of the Mission was disturbed by rumors of approaching war between the colonists and natives.

Before the war commenced, however—as if to prepare the missionaries for the trial which awaited them—it pleased the Lord to strengthen their hearts by an unusual manifestation of His gracious presence. From the letters and journal of the missionary at Cape Palmas, we extract the following interesting particulars:

"You will heartily rejoice to hear that the God of Love has manifested His presence amongst us at the Orphan Asylum. I had for some days observed an increasing interest at our morning and evening prayers; and on the evening of the 31st of July, one of the girls asked me if I had any objections to some of the older ones going to the school-room to sing hymns. 'Certainly not,' I replied, 'it would give me pleasure to have them do so.'

"I heard their voices in the evening, and about eight o'clock, when the bell was rung for them to go to the wash-room, I thought I would go over, join them in a hymn, and dismiss them. I found them gathered together, sobbing and singing! I soon found

they were all apparently deeply affected with a sense of their sins. So I talked and prayed with them, and sending the youngest to bed, I continued my con versation with the older ones, some of whom I learned had gone without their supper to sing and pray together. I had at our evening devotions for some days previous, been speaking of the spirituality of God's law, and of the imputed righteousness of Christ. On Monday, the 1st of August, I was obliged to leave my little flock to take Miss Alley to Cavalla, and did not return till Tuesday. That evening the girls met again, and again I joined them. Each came and stood by my side, and told me her sense of sinfulness, and of her hope in Jesus. To each I spoke as her case seemed to demand. A solemn silence pervaded the room, and the Spirit of God seemed to be moving upon their souls. Some were in tears. We sang together, 'I lay my sins on Jesus,' after which they went quietly to the dormitory. Their general conduct has been in accordance with their Christian profession. They have gone to their work and attended to their studies with faithfulness.

"On the 7th of August, I was obliged to leave them for Cavalla, to attend our convocation; and you may imagine my regret to do so, under the interesting state of feeling in which I left the little ones. But it was the work of God, not mine. And when He called me away, He could work as well without as with me. I was absent from Thursday till Monday, and I came back to find six of the oldest girls rejoicing in the hope of pardoned sin and acceptance with God. On Saturday all had gone to the end of the Cape, a retired and

beautiful place, and among the high bushes, knelt in prayer, and sang the praise of Jesus. There He met with them, and filled them with joy and peace. They came away with light hearts. Jesus had been found of those who sought Him. He had received the little ones, laid His hands on them, and blessed them.

"I heard nothing of this till my return on Monday. About four o'clock the smallest children came to say they had done their work, and would I let them go to walk? 'Yes.' And away they went with light hearts. An hour after I went to the school-room and found the door locked. When opened, I found the older girls seated together. Asking the cause, they said they were consulting in regard to coming to see me up stairs. I told them they could come when they felt disposed, and left them. Soon afterwards they came, and told me they thought their sins were forgiven for Jesus' sake. One I stood in doubt of, and when I asked her what she had to say, she replied with a sad look and voice, she 'could not say she felt her sins forgiven.' I was pleased with her answer, for it assured me of her sincerity. I had a blessed talk with them. We sung together and prayed. I briefly explained the subject of Confirmation to them, and reminded them of the Holy Communion, to which I shall hope to receive five of them next month, perhaps six. The whole demeanor, manner, and expression of these children, indicate the greatest sincerity, and give me the sweetest assurance that the work is God's.

"You will with me, therefore, thank God for His grace. You will rejoice in these first fruits from the Orphan Asylum. You will be encouraged, and be

glad to see your labors for Africa owned of God, blessed in the salvation of precious souls, whose life and conversation may yet win hundreds more to the Lord's fold, and swell His praise throughout eternity.

"I was this morning (as I have frequently been before) pleased with the selections of texts made and repeated by the children at morning prayer. One said: 'Love not the world, nor the things of the world.' Another: 'Ye are of God, little children, and have overcome them; because greater is He that is in you, than he that is in the world.' And another: 'Let your light so shine before men,' etc.

"While I have only thought it well to say to the five, 'Come, confess your Saviour before men,' the Spirit of Jesus seems to be in the *little* ones also. They are so good; but I must exercise my judgment in regard to them, and watch their conduct. It may be some are fit for a profession of faith. It is a blessed thing thus to labor for Jesus, and see Jesus manifest Himself in our midst. And how it proves 'our ways are not His ways.' See! He removes my beloved wife, and they are left without her influence. Then He takes their faithful teacher, and leaves them without a female instructor. And then when I am alone—yea, even then, when *I am away*, He works in them. Even so Lord, *be Thine all the praise forever and ever.*"

"*Dec.* 14*th*, 1856.—A crowded congregation at St. Mark's to-day; benches placed in the aisle to accommodate the people. Four persons baptized—two adults and two children, the latter belonging to the Orphan Asylum. Sunday-school and services at the Native

Chapel, as usual. At night there was a rumor of war, and very few came to St. Mark's.

"*Tuesday*, 16*th*.—Six hours visiting the candidates for Baptism and Confirmation—many interesting cases. The candidates for Confirmation now number thirty-six.

"*Wednesday*, 17*th*.—Visited by some interested for their souls' salvation. In the afternoon went to the station on the river, to converse with the four little boys referred to on the 5th of December. Their answers were smart, wise, and satisfactory. Appointed their sponsors, and set forth their duties. Visited a native town, and had a delightful talk (because so earnestly responded to) with the natives, who assembled under a thatched shed; then we knelt in prayer, and parted. Returned to dine and rest. I sent for the head-men of the towns to make them their usual Christmas presents, thus assuring them of *our* friendship, for rumors of *war* between the colonists and natives are growing more serious. Had our usual Wednesday evening lecture.

"*Thursday*, 18*th*.—Went to Cavalla to attend the examination of the schools; found the scholars had greatly improved. On Saturday, 20th, returned, stopping at Grahway; found too much cause for fear of a rupture between the natives and colonists. May our Heavenly Father be our preserver and theirs!

"*Sunday*, 21*st*.—Though with every prospect of war to-morrow, God has greatly blessed me in all the services of the day, notwithstanding a severe headache and slight fever. At St. Mark's, baptized two adults, one of whom was a native youth, who lives with the superintendent of our Sunday-school. He had been

an attendant at the Sunday-school, and attentive and devout. As I was leaving, one evening, the house where he was employed, I heard him running behind me, and as soon as he could get breath he said: 'Sir, I think God has given me a new heart.' Subsequent conversation convinced me of the fact. He was baptized 'James Hall.' The other candidate was a female and a colonist. Thus we see that God is no respecter of persons, but natives and Americans by each other's side enter the gate of life. We had a deeply interesting service at the chapel. It was crowded with colonists and natives, and with most of the Sunday-school children from St. Mark's; all came to witness the baptism of four native youths from the River station. Their ages were from eight to twelve, and their names William Roberts, Joseph Packard, J. Howard Smith, and Thomas Ramsay Steele. They made their answers in Grebo, distinctly and solemnly. It was a deeply interesting and most impressive occasion. The fathers of two of the boys came forward, after the service, and shook my hand, saying, 'they liked that,' they 'thanked me,' they gave their children to me. And now, with cheering hope of God's blessed Word advancing among the natives, with the prospect of up wards of forty persons being confirmed, in a few days, at St. Mark's, a dark cloud gathers around us, and the horrors of war are just ready to burst upon us.

"*Monday*, 22*d.*—A report has been current for some days past that the natives, on a fixed day, (the previous Sunday,) had intended to rise upon the colonists and destroy them; but that this had only been prevented by the vigilance of the colonists. The Governor and

Council inquired into the matter, and, from the subsequent action, we would infer that the fact was substantiated. Difficulties between the natives and authorities had been frequent, and were increasing. The position of the native towns *dividing* and joining the American settlement, was one which could not fail to give rise to disputes and difficulties. The Grahway people, who live about eight miles east, were closely connected with the Cape people, as friends and allies. Those Grahway people had refused to acknowledge the Governor's authority, and sent to him impertinent messages, to the effect that before they would obey his demands, he must come and burn the sand on which their town was built.

"The Americans were fully prepared for war. Orders were issued on the afternoon of the 21st that every thing should be prepared for an emergency; ammunition, guns, and cannon, were prepared, and stations appointed for the effects of the people to be taken to for safety.

"Treaties had been made some weeks before with the Rocktown people, on one side, and the Cavalla people on the other, and with other tribes who were regarded as the allies of the Americans—while they were the old enemies of the Cape and Grahway people.

"The Cape Palmas people seemed not to have thought that things would be pushed to an extremity; they were occupied generally in making their farming utensils; and, to hasten their work, had sent to the 'bush' for blacksmiths, who were daily busy at their work. Parties were going out to their farms every day, and those farms very near the settlement.

"Apparently there was the most friendly feeling up to the last hour, between the Americans and the mass of the people; their towns were unguarded and quiet at night, and their usual avocations followed during the day. Not having planted their farms the previous year, on account of war with the Rocktown people, they had no rice, and they had planted their cassadas, now just mature, *on the vacant lots of the Americans*—acres and acres of them. The Grahway people were also engaged in preparing for farming.

"Early Monday morning the head-men were sent for at the Government House. It was understood that propositions would be made to them to leave their towns and vacate their lands, in consideration of an annual sum for a certain number of years. They were very slow in coming to the Government House, and when they came, refused to treat until the Rocktown men, who had just approached in two large war-canoes, should be sent away. Whether they rejected the offers of Government, or even fully heard them, in that last moment of confusion and anxiety, I do not know; but no sooner had they left the House than orders were given to fire the large gun, the signal of war, and every man stood at his post. This was ten o'clock. The Rocktown canoes approached, and received an officer off the end of the Cape; another body of Rocktown men rose from an ambush, on the opposite side of the river, where they had been stationed the night before; the cannon opened upon the town; the houses were approached by a small party, and fired; in a few moments the town was in a blaze.

"The natives made little or no resistance. A party

with a white flag, came out soon after the cannons were fired, but were driven back. The flames swept every thing before them. At eleven o'clock, the natives, *en masse*, crossed the river, and coming upon the settlement in the rear, their course was marked by the smoke and flames of houses. The people had fled, and removed most of their effects. The Rocktown people, and other allies, were now returning with their plunder; loaded canoes by scores, were seen going towards Rocktown and Fishtown, with boxes, chests, etc.; and the towns were one heap of ruins! There was very little blood shed. A cannon commanding the river pass, was unfired; had it been used, hundreds of natives would have been killed. Only one of the colonists was killed, and one wounded. The one killed foolishly endeavored to protect his house against a host of natives, instead of seeking safety for himself.

"As the day advanced, a number of persons sought refuge at the Asylum; family after family came in. Beds were laid on the floor for the females and infants, while children and youths lay on the mats under the tables. N. S. Harris and his school reached the house just as the war began, and I rejoiced to have them with me in safety. We had our evening prayers as usual, only that they were more earnest and crowded. The night was lightened by burning houses.

"*Tuesday*, 23*d*.—A household of about a hundred persons! Had morning, *noon*, and evening prayers. Had headache and fever all day, yet able to keep about. Though not fearing an attack, yet prepared for one, by having a communication cut between the second story and the dormitory, and between the dormitory and

cellar, by trap-door in the ceiling; a pair of steps were hastily put together, which could be used and drawn up if necessary. I received a letter from the Bishop, suggesting that I should go to Cavalla; but my duty is plainly here, and until it shall appear otherwise, here I intend to remain, trusting in God.

"*Wednesday, 24th.*—In the midst of war; guards posted at various points of the Cape. House full of people. Having with me about twenty native children and youth, school-boys and others, my position is rather a delicate one. Had a visit from the Governor's aide-de-camp, to inquire in regard to rumors about some of the boys, also regarding myself, etc. His visit was entirely satisfactory. This evening some of the colonists went to Cavalla, to apprise them of an attack contemplated on the morrow upon the Grahway people, and to get their coöperation. Before retiring, with the aid of some of the school-girls, our Christmas motto was prepared for the school-room. On white cotton was sewed, in large letters, 'A Saviour which was Christ the Lord.' This was stretched across the school-room, and on the morrow was to be dressed with flowers. Thus in the midst of war, we prepared to keep the feast of the King of Peace.

"*Christmas-day.*—Our household preserved in safety during the night. Our beautiful motto formed the subject of a short address at morning prayers. Considerable excitement among the people. A party of about sixty colonists, with a large number of Rock-town and Fishtown natives, left about ten o'clock A.M., for Grahway. At half-past nine, we observed the Half Grahway towns on fire, and soon afterwards those of

Grahway, a few miles beyond. Had a meeting with Harris and his scholars, and endeavored to turn their eyes from the battle to God. There would have been probably forty persons confirmed to-day, if it had not been for this; but the Lord reigns, and the war may scatter the seeds of Divine truth where they never otherwise would have reached.

"*Evening.*—While at tea we observed the houses at Mt. Vaughan in a blaze! We trusted the natives would have spared these, because Mission and American property; but now they are all gone, save a small school-house and the chapel at the foot of the hill. Mrs. Thompson has lost every thing except her clothes; and Rev. Mr. Gibson his library and every thing else, except his bedding. This is the twentieth anniversary of our Mission. How sad it has been! Our services interrupted; our little flock scattered; a portion of the roof of St. Mark's Church burned, and the door broken in; our Mission buildings at Mount Vaughan consumed; intercourse cut off between our stations; the natives — among whom we had gone preaching the Gospel of the Kingdom—scattered; and ourselves sharing in the general apprehension of the community. But *our* God lives, and *our* Captain rules, and *our* Jesus, to whom all power is given, reigns; and we rejoice—yea, and we will rejoice.

"*Saturday, 27th.*—Up from three o'clock. I am keeping guard on the piazza. At two in the afternoon, I took a walk over the burnt district; the hill where the town had stood is truly a beautiful one, commanding a view of the ocean both to the windward and leeward. Not a house was standing. Here and there a charred

pillar was seen, a pile of broken crockery, etc.; the three fire-bricks of each house, where many a meal of rice had been cooked, alone uninjured. Two of the older school-boys were taken into custody by the Government, being Cape Palmas youths, and charges having been made against them for conveying information to their people. Before night, however, I got permission from the General to take them from their confinement, and keep them as prisoners in the Asylum.

"*Sunday*, 28*th*.—Rose after a quiet night's rest. Prayers largely attended; read the Epistle and Gospel for the day. Two native dumb boys, who had fled from the town were present; they knelt in prayer, one on either side of me. Visited the General, and offered to have service for the soldiers at any hour he would appoint. Eleven o'clock was fixed. Meanwhile, went up stairs and heard the native children sing; addressed them and prayed with them. They entered into the service *very* heartily. At a quarter before eleven there was an alarm of war; an attack was made on the Governor's house, (so the report went.) It proved, however, only to have been the reäppearance of a crazy native, who, in the morning, had appeared in the settlement and snapped his gun at a female, and then ran into the 'bush.' The poor fellow was shot. Finding no congregation at the Government House, I returned to the Asylum, and commenced services there. I had not proceeded far, however, before I was sent for; and leaving the service here to Mr. M—— in the school-room, and Harris to conduct service up stairs with the natives, I went again to the Government House. A congregation of about twenty-five assembled, mostly

soldiers and females. Preached from Joshua 5 : 3. In the afternoon, made visits among the people. Many had left their own houses, and were, for safety, living together. Many families were in the Methodist church, and many in the Seminary—both large stone buildings.

"*Monday, 29th.*—A day of many mercies. The Government has allowed the Cape Palmas school-boys, from Cavalla, to return—except one, John Davis, who has been court-martialed, being accused of stealing ball and conveying them to his people. *Overtures of peace* made by the Cape and Grahway people.

"*Wednesday, Dec. 31st*—The last day of a year of many sorrows, and much grace, and many mercies."

Chapter Nineteenth

"I WILL overturn, overturn, overturn it; and it shall be no more, until he come whose right it is; and I will give it him."—EZEK. 21: 27.

"SURELY the wrath of man shall praise thee; and the remainder of wrath shalt thou restrain.—PSALM 76: 10.

THOUGH the beginning of the year 1857 found the Mission still in the midst of war, yet the missionaries were punctually and hopefully fulfilling the duties of their various stations; which, indeed, they had never remitted, even at the most alarming period.

A letter from the missionary in charge at Cape Palmas, gives the following particulars:

"CAPE PALMAS, *Jan. 28th*, 1857.

"* * Having written you of the breaking out of war between the natives and colonists, on the 22d of December last, you will feel anxious to hear from us. On the 19th inst. the colonists, to the number of seventy, went to make an attack on the natives at Grahway. A party of twenty-three went by the lake in a large canoe, in which was placed a brass cannon. These commenced the attack; met with a very heavy fire from behind a barricade, and as they were endeavoring to back a canoe, it upset, and every one was drowned.

"Their comrades on the opposite shore returned in

disorder. The enemy gained thus three large canoes, and two pieces of cannon. Since then they have become emboldened; have cut off our communication between the Cape and Cavalla; and yesterday, from ambush, killed one man, and wounded another who was getting out some cassadas. The Governor has issued a proclamation for the people to act now on the defensive, and to take advantage of the season, and plant what vegetables they are able. Strict guard is kept by day and night. The government has also sent to Monrovia to ask aid from the Republic, and written to the English and French consuls, as well as to the American commercial agent, for the presence and aid of a man-of-war. There is considerable anxiety felt among the people. I think at present they are able to defend themselves, and there is no *present* want of food. The Cavalla people on one side, and the rest of the Grebo tribe on the other, are their allies. For our own personal safety I have little apprehension. The Asylum has been a place of refuge in every alarm. The first week of the war I must have had at least a hundred persons beneath my roof; and now my family is *sixty*—this includes Mrs. Thompson's family from Mount Vaughan; the orphan children of the Asylum; the native teacher, N. S. Harris, his family, and school; two widows, with seven children, whose houses were burned, and their husbands killed; and two most intelligent deaf and dumb boys, (natives,) who ran in here for refuge.

"I reöpened the schools yesterday. The day and the Asylum scholars are, as usual, in the school-room on the first floor, and Harris and his school up in the

third story. All things are going on quietly and orderly. My morning and evening prayers, with such a large number of children, are interesting and delightful. Our Sabbath services are as usual, (except those to the natives.) Harris has his Sunday-school here, while the Colonial one is held at St. Mark's. Since I wrote you, I have made a short voyage for my health. I was absent a week, and went as far as Sinoe. Arriving on Sunday, I preached twice on that day, and once on Monday. I found Rev. Mr. Greene well, and prospering much in his school and church. He holds service in his house. A church-building, as recommended by the Bishop, would advance at once the prosperity of his work. * *

"I was made glad to hear from the Bishop this morning. The bearer of this note passed Grahway in the night, and by going out to sea, reached Fishtown safely; thence he brought it here. I inclose it, as it will tell you more fully than I now have time to do, of the welfare of those at Cavalla.

"Thus you see, dear brother, that though the Lord 'breaketh upon us breach upon breach,' He does not forsake us; 'though troubled, not *distressed;* perplexed, but not in despair.' Ah! no! thanks be unto God, who always causes us to triumph through our Lord Jesus Christ."

The Bishop's note is as follows:

"CAVALLA, *Jan. 27th*, 1857.

"MY DEAR BROTHER: For four or five days I have had notes for Cape Palmas, but have sought in vain

for some conveyance. Since the disaster of last Monday, there has been little or no passing from this place to Cape Palmas, Rocktown, or Fishtown. Only this moment I learn there is a Fishtown man here, and I write this for him to take.

"I trust, my dear brother, you are by this time at home, safe, and in improved health. You will find in the altered state of the Colony much, I fear, to disquiet you.

"Here, through grace, we are well and tranquil, though hearing constant rumors of intended attacks upon the place by Grahwayans and Cape Palmas natives. All are on the alert, though I am not much inclined to credit rumor, so far as immediate attacks are concerned. I think the enemy will direct their attention towards Cape Palmas at present.

"Here our work is going on as prosperously and quietly as if there were no war. Indeed, I think amongst scholars, villagers, and town-people, there is a more serious state of mind than I have known for some time. The congregations on the last two Sundays have been excellent; and the hushed attention and serious manner were proof consoling, that God was present, turning minds and hearts to the truths taught. Not only so: *God's kingdom enlarges.* Sunday before last I baptized old *Mase Sia*, of *Dodu-lu*, an apparently sincere convert; and yesterday a boy (Richard Killin) belonging to *Kobla.* It seemed, as I remarked at baptism, that the Spirit of Jesus was with us; that in the present state of things we could thus receive one *from the other side* in our midst, under His arms, who, in the days of His flesh, would have gath-

ered those whom His justice must now destroy, 'as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wing.'

"I long to see you, but know not how or when I can go up to the Cape; soon, however, if He who controls all in mercy, shall say, 'Peace.'

"All join in love to you and 'the Church which is in your house.' J. PAYNE."

One month later an arrival from Africa brought the following letter from the Bishop containing the joyful intelligence that peace had been declared:

"CAPE PALMAS, *Feb. 26th*, 1857.

"REV. AND DEAR SIR: I have been here three days, attending the deliberations of commissioners for settling the difficulties in which our last communication left us. I am rejoiced to inform you that peace has again been established. The good providence of God brought to us a man-of-war, with General Roberts, and some one hundred soldiers from Monrovia, just at the time when their services were required; and they set themselves, most wisely and justly, not to make war, but to conclude a peace. They have been entirely successful.

"The Cape Palmas natives expressed their regret and shame that our station at Mount Vaughan was burned—said it was not done by *their authority*, but by some individuals either of their own or of the Bush people. They are allowed to settle near enough to the Cape to allow them still to enjoy missionary influence, and we trust the peace will be permanent.

"I have not time to write more, but could not but hasten to communicate to you these glad tidings.

"Yours in the Gospel, J. PAYNE."

Under date of April 23d, he writes:

"God's special blessing appears to have rested on the labors of our beloved brother at Cape Palmas. At the Convocation just held in St. Mark's Church, at Easter, thirty-one persons were confirmed, and several others were prevented by sickness from coming forward. Since that time he informs me that others have expressed their desire for Confirmation.* Our beautiful little St. Mark's is now becoming too small for the congregation attending it.

"At this station, Cavalla, the congregation continues to average two hundred and two hundred and fifty, and within the past nine months, *sixteen* adult heathen have been baptized into Christ's fold; others are hopeful candidates.

"The Rev. Mr. Minor continues to labor at *Taboo;* Mr. Dorsen, at *Rockbookah;* J. W. Hutchins, at Hening Station; Mr. F. Allison, at River Cavalla. Mr. Thomas Toomey has been transferred from this station to Rocktown, while Mr. Thomas Thompson, formerly there, has been removed to the Orphan Asylum, to teach the girls, and to assist Mr. Hoffman, until a more suitable teacher shall be provided.

"G. T. Bedell remains at Rocktown as native teacher, and Mr. S. Boyd continues to render some service as catechist at Fishtown. But this last station especially, as indeed the Mission generally, needs strengthening. May God, in answer to our earnest prayers, speedily bring us help."

From this, and other letters, we learn that some-

* Soon after Easter, twenty-six were confirmed, making in all fifty-seven within three months.

thing was being done at all the Mission stations, notwithstanding the horrors of war, and the scarcity of laborers.

We also learn that there was much seriousness in the girls' native school at Cavalla. Three of the children had recently professed their faith in Christ. Others were deeply impressed by religious truth, and the hope was entertained that they would speedily become Christians. At no time had there been more accomplished in this school.

From Bassa Cove, under date of February 15th, Mr. Rambo writes, that he feels much encouraged in his labors, which he divides between Upper and Lower Buchanan, and the natives around. He had recently travelled fifty miles, mostly on foot, and preached in ten villages on the way.

Under date of March 30th, 1857, Mr. Hoffman thus writes from Cape Palmas:

"I am very happy to be able to forward you the mail from Cavalla, by the English war-steamer, Hecla. She came down in answer to a call of the Government upon the English consul for aid in the recent difficulties with the natives. Those difficulties, I am glad to inform you, are now settled. The Mary C. Stevens, on the 16th of February, brought one hundred and ten soldiers from Monrovia, under command of General Roberts, the ex-President. The head-men of the natives were called, and the 'palaver' talked. Three conferences were held, and on the fourth a treaty of peace was signed, satisfactory to all parties. One thousand dollars indemnity is to be paid to the natives for the destruction of their towns; they are to be hence-

forth under the laws of the State. They are to be allowed to return and settle on the river, about a mile from their former location, and in the rear of our Mission town at Hoffman Station; and are also to have a Kroo town allowed them, on the opposite bank, at the entrance of the river. The Grahway people rebuild their old towns.

"The erection of the towns is to commence at once. The population will now be in the immediate neighborhood of our station, whose motto from its commencement has been: 'A little one shall become a thousand.' May God so fulfill it!

"Harris and his wife are still faithful and earnest. They, with the scholars, returned to the station on the second, after two months' absence. Things had been much injured during the time they were away—the out-houses pulled down, and vegetables stolen. Some considerable expense and much labor will be necessary to put it again in order.

"Here, things go on as usual. The Institution must suffer, so long as it is left without a lady to guide its affairs. I am myself overwhelmed with work, and earnestly beg your prayers and hearty endeavors to send us help; we need it, *we need it.* The Bishop and family are well.

"The United States ship St. Louis, and brig Dolphin, are both here. The St. Louis leaves in a few days for the windward, and the Dolphin for the leeward. The officers are well.

"In the settlement of the recent troubles, the natives acknowledge the wrong they did us in burning the buildings at Mount Vaughan, and pay two hundred

bushels of rice as indemnity—a small price, but the Bishop would show them mercy in their present low and depressed state.

"This day the State of Maryland in Liberia, *is no more;* she has been united to the Republic of Liberia, and now the Liberian flag is flying on our Cape."

Truly the providence of God has overruled evil for good in the late war. The Cape Palmas natives are now removed to a more suitable location than the one they formerly occupied. The centre of the town of Harper* was not, in the opinion of the colonists, the proper place for a native settlement; and much discontent arose from this cause. They are now under the laws of the State, which may beget in the hearts of the colonists feelings of a more fraternal nature toward them.

The annexation of the State of Maryland to the Republic of Liberia, will prevent the recurrence of war between the natives and colonists at Cape Palmas. The colonist force, in future, will be strong enough to intimidate them. For this, the missionaries, in common with others, have cause to be grateful to God.

Another cause of gratitude is to be found in the fact that the war did not, to any extent, interrupt the operations of the Mission, or call off the attention of the congregations from spiritual things; but that, on the contrary, a greater degree of seriousness was observed among the attendants and members of the various mission churches. Lately, St. Mark's Church, at Cape Palmas, the principal seat of the war, has been

* So the colonist town at Cape Palmas is called.

filled to overflowing. The rector writes, under date of April 27th:

"I am happy, and God makes me useful, and blesses me in my work. St. Mark's is crowded. We have eighty-one communicants, and I have constant applications. The Sunday-school is overflowing, and here, at the Orphan Asylum, the lambs are being brought to the good Shepherd. * * Nor are the heathen without my reach. Hoffman Station, around which all the Cape Palmas natives are now settled, God blesses."

In view of these facts, we are constrained to exclaim with the Psalmist: "Surely the wrath of man shall praise thee, and the remainder of wrath shalt thou restrain."

"Ah! are none coming to help us?" writes Mr. H. "Well, while God is with us, we shall go on, whether they come or not. We can however but *pity* those who, with all necessary qualifications, refrain from giving themselves to the work of God. The Saviour's language is ours: 'O ye of little faith!' *Be assured we are strong in the Lord,* even though men withhold their help. They who come must come willing to suffer and ready to die. They who come must so feel the love of Jesus in their hearts, that it can burn brightly even, if need be, in an atmosphere of coldness, indifference, and ingratitude. For so, ofttimes, the missionary feels who labors among the heathen. The salt and the light must be within, shining directly from the Sun of Righteousness on his soul, and not reflected from any thing without, for darkness surrounds us.'

But the work goes on. Midst sickness, death, and war, God's work goes on. "Not by might, not by strength, but by His Spirit."

"Our most delightful and profitable Convocation," (writes one of the missionaries,) "closed at Cavalla last Sunday evening, the 10th. The attendance was larger than ever before, and it was a period of deeper religious interest, and more evident manifestation of the presence of God, than we believe ever has been witnessed before since the establishment of our Mission.

"Although the services did not regularly begin until Friday, yet Thursday evening being the usual lecture evening at this station, most of the members of the Convocation arrived in time to attend it.

"There were present, S. Boyd and three *native* Christians from Fishtown; G. T. Bedell, and three from Rocktown; N. S. Harris, (native deacon,) and two from Cape Palmas; John Farr, the native teacher from Half Grahway; J. W. Hutchins, native teacher from the Cavalla River; and *Musu*, (Rev. J. M. Minor,) from Taboo.

"On the following day, Rev. Mr. Gibson, of Mount Vaughan, and Mr. T. J. Thompson, of Rocktown, arrived.

"On Thursday evening the Rev. Mr. Hoffman preached from the text: 'And they shall all be taught of God.' Blessed truth! Of which we had living manifestations in the large native Christian assembly.

"On Friday morning a meeting was held at seven o'clock in the large Church of the Epiphany. This was for the natives, and upwards of two hundred attended. Rev. Mr. Jones opened the service, and

addresses were made by Rev. Mr. Minor and Mr. Bedell. They were listened to by the people with the deepest attention.

"At eleven o'clock the Convocation sermon was preached by the Rev. Mr. Holcomb, from the text: 'Rejoice, and be exceeding glad.' He was followed in an address by the Bishop. In the evening at six o'clock our missionary meeting was held. The Bishop opened the service, after which the missionaries, teachers, and visitors read the reports of their stations, and each on ending, made an address in connection with it; some in Grebo, some in English. They were listened to with the deepest interest, and gave evidence of a godly vitality pervading the work, which was heart-cheering and reviving. It was past midnight ere we ceased to speak or hear of the things which God had wrought at our various stations. It was a 'feast of good things, of fat things, of wine on the lees.'

"The next morning at seven o'clock another meeting was held in the Epiphany, for the natives; which was addressed by Mr. Boyd, Mr. Valentine, and Mr. Bedell. Our business meeting occupied about half an hour before the service at eleven o'clock, when Rev. Mr. Gibson preached from the text, 'But now hath He obtained a more excellent ministry, by how much also is He the mediator of a better covenant, which was established upon better promises,' Heb. 8 : 6; a clear, earnest exposition of the covenant of grace in contrast with that of works. He was followed in an address by Mr. Hoffman.

"The evening again found our large school-room

crowded, when Mr. Jones read the service, and Mr. Hoffman preached from St. John 5 : 28–29. Sunday was the great day of the feast. Morning prayers were conducted for the scholars and villagers in the girls' school-house, by the native Christians. At ten o'clock the natives began to assemble in the Epiphany; we had about three hundred and fifty present. The Bishop read the service in *Grebo*, and made an address; then followed Mr. Boyd, a native teacher. The greatest attention pervaded the assembly. Mr. Hoffman continued the services in an address, and was followed by G. T. Bedell, who closed with prayer: the Bishop pronounced the benediction.

"No stranger could have witnessed the sight without observing the great interest and attention of the congregation; '*hanh-te-non'h*,' (true, true,) could be heard from native lips, as the speakers proclaimed the truth of the Lord.

"At three o'clock P.M. we had confirmation and the administration of the Lord's Supper; twelve natives ratified their baptismal vow; among them four youths, namely, Hening, Randall, Neufville, and Waterbury; one native woman, and the rest were men from the heathen towns. The Bishop administered the Holy Communion, assisted by one of the clergymen present, when no less than sixty-eight came forth to partake of it. Sixty-eight! all but eleven of whom were native-born! Born in sin, too, and the children of wrath, but now born anew of the Spirit; children of God and inheritors of glory.

"Rejoice, and be exceeding glad, brethren afar off. Ye faithful ones, who hold up our hands by your

prayers and gifts, rejoice, for the Lord is with us, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against us.

"In the evening the last service was held. Mr. Hoffman preached from Matthew 22 : 2–14; and the Bishop followed with a parting address. The last hours of the evening of the Sabbath were passed in sweetly singing sacred music, accompanied by the melodeon; one after another joined us, until our little parlor was filled with native Christian youths, all singing the praises of God, in chants, hymns, Te Deum, and Gloria in Excelsis."

The following letter from a native convert, (who was baptized about this time) to a missionary in the United States, will not be without interest to the reader:

"Cape Palmas, *July 29th*, 1857.

"Rev. H. R. Scott: Dear friend, what you told me I must do before, I do *now;* you told me I must mind God, I do mind Him now. I take my house over to Harris's place: before, I had two wives; I give up one now.

"That time you go home to your own country, and I see no other man in your place, I can't be God man; I see one other man (Hoffman) come live your house; he do like you; so I mind God's things now. When I be baptized, I be glad to take your name. That day I was baptized—it was in new school-house at Harris' place—I feel glad that day.

"*Hymias* is gone back again; *Sugar* is gone back, too.* Other boys who live night-school first time,

* He here alludes to two native companions, who at one time seemed to have serious impressions.

only *Tabă* and me; we mind God's things. *Tweblĕ* go to sea, but he no love God's things.

"*Mlede*, every time she come from bush country she gives me good word about God. I never see her do any bad thing. She live bush country long time. Some time she come here see her people, then she come church on Sunday.

"When I done build my house at Harris' place I go tell old *Mlede* come from bush country and live with me; if she like, I give her little house for herself. I go take my old mother to live with me. I want her to do all the same as *Mlede* do. I want her do it.

"Harris is good to me; he is good to all our people. He is strong to speak to country people about God: all the same as before, when you live here, he do now: he teach school-boy well. By and by we get settled, we go to have night-school again. My father build his town cross river from the old town (which was burned in the war) at Cape, on beach—good place.

"I am well: my child, my wife are well. I hope you be better—and wife and child be well. I hope you send me God word *all time*. That is all.

"*Deyĕ*, *alias* HUGH ROY SCOTT."

Before closing this chapter we will give an extract from a letter which we lately received from a teacher at Cape Palmas, Thomas Toomey, whose history is given in a preceding chapter. It gives a most encouraging account of the demolition of idols:

"The Bishop and I went out to visit the towns after dinner, (July 3d.) We went first to King *Danabo's* town, and collected the people. The Bishop

preached, followed by Bedell. Then commenced the question about giving up idols. One man yielded, afterwards many more. The Bishop and I were exhausted from pulling down those false gods. It was night before we reached home. Mr. Hoffman, notwithstanding he had been sick, had been engaged in the same work at Tom Dick's and other towns. Had supper, after which the Holy Communion. Selfish nature asked for rest, and we all retired to bed, thanking God for what He had wrought, in the destruction of the gods, which made not the heavens.

"Friday found us all well; rose, and again we all bended our knees at His footstool in the school-house, where we had a short address from the Bishop, on the text: 'Goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life, and I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever.' It was the fourth of July, and the twentieth anniversary of the Bishop's arrival at Cape Palmas. Prayer was conducted by Mr. H. I felt it was good for me to be there. Dismissed, had breakfast; and now for the windward stations, Middletown and Fishtown. The Bishop thought it best to leave Mr. Hoffman at Rocktown, to finish the destruction he had commenced the evening before, and to take me with him to the windward stations. When we arrived at Middletown, the Bishop preached, after which I spoke. Here we destroyed many idols, threw some into the sea, and set fire to others. As we were leaving Middletown, a kroo-boy collected a quantity of gree-grees, and set them in a blaze; and now for Fishtown, where the greatest work of destruction took place. It being late in the day, the Bishop preached

only a short sermon, and the idol question again came up. We were permitted (assisted by two native Christians) to destroy the idols of thirty houses—also the great town gree-gree. When we first went to the great town god, they would not let us touch it by any means whatever. However, the Bishop broke a piece off of it, and so did I, upon which the people told us to be gone. We obeyed, but they called us back again, and said: 'You have broken it, take it away altogether now.' The ark of the true God had arrived, and Dagon's head had fallen off, and shortly he was to fall and be doomed to the fire. Although very tired, we felled Dagon to the ground. This was considered their greatest idol, and the people were very much afraid of it. It was growing late, and we had to stop our delightful work. We went to the Mission-house, and eat a few cassavas, some rice, and a piece of deer. * * We found Mr. Hoffman also tired down from pulling down idols.

"We had a prayer-meeting in the evening, attended by a great many of the heathen. You know how I can endure hardship. I never was, while in Africa, so exhausted as I was on the evening of the last fourth of July, *from pulling down idols.*"

Chapter Twentieth.

"How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace; that bringeth good tidings of good; that publisheth salvation."—ISAIAH 52: 7.

IN the early part of this year (1857) the Bishop made a proposition to the Foreign Committee to establish a mission station on one of the mountains in the interior, above the Falls of the Cavalla river.

He had long thought a station of this kind very desirable, both for the sake of affording a place in the highlands to which the missionaries might resort for change of air, when worn down by hard labor in an enervating climate; and for the gradual extension of the work in the interior.

The Bishop was agreeably surprised to find that while he had been revolving in his own mind the expediency of establishing a station there, the native Christians had been discussing the matter among themselves, and earnestly desired to have it undertaken. This evident desire of the natives to have the work more and more extended by their own efforts, among their benighted people, is a most encouraging feature in the history of our Mission, and is a cause of gratitude, on our part, to our Sovereign God, in whose "hand are the hearts of all men."

When, a few months later, the Bishop was prepared

to open a new station on *Mt. Netea*, sixty miles in the interior, he found two young native Christians, ready, willing, and anxious to go forth and engage in this laborious but most blessed work. The account of their adventures on the way, and of the opening and establishment of this mountain station, will be best given in the words of Bishop Payne, who accompanied them to the spot. In a letter to a friend in the United States, under date of April 10th, 1857, he says:

"In a number of one of our Church papers for last year, I noticed an article on our African Mission, in which the inquiry was made whether *it was contemplated to establish missions in the interior*. Had the writer known the missionary Bishop's heart and his principles of action, he would not have thought such inquiry necessary. His heart takes within the sphere of its longing aspirations and endeavors, *Ethiopia;* and his settled principle of action has been directed to means most effectual, in his judgment, to make the mission under his charge, according to grace given, the instrument of spreading as wide as possible the glorious Gospel throughout this portion of Africa.

"What has been that principle of action? All experience had proved that with us, and more than in other heathen countries, foreigners must be pioneers and apostles to clear the way, and begin the work which the *natives* must carry on. And, further, that foreigners could only live as pioneers under the most favorable circumstances, and thus live long enough to effect something of consequence. To occupy the most eligible positions then, and to raise up colonial or native laborers, has been the settled principle of action.

What would it have availed for the *four* or *five* foreign laborers (for this small number has been the average of foreign laborers connected with the Mission from its origin) to have gone into the interior, and sacrificed their lives in a year or two, as all who have *attempted* this mode of action have done?"

"Has the result justified our principle of action? *Four* colonists and *two natives* are *ministers;* two colonists and *three natives* are candidates for orders; *sixteen* colonists and *natives* are *teachers;* near *three hundred* colonists and *natives* are communicants."

"But you will ask, with such an army are you not yet in a condition to advance on the interior? I answer, Yes. And we have been doing so. But it is necessary to proceed with caution and prudence. The coast people are the commission merchants, or rather the systematic defrauders of the interior tribes. For articles obtained from the foreigner, they charge at least one hundred per cent, often more, to the *bush people*, as they are called. Hence the coast people oppose direct communication between foreigners and the interior people, lest the latter should be made aware of the extent to which they are oppressed. The foreign missionary, indeed, carefully states that he has no business with trade; but the people are slow to believe this, and even regard with suspicion *natives* sent into the interior by foreigners. But it is by this last means that our efforts have been made, and are still being made, in the direction of the interior.

"In the rear of Fishtown, Rocktown, and Cape Palmas, our native catechists have gone publishing the good news in adjacent tribes. But more especially

from Cavalla, has this been done for the past two years.

"The river Cavalla, emptying into the sea near my station, and navigable for canoes sixty miles, with a teeming native population on its banks, furnishes great facilities for this work. And our native deacon *Ku Sia*, (or C. F. Jones,) and catechists, Brownell, Vaughan, and Valentine, have made frequent tours amongst some *twelve* tribes living on and near the river.

We have made still further advances. About eighteen months ago, we located a native catechist on the Cavalla river, ten miles from its mouth; and last week I left a native catechist, T. C. Brownell, with an assistant, *sixty miles in the interior*, on *Mt. Netea*, or *Netea Lu*.*

"You will be pleased to have a brief account of a journey to that interesting region. I left home on Monday, 29th of March. Arrived at *Diima Lu*, the place of our debarkation, and left at 12 o'clock. Our mode of conveyance was a canoe, propelled by five paddles. Unfortunately for my professions of non-

* In February last, Mrs. Jane Bohlen, of Philadelphia, a few hours before her death, expressed a wish that part of her estate should go "to the cause of the Bible and the Gospel." The wish was sufficient to guide the action of her two children, Mr. John Bohlen and Miss Catherine M. Bohlen. After she was taken from them, they conferred together, and concluded that no better method presented itself for having this desire answered, than by placing twenty-five thousand dollars, the larger part of the money, destined for this purpose, in the hands of the Foreign Committee, to be appropriated by them to the opening of a new station in Africa.

It is probable that *Netea Lu*, the place selected by Bishop Payne for an interior station, will prove altogether suitable for the establishment of a large mission. The mission established by this donation, will be known as the Bohlen Mission.

interference with trade, the natives who accompanied me, had put in three palm oil casks, a large quantity of native manufactured salt, and sundry other articles of trade.

"At 2 o'clock, we encountered a terrible storm, which lasted two hours, and so wet my clothes that I had to haul up on a muddy bank and change them. Passing four *Babo* and three *Nyambo* towns, which I had previously visited, at 8 o'clock we stopped at a fourth *Nyambo* town for refreshments. The head-man of the town soon had all his wives beating out rice, and cooking this with some fowls for us. While this was going on, a *doubtful friend* brought me something to eat, which he called some *bush meat*, but it had such a *human* aspect that I laid it aside, and awaited the re past which was preparing."

"By ten o'clock we had taken our supper, and were ready to start. Start we must at that unseasonable hour, because it was important to pass the next town in the night, as its people had threatened to capture any people that they might see coming from Cavalla upon some slight pretext.

"It was now toward midnight; and we were moving along for two hours through dark forests. I observed the men were unusually silent, and that the head-man whispered that he had a story to tell about this place, after he had got through it. His courage failed, however, even after he had passed it, and it was not until our return, in broad day-light that my head krooman, passing this beautiful part of the river, gave the following fearful acoount:

"'In that creek formerly lived the great dragon

Daside. He devoured men, women, and children, every living thing which passed this way; swallowing *canoes* with their whole contents. Many were the plans proposed to destroy the monster. This was at length adopted: a canoe was prepared; in it were put a goat tied, and a pile of *heated stones;* and then the canoe was sent floating down the stream. As soon as the dragon heard the crying of the goat, he darted at the canoe, and in a moment swallowed it with its cargo. The canoe and goat occasioned no difficulty; but the heated stones threw him into an agony. He at length dragged himself on that bank, (a low strip of land one hundred yards long,) and died. The tribes around feasted on him, until they were tired. But so much was left, and so much oil ran from him, that the trees have never grown there since. See,' said my informant, growing animated with his subject, 'although no farms are ever made in this region, (for fear of *Daside's* son, who still lives in that smaller creek,) no trees ever grew where *Daside* died.'

"We travelled until two o'clock in the morning. By this time the men were exhausted, and we hauled up by the side of a flat rock, some eight feet in diameter. A little fire was kindled; I gathered around me my heavy blue blanket, and in a minute was fast asleep as if on a downy bed. At four o'clock I was aroused to proceed on my journey. It proved to be a wearisome one. With only two hours' repose on the rock, the men pulled wearily along under one of the hottest African suns, until about one o'clock P.M. My supping and wetting the previous day, sleeping in the malaria on the river, with the hot sun, created suffering

and nausea, which only found partial relief in profuse vomiting. When, at one o'clock, we hauled up at a small *Buranh* town, I was exhausted. The town itself promised but little relief. It had been burnt in war not long before, and temporary huts, not above six or eight feet in diameter, and three or four feet high inside, were its only buildings, and not a shade tree was to be seen. I soon, however, got a into hut; and notwithstanding the noise and crowding to see the *kube,* (foreigner,) I lay down and slept, heeding them not. After about one hour's repose, they brought me some roasted corn, the only article of food to be procured in the place. Thus strengthened, I sat up and preached to the assembled people. My previous miserable feelings prevented the inspiration which I had otherwise felt at the sight of peaks of the mountains, which had just before appeared towering upon the horizon. They were the famous pair, *Panh* and *Gĕro*, (rising up amidst lower peaks, and divided only by the Cavalla river,) which we were approaching.

Until this time the river scenery, though every where beautiful, had presented no great variety; but now we were entering the mountians, and sudden turns, with bold cliffs, hill peeping over hill, and mountain over mountain, every where clothed in verdure, rose in quick succession. We had hoped to get through the mountain pass before night, but it was decided at last to stop at the town of *Dama*, of the *Baremurebo* tribe, for the night.

"The village in which we were to pass the night is beautiful for situation. It lies on a table land, just at the foot of *Mt. Gĕro*, on the north, while on the oppo-

site side, there is a range of commanding heights and hills. King *Damo* was absent when we arrived, but his brother and the people gave us the most lively reception. The drums beat, and the women danced at the *kube's* arrival. And soon after, *Damo* himself arriving, he commanded them to beat more earnestly and to dance, while he, with a trumpeter by his side, to repeat his words, gave expression to his own feelings."

"After the excitement had abated, the people were called to hear the Gospel. It was gratifying, I said, to be so kindly received; but if they knew what manner of message I had brought them, they would still more rejoice.

"The services over, we sat out in the bright moonlight night. Thomas Brownell, a native catechist, proposed to sing from "Greenland's icy Mountains," and, I am sure, with me he deeply felt the sad truth of the lines:

"Every prospect pleases, and only man is vile."

"It was late when I placed my blanket and mat on the mud floor of the little room assigned for the night. I slept most soundly, until aroused by my self-important host, next morning, trumpeting his own praises. About seven o'clock we had another service, and after receiving a *dash* (present) of a goat from *Damo*, we reembarked in our canoe.

"Immediately after leaving *Damo's* town, we turned suddenly to the north, and our way lead us directly between the towering peaks of *Panh* and *Gĕro*, to the right and left. The pass here—about a mile long—is grand in the extreme. Going through this, we again

turned to the east, and encountered the first rapids. The river runs here along the base of the *Panh*, and in some places has so strong a current, as to make it necessary to drag the canoes along. Safely above these *rapids*, we again turned north, and now we are in full view of the *falls*. The river here spread out about three fourths of a mile, and, divided into five or six separate streams, comes dashing and foaming over the rocks, through emerald islands and islets, in indescribable beauty. Making our way with difficulty just below these cataracts, we reached the small town of *Vinhi*, about eleven o'clock A.M. After holding service here, we hastened to our place of destination, *Netea Lu*. We arrived there at one o'clock.

"And now, in attempting to describe this place, I shall be suspected, I know, of extravagance. But, indeed, it is difficult to commit this error in speaking of a place where God has done so much.

"*Netea Lu*, or *Mt. Netea*, is an isolated hill, of somewhat a sugar-loaf form, rising abruptly three or four hundred feet high, having on its summit a sufficiently large space for a native town. It stands immediately in the rear of the mountains *Panh* and *Gĕro*, through which it looks down upon the river towards the sea. But its peculiar beauty is, that it is one of those innumerable mountains or hills, over and through which it commands a view as far as the eye can reach, north, south, east, and west. And on and among these hills, appears to be a country, which, for fertility and picturesque scenery, your own valley of Virginia can hardly surpass.

"It was on this splendid site that I passed my third

night after leaving home. The next morning a scene presented itself, which, though perhaps not uncommon in mountains, was quite novel to me—almost sublime. We appeared during the night, to have floated away into the wide ocean, and our hill, with multitudes of others, seemed like islands of various appearances and dimensions, crowned with towns and castles. It was a dense fog covering all except the tops of the innumerable hills and mountains scattered around.

"The town of *Netea Lu* has a population of about three thousand. It is the principal and capital town of a tribe, with its branches, numbering fifty thousand, while, in its rear, as far as the eye can reach, are numerous other tribes, holding with it constant intercourse.

"Such is the commanding position at which, through God's blessing, we have now commenced a missionary station. Here, on Friday, April 3d, commending them to God, I left Thomas Brownell, native catechist and candidate for Orders, and his assistant, Francis Hoskins. The people received them kindly, and I am thankful to learn by a letter from the catechist, received since this was commenced, that the kindness and interest of the people continues. An extract from this letter may not be uninteresting to you

"'NETEA LU, WEBO, *April*, 1857.

"'DEAR PASTOR: Every morning and evening, in *Kanema's* (his host's) house, prayer is never neglected. I have been in the habit of calling the people together in this house. A portion of a chapter is read, and then I talk to them; then offer up prayer to God that the

seed sown may sink deep into their hearts, and may, by the influence of the Spirit, bring forth fruit worthy of acceptance. I always have a large congregation, composed of many young men, and also a few old men and children, and women. Last Sunday services were held in the *Yibadias'* (head of the *sedibo*, or free citizens) house, it being the largest in town. It was filled by the people. I addressed them from John 3 : 14, 15. The people were very attentive. And no doubt God, who has said, "There shall be one fold and one shepherd," shall gather together some of His sheep who have not been put into the fold, who are here in this region. After this service was over, we went to another town called *Tiyide*. The distance is about four and a half miles. We had a large congregation, and they listened attentively. After service, the head-man of the town said we must sleep there, for some more people were on their farms, for whom we must have service at night. When I saw that they were very anxious to hear more at night, I granted their request. Well, at night I had a larger congregation than I had before. The seed was sown in their hearts, and our eyes were unto God to give the increase. On the morrow morning they came and begged me to have service. But I was not able to do it at all. My head was very sick on that day. So the thirsty people not hearing the Gospel, went away without any spiritual water.

"'In thinking of this great work which God has set apart for us, worms of the dust, frail to do good, I feel three things: first, shame; second, thankfulness; third, gladness. I feel shame because I am a poor, miserable

sinner, a worm and no man, the outcast of noble and principal men, And am I, such a miserable sinner, the chief of sinners, chosen by God to go and look for His lost sheep? And second, I feel gladness, because God has chosen me to this work. Now, if Queen Victoria had chosen a poor person, and sent him somewhere to take possession of some country, would not he feel glad because he was chosen by the Queen to do that work? How much, then, if *God* has sent us forth to do His work? The work is now before us. And shall we feel discouraged while the promise is: "He that turneth many to righteousness, shall shine as the stars forever and ever?" * * * "The gods that have not made the heavens and the earth, they shall perish from under the heavens and on the earth."

"'THOMAS BROWNELL.'

"Such, dear brother, is the Mission commenced; such is the agent employed. And now will you not coöperate with us? Would to God you could send us some faithful co-laborer with this young but devout African catechist. Yours in Christ,

"JOHN PAYNE."

From this interesting letter, we find that the Mission field in Western Africa is still *widening*. The day dawn is now stealing over its borders, and if faithful laborers will but go forth to the aid of the feeble band in the field, now bending beneath their heavy burdens, the "Sun of Righteousness" will, ere long, shine in noon-tide glory, into the very heart of this large, dark, and unhappy continent.

The traveller, the sailor, and the trader have long been there, penetrating every accessible portion of that mysterious land, and freely risking health and life in the eager pursuit of wealth and fame. And shall the soldier of the Cross be less courageous? Shall he, with the last, earnest, emphatic command of his ascended Lord appealing to his conscience, turn a deaf ear, and leave Afric's millions to perish in their ignorance, because in obeying his Master's behest he may probably sustain detriment to his health? Oh! not so, reasons the *world's* soldier. Truly, "the children of this world are wiser in their generation than the children of light."

"But," urge some over-prudent Christians, "it is *cruel* to send people to Africa to sicken and die; it is an unnecessary waste of health and life."

Hear what one, who has for twenty years nobly devoted every energy of his mind and body to the work of Africa's redemption, says to this view of the matter. Our beloved Bishop, in answer to an objection of this nature, thus writes:

"It is not cruel, notwithstanding all our losses, for others to come, and to come more and more. For then it were cruel for our dear Saviour to have come to earth to suffer, bleed, and die. It were cruel for His Apostles to have followed in His footsteps. Ay, the labors, sacrifices, and deaths for Jesus' sake, of the suffering Church through her long history, evermore 'filling up that which is behind of the sufferings of Christ,' have been one long system of cruelty. Nay, verily, away with such principles. They are not Christian. It is ignorant Peter selfishly rebuking the

Saviour, who would die for him—'Be it far from thee, Lord, this shall not be unto thee.' It is the hypocritical economy of the world, only manifesting itself when expenditure for Christ's sake is the object, saying, 'To what purpose is this waste?' Nay, more, it would destroy the name of Christian; for Jesus said: 'Whosoever will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross and follow me.' It would rob him of his present blessedness and his future glorious reward. 'They that leave all shall receive manifold more in this life;' 'if we suffer with Him, we shall also reign with Him.' Ay, such principles are cruel, for they would leave countless numbers of heathen to perish; for how can they call on Him of whom they have not heard, and how shall they hear without a preacher, and how shall they preach except they be sent?"

There are two significant facts in the history of African Missions, which should encourage laborers to go forth. One is, that, "constrained by the love of Christ," men of the most cultivated minds, and women of the highest refinement, have gone to that barbarous land, that outcast of the nations, and made for themselves not only homes that they could merely tolerate, but such as they could love and cherish; and there, year after year, have continued patiently and cheerfully to labor for their Master; esteeming it their greatest earthly privilege to spend and be spent in His service. The other is the undeniable fact, that *in no other part of the heathen world is there evinced so much willingness to hear the Gospel*, as in Africa. "Ethiopia *is now* stretching forth her hands unto God," whom, through the mists of superstition, she sees, as yet, afar

off. Happy and honorable, in the eternal Kingdom, will they be who shall aid her in taking even one feeble step towards her unknown Saviour. And surely, while God and the heathen are loudly crying, "Advance—tell to the countless thousands still sitting in darkness," the story of redeeming love; the Church will not say: "Hold back, retrench; it is an unnecessary waste of men and means." She will rather, with the aggressive spirit which distinguished her glorious Founder, and his long succession of Apostles, bid her sons go on, and on, and on, to battle with the powers of darkness, until, from earth's remotest corner, shall go forth myriads of redeemed souls, to swell the chorus of the "Song of the Lamb."

"Thou wast slain, and hast redeemed us to God by Thy blood,
Out of every kindred, and tongue, and people, and nation;
And hast made us unto our God kings and priests." * * * *
"Blessing, honor, glory, and power, be unto Him that sitteth upon the throne,
And unto the Lamb forever and ever."

APPENDIX

WITCHCRAFT.—SASSA-WOOD.

"I WILL break up this system at the risk of life," said a beloved brother missionary as he returned from the midst of an enraged mob, who were killing a fellow-creature by the poisonous *gidu*, and dragging him about on the beach.

"And the system, in theory and practice, is horrible enough, no doubt. To assume that a deadly poison is a test of crime, and to subject any one to its influence whom suspicion, prejudice, or the word of a *deya* (demon-man) may bring under accusation; to treat all such as are so accused as guilty until they have cast off the imputation by drinking the deadly poison, and to rail upon, drag them about, and insult them, when under its influence, and after their death—all this is certainly very bad.

"But the Greboes say it is more horrible still to confine men, as foreigners do, in jails for months and years, and then to *hang them up* by a rope, or to *cut off their heads.*

"It is true, in these last cases they are told that the case is fairly tried, and guilt proved by sufficient evi-

dence, before the punishment is inflicted. And so, the Greboes will say, are those whom we treat, *on our principles*, guilty; or if not actually so proved to be, we give them an opportunity to escape if innocent.

"Without admitting such principles or conclusions, it would be well for those who are suddenly transplanted from Christendom to heathendom, before proceeding to judge or act in reference to the latter, to attend diligently to such inquiries as these: What is witchcraft? How far it is practised? and how far the checks to it should be interfered with, while the system is believed and practised?

"One of the most enlightened Grebo kings we have ever known, in endeavoring to rescue a man who was about to be subjected to the trial by *gidu*, was heard thus to preface his address: "Every man and woman who comes into the world is a *wedia*, (literally, eater of witchcraft,) though every man does not practise it to his fellow's injury." Here then is the theory. Every one possesses the power by some peculiar gifts, natural or acquired, of injuring secretly in various degrees, even unto death; or of benefiting in the same manner. He who exerts it for the good of himself, or his people, or *to the injury of the people's enemies*, is a good man. He who exerts it to the injury of his people, is a bad man. Wonderful are the powers of these mysterious *wedioh*, (witchcraft eaters.) They can affect the air, earth, sea, vegetable, bodies, and souls of men. They blight vegetation, cause the sun to shine, give or restrain rain, afflict bodies with boils, diseases of all kinds, bring devils into the souls of men.

"How this power is exerted, all are disinclined to

explain, because probably all nearly practise the system in one way or other. But the more unguarded do sometimes declare it. An evil eye, preparation of leaves, or mud, or rock, placed near the house or farm of the party to be affected, running naked through the villages, dancing in the same state at the graves of those whose death they have caused, throwing stones at the houses of those who are already sick and dying under their potent spells—these, by common consent, are some of the ways and means of witches and wizards.

"*In these acts many are caught*, and therefore subjected to trial by *gidu*. But can they by such means produce the effects they seek? Except in a few cases—where the imagination produces fatal effects upon the bodies of the objects of witchcraft—certainly not. But if the intention is thus to injure and to kill, are actors not as guilty as if they actually accomplished their designs?

"And that there is a very common practice of such witchcraft, there is every reason to believe. There are *few fights*—scarcely any *open murders*—amongst the Greboes, or Africans, generally of this region. And yet they are almost universally jealous, envious, quarrelsome, malicious, and *revengeful—revengeful in every case possible.* How otherwise do they gratify these malicious, revengeful, murderous feelings, except by *witchcraft?*

"And if so, until they become, through the influence of Christianity, changed in the spirit of their mind, and in the absence of other modes of punishment, may not the administration of *gidu* exert a salutary influence in restraining crime? Can it be wholly laid aside until the people are prepared for the introduction of civilized modes of trial and punishment?

PHYSICAL CHARACTER OF THE INTERIOR OF AFRICA, BETWEEN CAPE PALMAS AND MONROVIA.

"The explorations of foreigners, and information derived from natives, enable us now to determine, almost with perfect precision, the physical character of this region, to *the distance of one hundred and fifty miles.*

"From the St. Paul's river, emptying into the ocean five miles above Monrovia, to the Cavalla, which finds its outlet fifteen miles below Cape Palmas, there are perhaps a dozen considerable streams. These streams are navigable for canoes or boats, to a distance averaging from *ten to sixty miles*, when they uniformly meet with obstructions from hills and mountains of greater or less elevation.

"The general aspect of the country within this range. is almost uniformly undulating, beautiful, and fertile. Where the obstructions are found, the hills and mountains increase in number and elevation, some of them rising to several thousand feet. They form a well-defined chain along the whole region above designated, running east and west, and in several places are dis tinctly visible from the coast.

"This is the case all along from Monrovia to New-Cesters, a distance of a hundred miles. Also at several other points between the last place and Cape Palmas. Much higher mountains than those seen from the coast are reported by native travellers from the interior. Thus the mountain *Gĕdĕ*, referred to in another place, towers proudly above all his neighbors, giving rise, by his preëminent height, to many strange, mysterious ideas.

"This mountain range uniformly turns the rivers referred to, and their tributaries, in an easterly and westerly direction. Thus branches of the *Cavalla* and *Sinoe* rivers have almost a common source. And there can be no doubt that this water-shed bears the same relation to the rivers which have been referred to, and the great *Niger, with its tributaries,* as do the Rocky Mountains to the rivers emptying into the Pacific on the one side, and the Mississippi and its branches on the other.

"Between this mountain-chain and the sea, the people in their main features of language and physical appearance, manner of life, and government, are much alike; and there is generally intercourse between them from the coast to the mountain, though it is not so general latterly. But in no case do the coast people, or indeed any others south of the range, (except, perhaps, some near Bassa Cove,) have intercourse *beyond the mountains.*

"There is no doubt, however, that immediately beyond this ridge there is intercourse amongst the people along its entire extent. A curious but most conclusive proof of this was furnished quite recently. An insane emigrant landed at Monrovia, was under the delusion that he was called to go thence on a pilgrimage to Jerusalem. Setting off with his son and wife, (the latter soon turned back,) he pushed straight forward into the interior. Three months or more passed when the Governor at *Cape Coast Castle* informed the Governor of Liberia, that this man and his son were at Coonaisse, in the Ashantee tribe. The father died soon after reaching that place, but the son was taken back safely to Monrovia."

AFRICAN PROVERBS.

1. Save me from my friends.

A hĕde nâ pămbwe ah jâ biyo.

"*He takes him from the trap after the manner of the black ant.*"

The trap *ja* is set to catch rats. The black ant *pămbwe* finds the rat in the trap, and offers to help him out. It begins to pull at his tail, then eats it; and so with the legs and body, until all is consumed.

2. Deliver from trouble before you punish.

Ha hya ai, ple ne pe nâ kpanh kĕ.

"Take the child from the water before you slap him."

A child wantonly goes into the sea, and is in imminent danger of drowning. But punish him not in the water, lest you, instead of saving him, aid in his destruction.

3. Answer an enemy warily.

A yeda mo nâ, gi ăh brubwe.

"He inquires of me, as the leopard inquired of the bird *brubwe.*"

The bird *brubwe*, of sedentary habits, was found towards evening by the leopard, who asked: "Will you sleep here to-night?" *Brubwe* answered: "Oh! yes; here, or any where." The leopard returned, and pounced upon the place, supposing *brubwe* was there. But she had taken care to go elsewhere.

DEATH OF MRS. ANNA M. PAYNE.

SINCE this work has gone to the press, the painful intelligence has reached us that the beloved wife of our Bishop has passed away from earth. Mrs. Payne, after many months of patient suffering, died, in great peace, at Cavalla, Dec. 4th, 1857.

We feel that a work of this kind will not be complete without some notice of the gifted and devoted woman, who for more than twenty years so faithfully sustained her husband in his arduous labors; and now that her modesty can no longer be pained by human praise, we hesitate not, in announcing her death, to speak of her many virtues, her eminent Christian graces. Few women have ever possessed a more self-sacrificing spirit; few have been enabled for so many years—during which consumption was making ravages upon her delicate frame—to persevere, as did she, in a regular course of laborious duties, in the most enervating climate on the globe. How determinedly she repressed every symptom of languor and pain, and went about with cheerful face and willing hands "to do all that she could," her brothers and sisters in the Mission can never forget. Her noble resolution to remain alone and labor in a heathen land, while her husband crossed the ocean, (at the call of the Church to be consecrated Bishop,) will long be remembered in her praise by those who surrounded her, and saw how bravely she combated with pain and trials during the lonely hours of separation. It was hoped when, three years since, she returned in renewed strength from her visit

to the United States, that she would be spared many more years to brighten her husband's pathway and to labor for the Mission; but God, in His providence, has ordered it otherwise. The happy Cavalla home is no longer cheered by her presence. The tones of her sweet melodeon are no more heard at eventide to soothe the minds and bodies wearied by the toils of the day. Her companion has now no friend to whom, assured of sympathy, he can in every emergency turn. Her people sadly come to the place "which will know her no more forever," and long in vain for her cheering words and her benevolent gifts. Truly their loss is great, but how blessed the exchange of the one who has gone to hear from her beloved Redeemer the welcome words: "Well done, good and faithful servant! Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."